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January 6, 1951

WHEN YOU'RE OLD—WHAT THEN?

A Hopeful Report on Everybody's Problem

MARY A BECK
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MEN! IT WAS ALL THE SAME IN 20 B.C.

THE TECHNIQVE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR

By *OVID,* Roman Poet 43 B.C.—17 A.D.

These verses are from: Ovid's Lovers' Handbook, published by Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London, and translated by the late F. A. Wright of London University.

It is by art ships sail the sea,
It is by art that chariots move,
If then unskilled in love you be
Come to my school and learn to love.

Now listen, all you young recruits,
And learn the numbers of your drill.
One—pick a girl who with you suits,
Kind and complaisant to your will.
Two—see that you her love secure.
Three—do your best that it endure.

If you wish to win a lass,
First find the place where girls resort,
And watch the darlings as they pass,
And choose to whom you'll pay your court.
You may not have to travel far
Or visit any foreign spa!

Whether you like them young and green,
Or choose instead the ripe and mellow,
Or else prefer the age between,
There's choice of each for every fellow.
The only trouble, you'll confess,
Comes from *embarras de richesse.*

Most of all the theatre scan;
That is love's choicest hunting-ground,
Where maiden mingles close with man
And every sort of game is found.

And don't forget the circus where
The gallant steeds contending race;
Full many a maiden visits there,
It is a most commodious place;
And you can say just what you mean,
No need for nods and winks as screen.

Nor will they stop you if you take
Position by the lady's side,
The narrow seats occasions make,
Your body close to hers applied;
There's little room, so you must sit
Tight squeezed and there's no helping it.

To start a talk is now your task:
Begin with something old and trite
And then pretend her aid to ask—
Which are you backing, blue or white?
Whose is it? If she knows the name
And says she's backed it, do the same.

A banquet too is often good
And gives a chance when dinner's over;
There's something there, beside the food,
That eager suitors may discover,
When Bacchus and young Love combine
Their arms and horns to intertwine.

But do not to the lamp-light trust
If you intend to judge of beauty,
For evening and the wine-cup must
Seduce a critic from his duty.

Full many a blemish unrevealed
May pass at night without remark;
Full many a girl, her faults concealed,
May seem quite handsome in the dark.
To judge of gems or dyes aright
Or faces—wait till morning's light.

First and foremost:—With a maid
Make up your mind that you will win her;
Don't hang around or be afraid,
That marks a very raw beginner;
If you will set your snares aright
You'll quickly hold your captive tight.

Do not try to show your wit
Or vex your girl with ancient lore
That will not please the slightest bit,
She'll think you a prodigious bore;
None but a fool would send a maiden
A letter with an essay laden.

Keep to a simple homely style
With words familiar to her ears
That shall by flattery beguile,
So she may think 'tis you she hears.

As river banks are undermined
From the swift stream that passes by,
So to girls' hearts a passage find
By gentle words of flattery;
Praise her fair cheeks, her tresses neat,
Her shapely hands, her slender feet.

For even when a maid is chaste
Her beauty is a thing she prizes,
Nor would she on the desert waste
The charms her mirror advertises;
She loves to know that she is fair,
To bathe her limbs and dress her hair.

Let exercise your body brown:
Don't slobber: see your teeth are clean:
Your hair well cut and brushed quite down:
Your cheeks close shaved with razor keen:
Your toga spotless, white, and neat:
Your sandals fitting to your feet.

Remember too your nails to pare
Bathe well your body to be sure,
Pluck from your nostrils every hair,
A noisome breath with citron cure—
And that is all you need to know:
The rest the girls you may allow.

Don't press too hard a modest maid
Or woo too aptly the beginner,
For if you do, she'll be afraid,
And you will never, never win her.

Before I end I'd better say
That maidens have a thousand wiles.
You must a thousand tricks essay
If you would bask within their smiles.

— YOV HAD THE RIGHT IDEA, OVID, BVT THE WRONG REMEDY

Too bad Listerine Antiseptic wasn't handy in those ancient times. Nowadays, a man can make his breath fresher and more agreeable in a matter of seconds with Listerine Antiseptic . . . and keep it that way for hours, usually. Because of this remarkable effectiveness against non-systemic bad breath, attractive men make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" before any date, social or business. It's the *extra-careful* precaution that really pays off in popularity. Never, never omit it.

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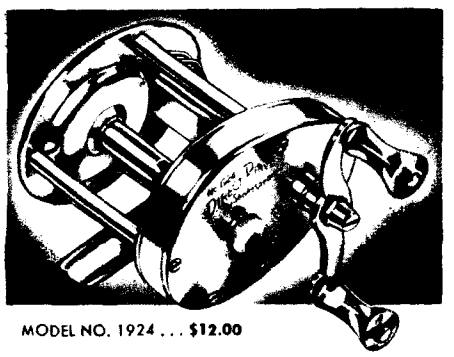

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January 6, 1951

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The Cover

The only point that would seem to need clarifying in this self-explanatory scene is the apparent incongruity between the New York Times Building's midnight salutation on the television screen and the hands of the electric clock atop the set. The answer is that the Dave Mink family, which has appeared previously on Collier's cover, lives in Evanston, Illinois, where each New Year arrives on Central standard time. At any rate, only Mother seems to care what goes on.

Week's Mail

Blueprint for Red China

EDITOR: I wish to compliment you on the very logical and timely article If Red China Strikes, by Major General Claire L. Chennault (Nov. 18th). This is far and away the most constructive article that has appeared on the Chinese situation for some time.

As the result of Roosevelt's serious error at Yalta and Truman's decision to pull our support out of China, our troops are now in a serious strategic position in Korea. However, we are now caught in a serious situation and we will have to work our way out of it.

There is only one logical way out. The United States should back Chiang Kai-shek and a coalition of Chinese political leaders, in a fight to free China from Communist domination.

I suggest you have General Chennault prepare another article for Collier's, outlining the strategic advantages of the United States backing a coalition of free Chinese forces to crush Communist control of China.

JOHN A. WARD,
New York, N. Y.

. . . General Chennault's article is the clearest and best account of what we should do and why. Chennault and MacArthur have warned and are warning us. I just pray that our Departments of State and Defense buckle down and act accordingly. We've dillydallied until the elections were over. Now that the smoke has cleared, let's get down to business.

MRS. E. KOCHAN,
Tacoma, Wash.

. . . I wish to thank you for that most timely article by Chennault. He knows China as few Americans know it. If his advice is not sound, then common sense is outdated.

That article should be required reading for the President, Congress and the State Department.

CLARA S. WILSON, Ithaca, N. Y.

Texts for the Three R's

EDITOR: I have read with considerable interest the article by Craig Thompson, How Are Your Child's Textbooks Selected? (Nov. 18th). It is very pleasing to those of us who have devoted our lives to public-school education that national magazines are now indicating an interest in the education of our youth. We have found that we can make progress only as the citizens and school patrons are informed and interested in what happens to the boys and girls.

The contribution which articles such as yours will make to the knowledge of lay citizens can hardly be estimated.

J. K. CHAPMAN, Deputy Superintendent, Department of Education, Tallahassee, Fla.

. . . In my opinion this article will be a revelation to a great many parents, school committeemen and others of the intense study, extensive preparation and vast expense involved in the production of a new textbook to be used as a teaching tool.

It is written in interesting style, and I am

(Continued on page 68)

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Your Child Deserves The Best In 1951!

NO coaxing when it comes to reading exciting stories inspired by World War II like *The Thunderbird Limps Home* from Ernie Pyle's *Here Is Your War; The Raft,* describing the breathtaking experiences of three airmen downed in the Pacific; *MacArthur Scores Again,* his heroic escape from Corregidor; and *Dawn Over Zero,* an account of the first atom bomb experiment in New Mexico. And many more stories of modern interest to children have been added to the time-proved, beautifully illustrated "old favorites" in *The Young Folks' Shelf of Books.*

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try this J. C. "QUIZ" your children will enjoy it!

1. Probably the most famous story written in modern times for children is *Alice in Wonderland.* Can you name the little man shown above who was host at a mad tea party?
2. The knights of the Round Table represented the finest flower of chivalry in olden times. Can you name *three* of the most famous knights?
3. What is the answer to this riddle: "As I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives; Every wife had seven sacks, Every sack had seven kits: Kits, cats, sacks, and wives, How many were there going to St. Ives?"
4. Tom Sawyer had other plans for the day when he was told to whitewash the fence. How did he get the job done satisfactorily without exerting himself?
5. What was the name of the Spanish gentleman who read so many tales of chivalry that he decided to become a knight and seek bold adventure?
6. What great event happened at exactly 5:30 a.m. Mountain War Time, July 16, 1945, about 50 miles from Alcomogordo, New Mexico?
7. Who was Daniel Webster's opponent in the famous mortgage case?
8. What great sea battle was won under the general command of Don John that ended the Turkish naval threat in the Mediterranean?
9. Who was the first woman to fly the Atlantic?
10. What was the Gold Bug and whose buried treasure did it help William Legrand to locate?

ANSWERS:

(1) Of course, he's the mad Hatter. (2) Sir Launcelot du Lac, Sir Gareth and Sir Galahad. (3) Only one (the person pounding the riddle was going to St. Ives). (4) As Tom began to whitewash the fence his friends came by and teased him about his having to work. He pretended it was fun. So artfully did he talk that they actually paid him for the privilege of whitewashing the fence. (5) Don Quixote. (6) The first atomic explosion occurred. (7) The Devil. (8) The Battle of Lepanto, fought October 7, 1571. (9) Amelia Earhart. (10) The Gold Bug was a beautiful beetle which helped him find Captain Kidd's treasure on a lonely island near Charleston, South Carolina.

The New Junior Classics are recommended by school superintendents, principals and teachers everywhere; they may be found in over a half-million American and Canadian homes. These stories and poems are required reading in many schools as Classics of literature. As your children read for pleasure they gain knowledge to help them in rhetoric, history, geography and of course reading. They learn to appreciate good English while making a thrilling acquaintance with the great heroes and heroines of every generation.

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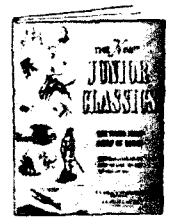

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Wesley Walker is fifteen years old and lives in Yakima, Washington. He has built a doghouse which is tightly insulated against inclement weather, electrically heated, and equipped with hot

and cold running water. We have ever been ready to encourage the young and furnish them with fatherly advice. We suggest, therefore, to young Mr. Walker that he take good care of his doghouse. The day will come when he will get married and soon thereafter enjoy it.

★ ★ ★

Everything's a muscle. We're assured of this by one of our associates on Collier's—Jim Kahn. Mr. Kahn, returning from a lengthy swing around the country in search of electrifying material for *your entertainment*, says that everybody he met is either muscling into something or being muscled out. You muscle up or get muscled down. Mr. Kahn's explorations even took him into a session of the United Nations General Assembly where Comrade Vishinsky was teaming up with Red China. We asked Mr. Kahn what he thought of it. "Just another muscle," he said wearily. "Like everything, a muscle." Heavy books have been written on the international rowdydow and have said less.

★ ★ ★

We were deliberating about what to do with information from New Hampshire that Governor Sherman Adams carries his lunch to work every day in a paper bag. Didn't seem important enough to muscle into this department of Collier's. But just then our White Mountain scout telephoned us to say it was untrue that Mr. Adams used the same paper bag more than a week.

★ ★ ★

Courtesy Week came and went in Miami, Florida, without casualties. Of this we are assured by our friend Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock who went

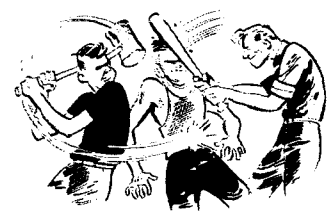
over from Sarasota to look and listen for us. Of course, things became slightly strained here and there along about Thursday, on which day the Colonel beheld a cop trying to untangle a traffic snarl and saying something like this to the driver who had caused it: "Sir, if you'll be so good as to pull that *unprintable* beaten-up bird cage you're driving over to the right a little, the gentleman in that *obscenity* tureen right behind you will be able to right kindly pull out and relieve the congestion and let those *epithet* dumb but very-welcome-to-Miami folks over there get going again, if you don't mind, sir. Thank you."

★ ★ ★

What with one thing and another, it had been a pretty trying day in the offices of the Pierce County Herald, Ellsworth, Wisconsin. That evening, Editor H. F. Doolittle yawned widely and sat down to write just what he thought of his fellow man: "Knowing something of human nature, we're convinced people would find something to complain about even if they had, all at the same time, 1950 wages, 1926 dividends, 1932 prices and 1910 taxes." Whereupon Mr. Doolittle went to bed.

★ ★ ★

We asked our St. Paul, Minnesota, man to drop in on Sheriff Tom Gibbons and see what was going on in Ramsey



County. Tom, one of the greatest heavyweight boxers who never, alas, became champion, was pretty busy rounding up a congregation of Sin Whippers. They follow an ancient religious ritual that's perfectly simple. If you have thumbed your nose at the moral code and own up to it in meeting, or if you're found out anyway, the brethren beat the devil out of you with anything from a switch to a baseball bat, eliminating you from the sin sweepstakes for quite a while. Tom didn't know exactly what he'd be able to do about it, being somewhat loath to interfere with anybody's religion. But it's something new in Minnesota.

★ ★ ★

In the excitement we almost forgot to tell you that on the Seabeach Garage in Santa Monica, California, they've hung a sign reading: "1½ mechanics on duty." Furthermore, we are taking the word of the same usually reliable informant that in the same vicinity Paul Goforth and Bruce Ketchum have set up a detective agency.

★ ★ ★

As you know perfectly well, Southern men lose no time in dashing to the aid of ladies in distress. Such a lady, with several hundred dollars in her handbag, was grabbed by a thug in downtown Atlanta. Twenty or thirty men watched nearby as she gave battle to the hoodlum who had followed her out of a bank where she had cashed the check for her employer. They gave her a nice round

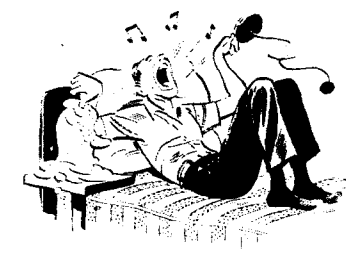
of applause too as she fetched the fellow a crusher on the nose, discouraging him so much that he took it on the lam—without the money. Several of the male audience then doffed their hats, stepped forward and helped the lady—Miss Jane Doyal—to her feet, brushed her off and solicitously escorted her on her way back to her employer's office.

★ ★ ★

A committee of responsible citizens in Houston, Texas, has notified us they have a juke box that plays for free. BUT . . . if you drop a nickel in the right slot, it will be silent for three minutes. Moreover, it will remain silent as long as you continue to feed it nickels. People come for miles not to hear it. Once, in St. Paul, we got into a tavern that had six juke boxes, shoulder to shoulder. We dropped a nickel in each and moved over to the bar with six different tunes competing with one another. The bartender eyed us benignly and asked: "What happened to you, pal? Twins?"

★ ★ ★

And we can't begin to tell you how glad we are to pass on to you eight ridiculously simple ways to rid yourself



of the jitters. We assume, of course, that you've got them just like everybody else in this bejangled world. The list was summed up by Dr. Frederick J. Bailey of Boston's Health Department, a man who knows a knuckle cracker, a fingernail biter, a toe tapper and a twitcher when he sees one. All you have to do, says the doctor, is relax, stop worrying, get some rest, breathe deeply, sing, model clay, slow your daily pace and play games. (Maybe we should have said *or* play games.) Taking the whole eight-way program would probably wreck you if there is anything wreckable to start with. Of course if you can relax or at least stop worrying, being a nervous wreck in the first place would be a great waste of time.

★ ★ ★

An Old Dominion colleague of ours, who yields to no man in his fight for safe highways and sane driving, came close to being appalled recently in Richmond, Virginia. Just in front of him at an intersection was a small truck, on the back of which was the warning: "Be Careful—Blind Man Driving." Our friend drove up even with the truck and immediately felt better. The truck was owned and driven by a Venetian blind dealer.

★ ★ ★

Just saw a headline in the San Francisco Chronicle over a story about the scientific contraption called an electroencephalograph. In zigs, zags, dips and soars the apparatus records on paper

what's going on, if anything, inside one's skull. The headline: Reporter Has His Head Examined. Doubtless written by a deeply frustrated editor.

★ ★ ★

A laboratory technician at the University of Buffalo (New York) has invented an electronic baby sitter. Simple as a fresh-laid egg too. You tuck baby in, switch on the gadget and leave. When baby cries, the gadget lights up a lamp in the window. Only trouble is, you've got to stand outside and watch the window. Thing needs a little working on.

★ ★ ★

There's a former public official in Glendale, California, who has filed a claim for compensation with the State Industrial Accident Commission. Says he hurt his back while swinging back and forth in his swivel chair. This action has been closely watched by a large number

of lameduck legislators who were hurled out of their swivel chairs during the Congressional elections last November.

★ ★ ★

Lame ducks.

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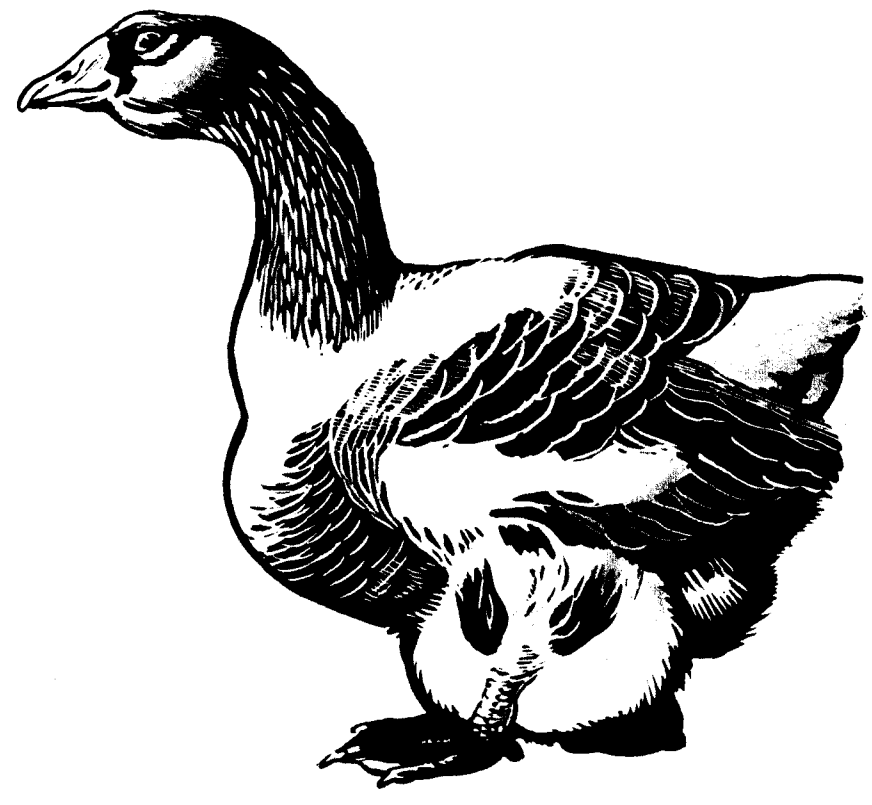
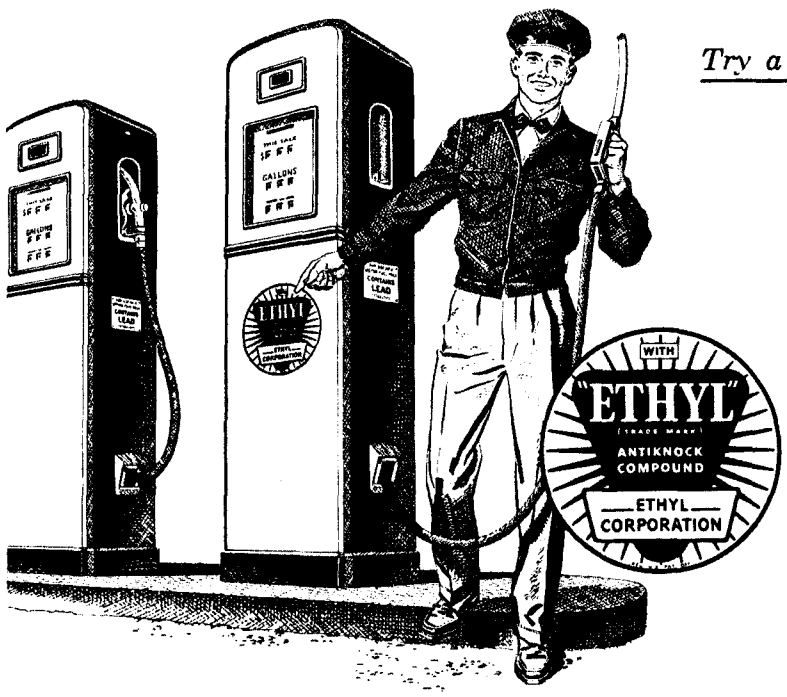


There's a big difference between a

panda ... *and a* ... gander

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!



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Collier's, January 6, 1951

Revolt of the TRIFFIDS

By JOHN WYNDHAM

From heights beyond the stars two terrible disasters struck the earth. And in the ravaged city of London, young Bill Masen and Josella Playton were left almost alone to face the silent anger of the plants that walked

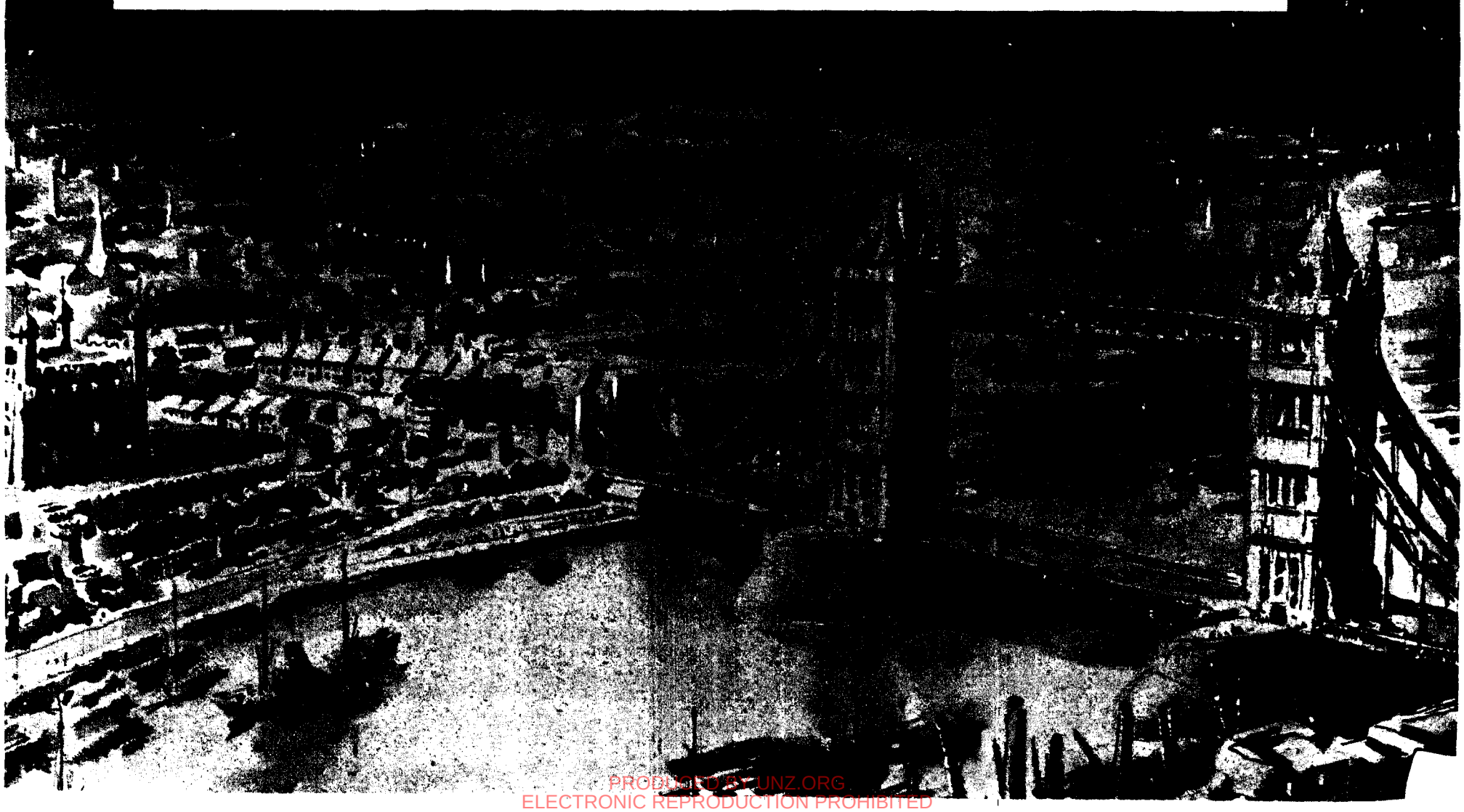
I

TAKE it from me: when a day that you happen to know is Wednesday starts off by sounding like Sunday, there is something seriously wrong somewhere. I felt that from the moment I woke. Yet, when I was a little wider awake, I doubted my own reactions. After all, the odds were that it was I who was wrong, and not everyone else—though I didn't really see how that could be. Still, I waited. And presently I had my first bit of objective evidence: a distant clock struck what sounded to me just like eight. I listened hard and suspiciously. Soon, another clock began, on a harsh, decisive note. In a leisurely fashion it sounded an indisputable eight. Then I *knew* something was wrong.

The way I came to miss the end of the world—well, the end of the world I had known for close on thirty years—was sheer accident: like a lot of survival, when you come to think of it. In the nature of things a good many somebodies are always in hospital, and the law of averages had picked on me to be one of them a week or so before. It might just as easily have been the week before that—in which case I'd not be writing this; I'd not be here at all.

But chance played it not only that I should be in hospital at that particular time, but that my eyes, and indeed my whole head, should be wreathed in bandages—and that's why I have to be grateful to the law of averages. At the time, however, I was only peevish, wondering what in thunder went on, for I'd been in the place long enough to know that, next to the matron, the clock is the most sacred thing in a hospital.

Today, there were clocks of varying reliability continuing to strike eight in all directions—and still nobody had



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shown up. Probably I would have been aggrieved about it any morning, but this morning, this Wednesday, May 8th, was an occasion of particular personal importance. I was anxious to get all the fuss and routine over because that was the day they were going to take off my bandages.

I groped around to find the bell push, and then let them have a full five-second clatter, just to show what I was thinking of them.

While I was waiting for the short-tempered response that such a peal ought to bring, I went on listening.

The day outside was sounding even more wrong than I had thought. The noises it made, or failed to make, were even more like Sunday than Sunday itself—and I'd come round again to being perfectly certain it was Wednesday.

Why the founders of St. Merryn's Hospital chose to erect it at a main-road crossing upon a valuable office site and expose their patients' nerves to constant laceration I never properly understood, but for those fortunate enough to be suffering from complaints where the wear and tear of continual traffic did not matter, it did have the advantage that one could lie in bed and still not be entirely out of touch with the flow of life. Customarily the westbound busses thundered along trying to beat the lights at the corner. Every now and then there would be an interlude: a good grinding bump followed by a general stoppage.

But this morning was different—mysteriously different. No busses roared; no cars of any kind, in fact, were to be heard. No horns, not the clopping of a horse, not even the usual trudge of workbound feet.

The more I listened, the queerer it seemed—and the less I liked it. In what I reckoned to be ten minutes of careful listening I heard five sets of shuffling, hesitating footsteps, three voices bawling unintelligibly in the distance, and one woman sobbing hysterically. There was nothing else but the humming of wires in the wind. Not even the chirp of a sparrow.

A nasty, empty feeling began to crawl up inside me. I pulled myself together and tried a reasonable approach. Why does traffic stop? Well, usually because the road is closed for repairs. Perfectly simple.

The temptation to take a peep—not more than a peep; just enough to get some idea of what on earth was, or was not, happening—was immense, but I restrained it. For one thing, a peep was a far less simple matter than it sounded. It wasn't just a case of lifting a blindfold; there were a lot of pads and bandages. But, more important, I was scared.

MORE than a week of complete blindness can do a lot to frighten you out of taking chances with your sight. It was true they intended to remove the bandages today, but that would be in a special dim light, and they would only stay removed if the inspection of my eyes were satisfactory. It might be that I would find my sight permanently impaired. I did not know yet . . .

I swore, and laid hold of the bell push again; it helped to relieve my feelings a bit.

No one, it seemed, was interested in bells. My patience was gone. I decided something had to be done about it. I turned back the sheet, and got out of bed. I'd never seen the room I was in, and though I had a fairly good idea by ear of the position of the door, it wasn't easy to find. There seemed to be several puzzling and unnecessary obstacles, but I reached it at the cost of a stubbed toe and a slightly dented shin. I shoved my head out into the passage.

"Hi!" I shouted. "I want some breakfast. Room 48."

For a moment nothing happened. Then came voices all shouting together. It sounded like hundreds of them, and not a word coming clearly. It was as if I had turned on a record of crowd noises—and of a bad-tempered crowd, at that. I had a nightmarish moment wondering whether I had been transferred to a mental home while I slept, and was not in the hospital at all. The noise of the voices simply wasn't normal. I closed the door hurriedly on the babel, and groped my way back to bed. Then from the street below rose a scream, wildly distraught and contagiously terrifying. It came three times, and when it died away it seemed still to tremble in the air.

I shuddered. I could feel the sweat prickle my forehead under the bandages. I knew now that something horrible and fearful was happening. I couldn't stand my isolation and helplessness any longer; I must know what was going on. I put my hands up to my bandages, then with my fingers on the safety pins I stopped.

Suppose the treatment had not been successful? Suppose that when I took the bandages off I still could not see? That would be worse—a hundred times worse. I dropped my hands and lay back, mad at myself and the place, and cursed foolishly.

Some while must have passed before I got a proper hold on things again, but after a bit I found myself groping in my mind after a possible explanation. I did not find it. But I did become absolutely convinced that, come all the paradoxes of hell, it was Wednesday. For the previous day had been a memorable one, and I could swear that no more than a single night had passed.

YOU'LL find it in the record that on Tuesday, May 7th, the earth's orbit passed through a cloud of comet debris. You can believe that if you like—plenty of people do. Maybe it did. I can't prove anything either way. I was in no state to see what happened; but I have my own ideas. All I actually know of the occasion is that I had to spend the evening in my bed listening to eyewitness accounts of what was constantly claimed to be the most remarkable celestial spectacle on record.

And yet until the thing actually began nobody had ever heard a word about this supposed comet, or its debris.

It was in the news bulletin during the day that mysterious bright green had been seen in the California skies the previous night. Such a lot of things happen in California that no one was inclined to get worked up.

But accounts came in from all over the Pacific of a night made brilliant by green meteors said to be "sometimes in such numerous showers that the whole sky appeared to be wheeling about us."

As the night line moved westward the brilliance of the display increased, and occasional green flashes began to be visible even before darkness fell. The announcer gave an account of the phenomenon in the news bulletin, advising everyone not to miss the amazing scene. He mentioned also that it seemed to be interfering seriously with short-wave reception at long distances, but that the medium waves, on which there would be a commentary, were not affected.

And as if the radio's comments were not enough, the nurse who brought my supper had to tell me all about it.

"The sky's simply full of shooting stars," she said. "All bright green. They make people's faces look frightfully ghastly. Everybody's out watching them, and it's nearly as light as day—only the wrong color. Every now and then there's a big one, so bright that it hurts to look at it. It's a marvelous sight. They say there's never been anything like it before. Such a pity you can't see it, isn't it?"

"It is," I agreed, somewhat shortly.

"They've drawn back the curtains in the wards so that they can all see it," she went on. "If only you hadn't those bandages you'd get a wonderful view of it from here."

"Oh," I said.

"Though it must be better outside. They say lots of people are out picnicking in the parks and on Hampstead Heath, watching it all. And on nearly every roof you can see people standing and looking up."

"How long do they expect it to go on?" I asked patiently.

"I don't know—but they say it's not so bright now as it was in other places. But even if you'd had your bandages off today I don't expect they'd have let you watch it. You'll have to take it gently at first, and some of the flashes are very bright. They— Oooooh!"

"Why 'oooh'?" I inquired.

"That was such a brilliant one. It made the whole room look green. What a pity you couldn't see it."

"Yes," I agreed. "Now do go away, there's a good girl."

I tried listening to the *(Continued on page 63)*

They moved in single file toward the center of Piccadilly Circus. The man in the lead caught at the girl's arm

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Gary Crosby and

By LLOYD SHEARER

Among Bing Crosby's stiffest competitors these days is his own son. The youngster's first record, made with his dad, has sold more than 1,250,000 copies and it's still going strong

UNTIL the fall of 1950, approximately 95 per cent of the mail delivered to Crosby Enterprises, 9028 Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, was addressed to Bing. The remaining 5 per cent was distributed among the Groaner's brothers: Larry, the publicity director, Everett, the business manager, and Bob, the orchestra leader.

Came fall, however, and thousands of letters suddenly began tumbling in addressed to Mr. Gary Crosby who, at seventeen, is Bing's blond, blue-eyed and broad-shouldered eldest son, and America's newest singing sensation.

The letters are still coming. They contain marriage proposals, business propositions, insurance solicitations, compliments, gripes, gifts, samples, offers, pleas, pamphlets and demands for autographed photos.

"I've just played your record," one girl writes, "and I'd like to start the first Gary Crosby Fan Club in Florida."

"I spun your record last night," scribbles another, "and if you're thinking of marriage, I could make you as happy as the next girl. I am thirty-three, but don't look it."

At the moment, fully 25 per cent of the Crosby fan mail—most of it from the bobby-sox crowd—is directed to young Gary simply because last June he happened to spend what turned out to be one of the most profitable and promising 90-minute recording periods in musical history. With characteristic Crosby nonchalance, he waxed two songs with his father, who also sings.

The two fame-and-fortune-building tunes were Play A Simple Melody, an Irving Berlin relic which Groucho Marx had rescued from the graveyard two years before as part of a guest routine on Bing's air show, and Sam's Song, a novelty number thrown together by Lew Quadling and Jack Elliott.

One month after Decca released this platter—labeling the recording artists as Gary Crosby and Friend—it had sold 350,000 copies. By December, more than a million and a quarter pressings had been bought. The tunes had not only made the Hit Parade, but disk jockeys throughout America were reporting to the musical trade papers that the public was requesting Gary's songs more frequently than practically any others.

In addition, and unbeknownst to him, the Crosby heir was being demanded as a guest star by virtually every radio and television show in the nation. He can also have his pick, at any figure his father deems equitable, of the choicest motion-picture contracts in Hollywood. And all because of Play A Simple Melody and Sam's Song, two tunes on one 10-inch record. Of course, the fact that he's Gary Crosby and not Gary Johnsmith doesn't hurt, either.

Dave Kapp, Decca's tall vice-president in charge of recording, says, "The platter made the kid one of the hottest young singing stars in the nation.

"This is the way it happened. Before Bing left for Europe last summer, he stopped off in New York for a few days. I went over to see him to line up some numbers for a future recording session. 'Bing,' I said, 'there's been a lot of talk about you and the four boys. How about recording something with them? We can make the first one a standard.' That's the project we spoke about. Nothing at all to do with Gary.

"Well, we schmoosed around and decided that a Christmas record would be good. Bing's Christmas records have always been tremendous sellers. White Christmas sold 6,500,000 copies and Silent Night 5,000,000. That's the way we left it. When Bing came back from Europe we'd do a Christmas tune with the four kids.

"So, Bing went abroad. While he was there, I got a brain storm. I sent him a cable suggestion that he record Play A Simply Melody—a duet he'd done on his radio program many times. Once with Groucho, and once, I think, with Peggy Lee, once with Dorothy Kirsten, and once with Gary. Bing wrote back he didn't feel so hot about the song, but that if he ever recorded it, he would do it with Gary. There the matter rested."

When Bing finished shooting golf in Scotland, he returned to Hollywood where Kapp joined him for a recording date. On a Wednesday when he was scheduled to cut four sides, Der Bingle brought young Gary along to watch. Kapp, inspired, asked Bing, "How about you and Gary making Simple Melody?"

The singer shook his head. "Dave lad," he said, "I think we missed the boat on that one. Georgia Gibbs and Bob (Crosby) have cut one on Melody, and so did Jo Stafford. I'm afraid the tune's been had. Why don't we just blow it?"

But Kapp wouldn't blow it. He argued long and logically.

"Look, Bing," he said finally, "I'm not pitching you, but that duet is a natural for you and the boy."

"Okay," Bing half conceded, "suppose we did cut it. What would we back it up with?"

For the Other Side of the Platter

Kapp was prepared. He offered his answer by spinning a Victor Young recording of Sam's Song. Gary, who blows a trombone, strums a ukulele and has inherited his father's natural ear for music, joined in quickly.

"See," said Kapp, "the kid can sing it standing on his head."

Bing was sold. Two days later, just before he took off with the four boys for his Nevada cattle ranch—the Quarter-Circle-S, 20,000 acres, 4,200 head of cattle, outside of Elko—he stopped in at the recording studio with Gary. "Haven't got much time," he told Kapp. Whereupon he and Gary ran through their numbers once and then proceeded to cut the masters. The entire recording session took 90 minutes.

Gary, who was making his debut on wax, acquitted himself nobly. The boy didn't commit a single fluff. He was as poised, nonchalant and as much at ease as his old man. He seems to have inherited Bing's throw-it-away technique. The musicians who accompanied him were impressed.

Matty Matlock, who has arranged numbers for Bing and who contributed a harmony bit to Simple Melody, said, "The kid behaved like a veteran, didn't make one false break, didn't cheat on a single note. We knew he had music in his blood, but we didn't expect him to be that good."

As Bing and Gary raced out of the studio, Bing's farewell crack to Kapp was a request. "Dave," he shouted, "please send a record to the boy's mother. I don't want her to think we spent the whole morning in a poolroom."

En route to the ranch, Gary turned to his father. "Dad," he asked, "how much do you think I'll get for making that record?"

"Oh," Bing reckoned, "with a little luck you may clear four or five hundred. But only if the public goes for it."

At last count, Gary Evan Crosby (the Gary for Gary Cooper and the Evan for Dixie's father) had earned as his share of the royalties for that one record better than $12,500, with more flowing in each day. The loot is being held in trust for him by Jack O'Melveny, his dad's lawyer.

Christmas Recording Is a Bonanza

The boy is also making a tidy bundle out of the Christmas Carol he recorded with his father and three brothers last September. One record, it includes three Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen melodies: I Love That Christmas Feeling, I'd Like to Hitch a Ride with Santa Claus, and Snow Man. Almost 500,000 copies have been sold to date, and it shows every indication of developing into a holiday standard.

A good deal of information pertaining to Gary's success has been kept from the youngster because, in his father's words, "You let a kid of seventeen know that he's making a little stir in the world, and first thing you know he becomes insufferable. His head starts to swell and then I've got to sit on him for a month before it goes down. Right now, Gary's in good shape. He's up at Bellarmine in San Jose, and he's at that wonderful point in life where he cares more about football than girls."

Father Gerald Flynn, S.J., who runs Bellarmine College Preparatory School, affiliated with the University of Santa Clara, is of the opinion that when Gary goes off to college next year, he will be one of the finest and most versatile young men the school has ever turned out.

"He's built like a Sherman tank," Father Flynn explains. "He's five nine and a half, weighs 180 pounds, and he's a really terrific defensive fullback. He played varsity in '49, and he coached the B team in '50. His twin brothers, Phil and Denny, were on the B team, and they admire Gary so much that they don't even mind taking orders from him. That's saying a lot.

"Bing is proud of the fact that Gary is a versatile athlete—catcher on the baseball team, forward on the basketball squad, fullback on the football team. But I'm even more proud that the boy will be graduated in 1951 with our highest honors. He's had four years of Latin and Greek, four years of math—four years of really tough subjects—and he's sailed right through them. There's not a college in the country that wouldn't take Gary. Of course, the newspapers say there isn't a theater in the country that wouldn't take him, either. But I think he'll pull his four years of college before his folks let him choose his profession."

Where the future is concerned, Gary himself is of the same mind. "What I'm going to do," he says, "is go to college and make the football team. I think I can play in the backfield or maybe at guard. When I was a kid and played on the Shamrocks—that was back at St. John's—I used to play guard, but I think I've developed enough speed for the back field.

"Of course, I like music—I play the trombone, you know—and it's always a lot of fun singing with

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Friend

Dad and my brothers, but it's too early for me to know what I want to do in life. Besides, a fellow usually changes his mind as he grows older.

"Take Linny! (Lindsay, twelve, the youngest Crosby.) When he was a kid, he wanted to be a street cleaner. Now, he's even interested in girls. Me! I've always been interested in cattle. But after four summers on a cattle ranch, I'm not so interested any more. Anyway, when I was twelve, I hand-raised a calf until it weighed 505 pounds. It brought in more than a hundred bucks."

Gary gets along with his brothers unusually well, especially since he's proved his versatile athletic prowess and outweighs each of them by 50 pounds.

"Gary's okay for a big brother, I guess," Lindsay says. "But I don't think he sings better than the rest of us. Just louder."

Like most first-born, Gary occasionally feels that the kid brothers are shown more consideration than he is. Last summer at the ranch, the twins, accompanied by Bing, rode up to watch Gary pitch hay. When Gary stopped for a moment, Phil called out, "Keep workin', man." Indignant, Gary turned to his father and complained. "How come they're always sitting up on a horse looking down on me?" he demanded. "How come I'm not up on a horse looking down on them?"

Despite such quibbling, the Crosby boys respect one another. Gary is extremely proud of the fact that the twins are stalwarts on the Bellarmine B eleven. "Even though they're related to me," he says, "I've got to admit Denny is a great runner and Phil is a good left guard." Other members of the squad say that, as a coach, Gary is scrupulously fair and bends over backward to see that his brothers get no extra breaks. "If anything," says Father Flynn, "Gary drives them harder than the others."

When Lindsay was real small, around five or seven, Gary used to tease him a good deal, particularly about his love affair with Judy Donlevy, Brian Donlevy's daughter, who was then two. "How could you be in love," Gary used to ask, "with a girl who can't even talk?"

Lindsay had a favorite answer: "How can you be in love with a trombone?"

Lindsay's Mistake Got a Big Laugh

When the boys made their debut on radio six years ago—it was a command performance put on by the Armed Forces Radio Service for the troops overseas—Lindsay, who was then six and not too good at reading, looked at the word "applause" in the script and read it aloud as "apples." Everyone in the audience howled. Gary was crushed. "You almost ruined the whole broadcast," he stormed at Lindsay. "The word was 'applause.'"

Lindsay shrugged his shoulders. "Who cares?" he said. "It got a big laugh."

Nowadays, Lindsay and Gary don't see too much of each other. Lindsay goes to the Good Shepherd Parochial School in Beverly Hills, and Gary's up at San Jose where he has problems of greater magnitude than the bedevilment of the family's last-born. Most of his problems concern athletics. He cares relatively little about his accomplishments to date as a junior crooner.

Dixie Lee Crosby, his mother, says, "No son of mine is turning crooner until he finishes his schooling. Gary has one more year at prep school and then he goes to college, maybe Santa Clara, maybe Stanford. Who knows? The boy sings pretty well—all of the boys do. They've been listening to their father for years. We don't mind their making these records so long as they don't interfere with their schoolwork. Gary made his early in the summer, and the Christmas album was cut before the boys returned to school in September. *(Continued on page 53)*

JOHN FLOREA

Both crooners minimize Gary's success. Says Bing: "You let a kid of seventeen know he's making a little stir in the world . . . and he becomes insufferable." Gary comments: "I'm just nothing"

The Groaner and his home-grown quartet (l. to r.): Twins Dennis and Phillip, Bing, Lindsay and Gary. All sing, and Lindsay insists that Gary's no better than the rest—"just louder"

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On the Linger

By WILLIAM FULLER

About a backwoods dreamer who wanted the wrong kind of nice girl

I STARTED getting real lonesome. I started getting real sad. It seemed like I was getting nowhere. It seemed like I was wasting my time. One time, I'd loved all this wandering. One time, I'd loved being free. I just don't know what got into me. I just don't know what made me change.

I was telling Garnet about it. Garnet worked in Gomer's Place. Gomer's Place was a back-country Florida juke. There was a big sign over the bar in Gomer's Place that said:

DON'T ASK US NEITHER
BECAUSE WE DON'T KNOW NEITHER
AND IF WE DID WE WOULDN'T
TELL YOU NEITHER

That's the kind of a juke Gomer's Place was, and Gomer ran it for fruit pickers like me, and packing-house men from the Lake Citrus Company close by, and for the cow hands in the section. And on Saturday nights when the boys got likkered and the juke in the corner was blaring, Gomer's Place was a going concern, what I mean!

Garnet was a little old girl with great big sad brown eyes, and hair kind of lank, like, and no special color, and with so little meat to her bones a man would have to shake the sheets to find her in bed. She looked, though, as if she'd feather out real pretty if she got away from Gomer's Place and got to eating some home-grown food, and living with a man all her own who would beat her some and love her a lot. She had time for feathering out, anyhow, for she wasn't but seventeen or eighteen, and mighty smart, too, for a spratling kid. A man might go for a big cigar, but Garnet, she'd smoke him. I'd seen it happen.

Garnet knew a thing or two, all right, and she'd learned it the hard way, the poor little girl. I wouldn't make out like she was any better than she should have been, working in a juke like Gomer's Place, but her job was mainly to sit and listen to lonesome men like me. And if she sat and listened to you and talked back some, she drank Coke or ginger at two bits a glass, and half the profit was hers; and you played the juke for her and she cashed in on every nickel you fed it. And if you wanted to round-dance, she'd dance with you, and if you left her fifty cents or a dollar bill, well, she'd round-dance with you the next time you came in. It was a mighty poor way for a girl to make a living, but I reckon Garnet made out.

I was talking to Garnet because girls like Garnet were the only kind of girls I knew how to talk to. And, besides, it was their job to listen to you and talk back some. When I was talking to girls like Garnet I never got the inside sweats thinking maybe the girl I was talking to was going to laugh at me, or walk on off and leave me standing there with my tongue hanging out, looking like I didn't have the sense God give a June bug.

I was purely *scared* of nice girls.

And some of this was what I was telling Garnet.

"It's not like it was, Garnet," I said. "I've been on the go for too long. Seems like I've been all over God's creation and back again. I started out from South Carolina when I was fourteen years of age. That's fifteen years gone by. I never stayed in one place long. I've picked peaches in Georgia. I've picked tomatoes on the muck. I've harvested wheat in the Dakotas. I've picked grapefruit in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas. I've spent days in the fields or the groves or the orchards and I've spent my evenings in the jukes. I've been in ten thousand taverns and jukes. I've come to hate them."

Garnet looked at me with those big sad brown eyes. "Then why do you always come back?"

"I've got no other place to go. I don't go for the drinking. I go for the talk. I go for the company. I go because a man's got to feel there's *someplace* he belongs."

"You're always welcome in *this* juke, Tad, honey."

I knew it was her job to say that. I knew she'd tell it to the next man just as quick. But it made me feel good, just as I had been made to feel good by words like that from coast to coast, wherever I'd stopped to work. That's the reason I spent my evenings in the taverns and the jukes. But I was sick of living like that. I wanted something more. I motioned to the waiter to bring me another beer and Garnet another ginger. I gave the waiter a quarter to put in the juke. The quarter clunked into the machine and Texas Dan Jamison started singing Mama's in the Boondocks Now. It was mighty pretty music. It made me sad.

"I used to love to throw my things in the back seat of my old car and move on, anywhere there was work—it didn't matter where. I used to love to walk into a strange juke. But lately it's different. I'm sick of it, Garnet. I've been studying lately on finding me a pretty little old girl to put me on the linger. I've been studying lately on buying me a little old place in the country. Pick some fruit in the season. Raise me some chickens. Start a little old truck garden. Raise some flowers around the stoop. Get me some kids to set on my knee. That's what I've been studying on lately."

Garnet's voice was soft. "And all you need is the girl?"

I nodded. "And that's the big trouble, Garnet. She'd have to be a *nice* girl. All my life I've admired nice girls. I've never known any, but all my life I've admired them. I mean churchgoing girls. Schooled-out girls. Girls who could raise a man's kids smart. Girls who could rug off the floors of a man's house real pretty and matching, like, and hang pretty framed pictures on the wall. That's the kind of a girl it would take to put me on the linger."

Garnet sounded put out. I don't know why. "Aren't you aiming mighty high for a tramp fruit picker?"

"It's no use aiming if you don't aim high!"

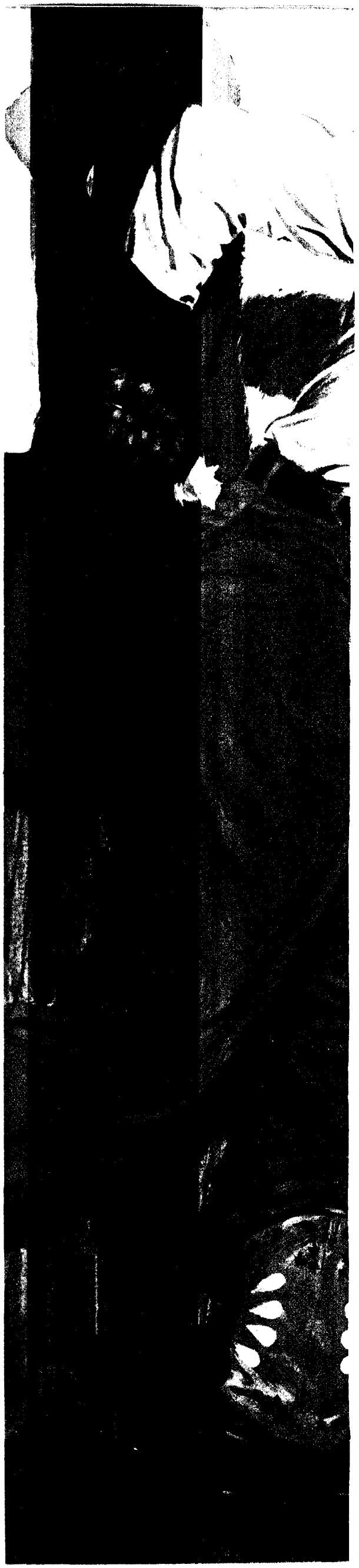
"Well, then why don't you go on down to the church house some Sunday and pick out some little namby-pamby pussle-gutted thing, toll her out after meeting, and ask her to marry you!"

I sure was surprised to see big tears rolling down Garnet's thin little cheeks. I stared at her. I reckon my mouth was open.

"Well, damn you!" Garnet shouted. "What're you staring at? See anything green?"

I saw there wasn't any use in talking to Garnet any more that evening, so I paid my bill, left a dollar for Garnet for the round dancing we'd done, and lit a shuck out of Gomer's Place. I looked back once as I went through the door. I looked back in time to see Garnet crumple the dollar bill I'd left on the table into a ball and throw it all the way across the room. . . .

All this was on a Friday. I worked hard all day Saturday in a block of Valencia oranges away off down by a pretty little spring-fed lake. I thought how fine it would be if a man had his own little place sloping off down to a little lake like that one, with maybe a bayhead on one side and a little patch of grove on the other side, *(Continued on page 35)*



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WALTER

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I was caught there in a half crouch and I couldn't do a thing but cover up my head with my arms as Curly started wading in on me . . .

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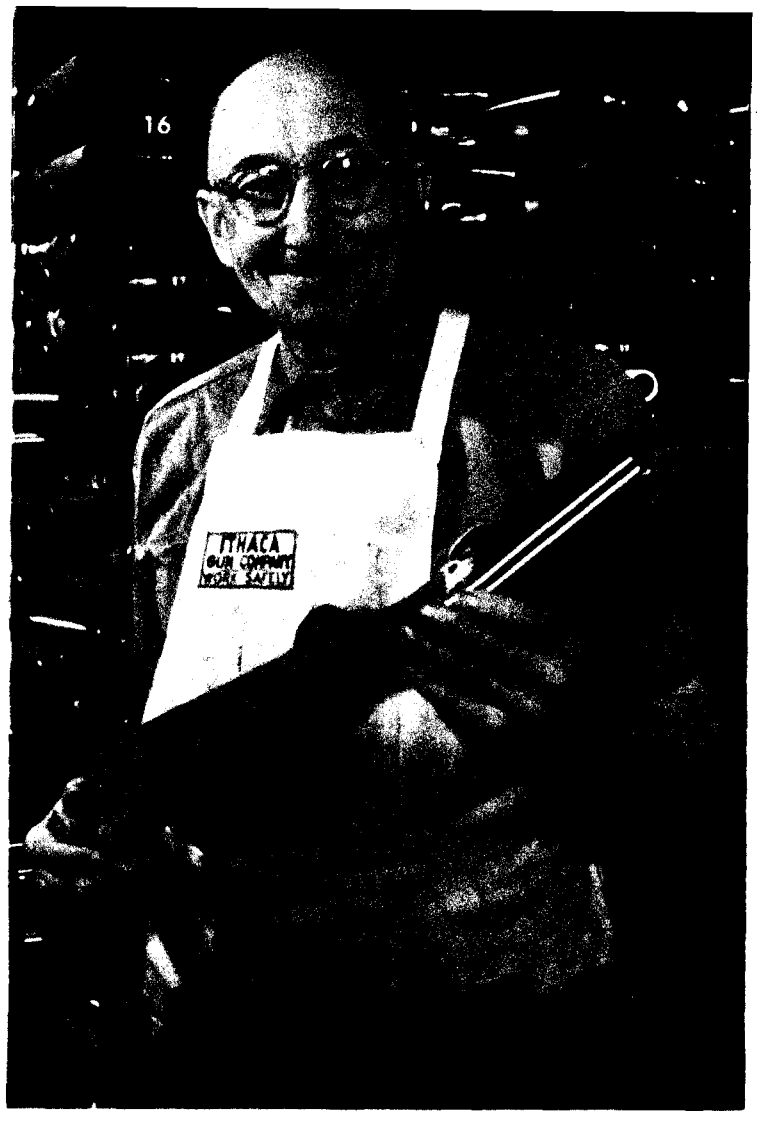
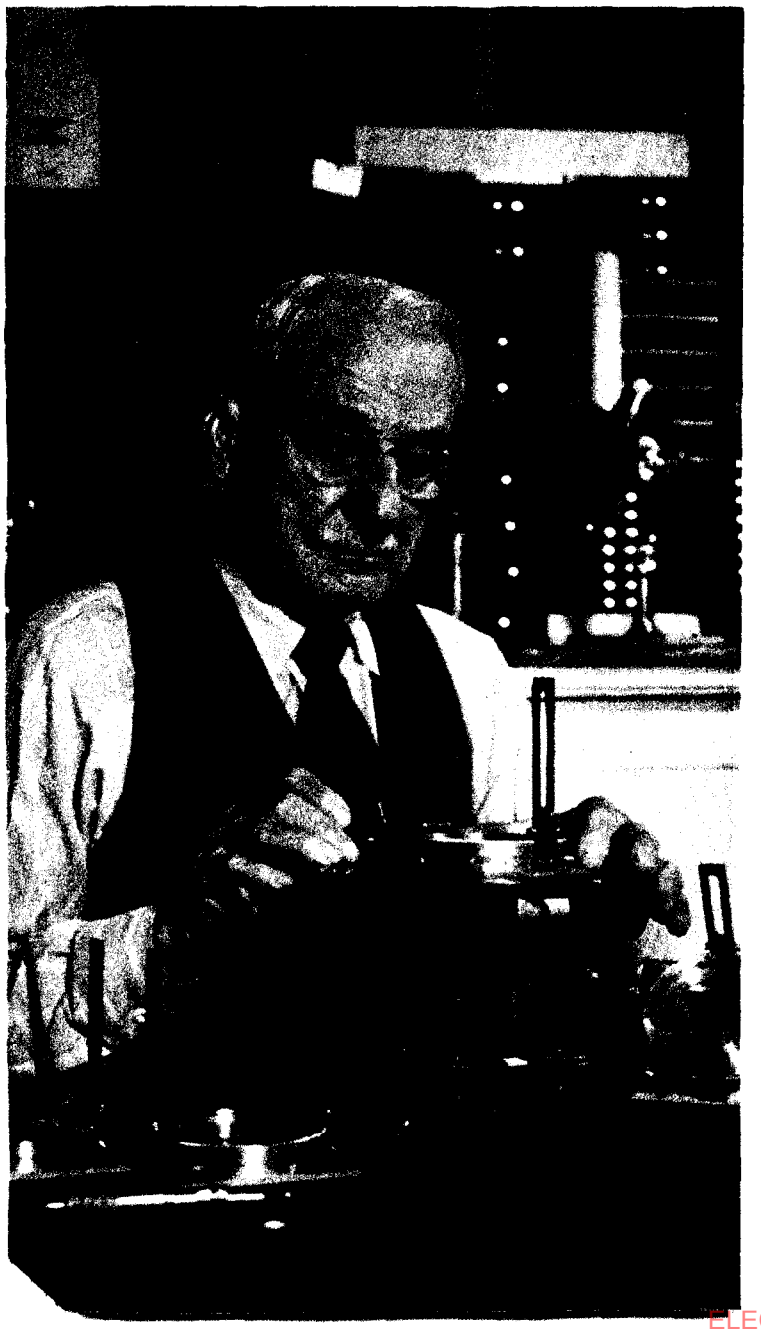


Marion Darling will be 78 next July, but he still works for the gun factory that hired him in 1896

As long as a man can work the Ithaca (N.Y.) Gun Company will not fire him. The president of the company, Lou P. Smith (left), is 80, and the vice-president, Paul S. Livermore, is 76



John F. Wiley, 87, oldest employee of Gurley Company, Troy, N.Y., where 20 per cent are over 60

When You're Old-

We are victims of the myth that a man is through a

THOSE who look into the vital statistics of our country will make a major, even a shocking, discovery. They will find factual proof that we are no longer a "young" nation. Thanks to medical advances, we are already longer-lived than Americans of 1900, and life expectancy is increasing all the time. By 1975, we will have 20,000,000 people over 65 in this country, nearly twice the number today, and they will form an impressive bloc of the population.

Right now is the time for us, not only as individuals getting older all the time, but as a nation, to revamp our views on old folks. Experts on the subject agree that age 65 need not be a signal for getting on the shelf—provided we plan in advance for it. Given such planning, old age can be enjoyable and productive, and oldsters a positive asset to their communities.

Collier's herewith publishes the first of three reports on the basic problems of old age—economic security, health and housing, and recreation—as presented by two eminently well-equipped authors. Dr. Louis I. Dublin, an outstanding authority on population, longevity and mortality, is a vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Herbert Yahraes, a veteran newspaperman, has written for national magazines on medical and sociological subjects.

I

UNNOTICED until recently, spectacular changes have been taking place in the world's most interesting betting odds—those which insurance companies compile on how long we are likely to live. For instance, those of us born in 1900 had only two chances out of five of reaching 65. Babies born this year have two chances out of three of living that long—even if no further advances are made in medicine and public health.

Today's average 65-year-old can look forward to almost 14 more years of life, the average 70-year-old to almost 11 more. At the turn of the century, a 65-year-old could expect to live only 12 more years, a 70-year-old only 9 more.

With this trend toward longer living has come, at the same time, a drop in the birth rate and in immigration. So that we now have not only more oldsters than ever before but also a bigger proportion of them. In 1900, only one person in 25 was 65 years old or more. Today, the figure is one in 13, and during the next 50 years the ratio will probably narrow to about one in eight. When it does, the country will have almost as many old folks as it had people of all ages a mere century ago.

This prospect portends sweeping changes in our national way of life. For our political parties, it will mean more voters over 45 than under, who could make quite an army for some pie-in-the-sky candidate. For business, it will mean important shifts in the consumer market.

But even more important is its meaning right now to each of us as individuals. Today there are

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"Wouldn't it be terrible if every day were a holiday?" asks Mrs. Ruth O'Daniel, 67. She bosses the Endicott Johnson shoe firm's stockroom

If Matt Anderson, 70, quit his shoe-factory job, he'd get $99 a month in pension and Social Security. But he'd rather work

What Then?

By DR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN
and HERBERT N. MUNK

5, but many people much older are working and therefore living happier lives

few of us who do not have old folks in the family. Tomorrow we ourselves will be old.

How are the oldsters going to get along—the 11,500,000 we have now, the 20,000,000 we'll probably have by 1975, the 24,000,000 by the year 2000? What will they live on? And where? And what can they do to keep reasonably healthy and happy?

Some years ago an unusually foresighted legislator put similar questions to his state's commissioner of health.

"Why worry about old people?" came the reply. "They're all going to die in a few years, aren't they?"

No, they aren't. For the average person, old age is no longer just a matter of a few declining years. It's a period as long as all the years he spent in grade and high school, and then some. It's so long a time that if he wants to assure himself a $100-a-month annuity beginning at 65, his payments to an insurance company will have to total over $16,000.

The number-one problem of old age is economic security. Only about one third of our old people are still wage earners or the wives of wage earners. Perhaps you have the idea that Social Security and pensions take care of the rest. But the trouble is that out of every 100 oldsters, not quite a dozen and a half are getting old-age or survivors' benefits (Social Security). If we add in other related benefits such as those from veterans' programs, civil service retirements, and so forth, then almost 25 out of 100 oldsters are receiving some pension payment from the federal government. Only about 2 in 100 are living on pensions from industry. Somewhat more than two dozen receive public welfare funds.

We do not know just how many support themselves from such savings as bank deposits, War Bonds, insurance; nor do we know how many have some form of current investment income. Not so long ago, census estimates showed that about four-fifths of our old people were receiving some cash income on their own account—but the average received was quite low.

Social Security payments have been averaging only $26 a month to single persons and $41 to married. By Congressional act last summer, these payments jumped in September to about $45 and $78. Enough to live on? Hardly. A budget worked out by the Social Security Administration itself puts the cost of meeting an elderly couple's needs at about $140 a month.

Nobody need starve, because Social Security provides not only insurance benefits but also something called old-age assistance, a combined federal-state payment which is actually relief. To get it in most states, you have to go through the demoralizing process of proving need. In some instances that means you can't hold on to even your own home or have enough cash laid by to bury you, although some states, on the other hand, are very liberal about putting old people on the assistance rolls.

In amending our Social Security law Congress corrected some grave defects. For example, under the old Social Security system a retired person forfeited all benefits if he continued to earn more than $15 a month. Now a person not yet 75 may earn up to $50 a month without having his benefits cut.

But the greatest weakness of our Social Security system still remains. It springs from the fact that our main reason for setting up Social Security in the first place was to get old people to quit work and thus make jobs for younger people.

The Social Security Act, passed in 1935, was born of the depression. Too much cotton? Plow some of it under. Too many people want to work? Pay some of them to stop producing.

By making old-age benefits payable at 65, the act in effect established age 65 as the point at which a person gets too old to work. It virtually made 65 the legal definition of old age. Private pension plans have added weight to that definition; most of them compel retirement at 65.

So in the matter of economic security for our old folks, pensions and old-age insurance have hindered as well as helped. They have given the older worker something to retire on—but they have also hurt his job chances by buttressing the myth that on a certain birthday a man suddenly becomes unfit. They dim even a middle-aged worker's job prospects, because a company with a compulsory retirement plan is understandably reluctant to hire a man who, when he has to retire, won't have earned a big enough pension to retire on.

When America was a rural society, no job problem existed for the oldster. *(Continued on page 39)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

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CHICAGO'S *New Menace*

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Professional gangsters, whose crimes were planned productions, have given way to amateur hoods and senseless acts of violence

LIFE is cheaper in Chicago than it ever was. It used to cost $500 and up to have a man killed. That was in the gangster era when professional torpedoes charged what the traffic would bear. Today, in the hoodlum era—when the professionals are all but extinct and psychopathic amateurs have moved in—a life may be snuffed out for as little as a dollar and a half.

Of course, it isn't the same proposition. It isn't cold-blooded killers making their ghoulish bargains to extinguish the life of a punk who has stepped on the toes of the mob. It isn't misanthropes making a career out of assassination. It isn't brutes with machine guns trafficking in human life.

It's worse. It is—to take one example from the 294 homicides recorded in Chicago last year—something like this:

A woman twenty-six years old, a young mother with two tots, two and four, is on her way home in the dark of an October evening. It is 9:50 P.M. She is just approaching the house on Damen Avenue where she lives with her husband, the children and her mother. As she turns up the walk a shadowy figure lunges at her like a panther out of the darkness. She freezes for a split second, then is aware that a man is snatching at the pocketbook she wears on a shoulder strap.

She won't let him take it. She fights. The man pulls a knife and in one frenzied movement he punctures her throat and draws the blade across her jugular vein. He grabs the purse and runs. The woman, her strength and life spurting out of her, manages to get to the door of her house, knocks on it, and, when her mother pulls the door open, falls dead at her feet . . .

There was a dollar and a half in her pocketbook.

Life is that cheap.

Gangdom, with its professional killers also provided *professional victims.* The 638 mugs, lugs and thugs who were murdered in Chicago from 1925 to 1946 were in the business of mutual assassination and knew what to expect. Not so the 964 victims on the homicide lists since then. Most of these—as the era of the amateur hoodlum set in following World War II—were innocent, law-abiding people, minding their own business and not looking for trouble.

Chicago's most notorious criminal since the end of World War II was not a "Machine-gun Jack" McGurn, a "Schemer" Drucci, or a James "King of the Bombers" Belcastro. He was a mild little student at the University of Chicago named William Heirens, a warped personality (a fetishist) who murdered two women and a little girl of six whose body he dismembered and distributed into sewers.

Women and children are, indeed, providing more and more victims in an era of psychopathic and neurotic crime: an era of *crime against people,* in which the old, uncomplicated motivations of criminal gain and gang rivalries are supplanted by lusts for violence, sex distortion and baffling no-rhyme, no-reason aggression.

Last May 20th a seventeen-year-old choir girl, Patricia Swartz, was returning to her home on South Princeton Avenue, in the Englewood section of Chicago, after spending the evening at volleyball practice in a nearby church community center. She had just approached the steps on the side door of her house when a wild-eyed youth leaped out at her from the shadows cast by a street lamp. He snatched at the bundle of gym clothes she carried under her arm, tried to wrest them away from her. Terrified, the girl resisted. Her assailant drew a butcher knife and slashed at her 12 times, leaving her dead—her hands, face and body horribly mutilated.

When the youth was apprehended he could only say, "I don't know why I did it."

On May 23d, in the Woodlawn section, Lavern Malvin returned from work to his apartment on South Maryland Avenue at 6:50 P.M. He swung the door open but his call of greeting was not met by the customary response from his wife. He stepped into the living room. His wife, Deotha, twenty-five, lay dead across a chair. Furniture was wrecked and there were spatterings of blood upon the walls.

Police investigation indicated Mrs. Malvin had been set upon by a prowler—perhaps a burglar, perhaps a sadist. She had been beaten to death with an indoor television antenna.

Put the Cops Back on the Beat

On July 12th, at the other end of town, up north in Rogers Park, a forty-year-old housewife went to the door at one o'clock in the afternoon to admit a clean-cut, nice-looking man who said he was the "City Water Inspector." Once inside her kitchen, with the door shut behind him, he seized a steel knife and, pointing it at her throat, forced the woman to submit to rape. He left, warning her not to call the police for 10 minutes or he would come back. The woman, mother of two, was taken to St. Francis Hospital in Evanston in a state of critical shock and hysteria.

These cases and constantly recurring ones of a similar stamp keep Chicagoans aware of a new pattern in crime which selects innocent, often defenseless, people as its victims. They can be as innocent and defenseless, in fact, as little Charlie Bradley, aged three and a half. Charlie, who lived on Luther Street, southwest of the Loop, was snatched out of his crib at 11:30 P.M. the night of July 30, 1947, during the very hours his father was sitting on the front porch trying to get a breath of relief after a hot summer's day. The child was carried out the back of the house into a neighboring back yard where he was strangled to death and sexually mutilated, then stuffed into a dark crevice beneath a rear stairway.

Chicago, like many another city, has seen the relentless rise in sex crimes during the past decade—from 1,170 in 1940 to 2,030 in 1949. It watched the roster building up for the first half of 1950—140 forcible rapes, 78 attempted rapes, 118 cases of indecent exposure, 80 cases of annoying and molesting, 93 crimes against children. But Chicago has not watched *(Continued on page 48)*

Police Commissioner **Timothy J. O'Connor, newly appointed, told author, "We'll do our best with what we've got . . . we need men"**

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Victims of assorted crimes view a general showup held on a Sunday in Chicago. Lieutenant John R. Meyers, at microphone, conducts it

Fighting Priest, Father Jerome Dehnert of West Side's Precious Blood parish, pleaded with parents to act together to stop crime

Slum Areas spawn many lawbreakers in the new hoodlum era of crimes against people. This section in Chicago, surrounded by abandoned buildings, is being torn down to make room for a new highway, and kids take it over as a playground. Criminals often hide out in such ruins

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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"Be careful, honey," he said, making a joke of it. "You'll have to learn, you know, that doors won't open themselves"

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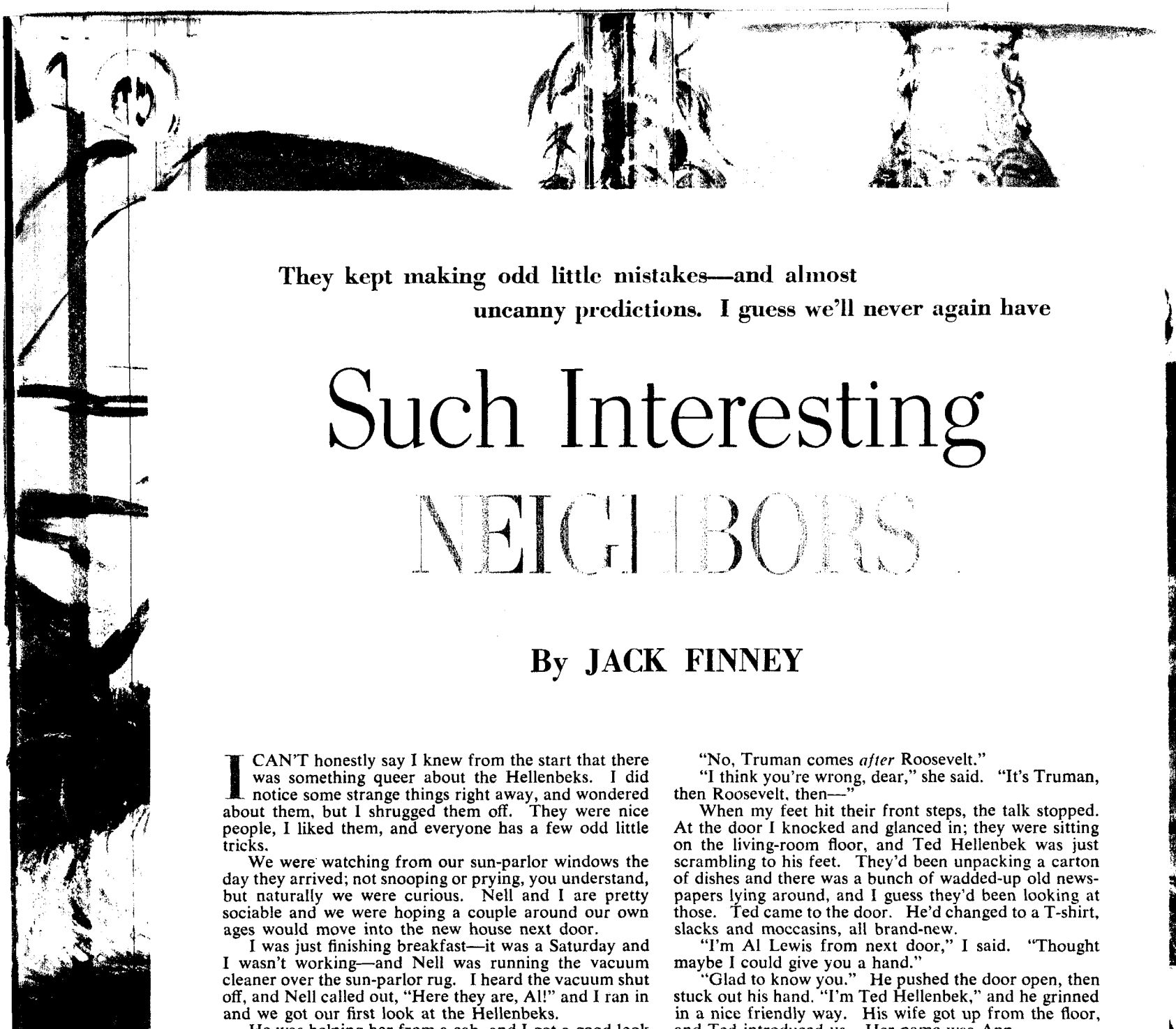

They kept making odd little mistakes—and almost uncanny predictions. I guess we'll never again have

Such Interesting NEIGHBORS

By JACK FINNEY

I CAN'T honestly say I knew from the start that there was something queer about the Hellenbeks. I did notice some strange things right away, and wondered about them, but I shrugged them off. They were nice people, I liked them, and everyone has a few odd little tricks.

We were watching from our sun-parlor windows the day they arrived; not snooping or prying, you understand, but naturally we were curious. Nell and I are pretty sociable and we were hoping a couple around our own ages would move into the new house next door.

I was just finishing breakfast—it was a Saturday and I wasn't working—and Nell was running the vacuum cleaner over the sun-parlor rug. I heard the vacuum shut off, and Nell called out, "Here they are, Al!" and I ran in and we got our first look at the Hellenbeks.

He was helping her from a cab, and I got a good look at him and his wife. They seemed to be just about our ages, the man maybe thirty-two or so and his wife in her middle twenties. She was rather pretty, and he had a nice, agreeable kind of face.

"Newlyweds?" Nell said, a little excited.

"Why?"

"Their clothes are all brand-new. Even the shoes. And so's the bag."

"Yeah, maybe you're right." I watched for a second or so, then said, "Foreigners, too, I think," showing Nell I was pretty observant myself.

"Why do you think so?"

"He's having trouble with the local currency." He was, too. He couldn't seem to pick out the right change, and finally he held out his hand and let the driver find the right coins.

But we were wrong on both counts. They'd been married three years, we found out later, had both been born in the States, and had lived here nearly all their lives.

Furniture deliveries began arriving next door within half an hour; everything new, all bought from local merchants. We live in San Rafael, California, in a neighborhood of small houses. Mostly young people live here, and it's a friendly, informal place. So after a while I got into an old pair of flannels and sneakers and wandered over to get acquainted and lend a hand if I could, and I cut across the two lawns. As I came up to their house, I heard them talking in the living room. "Here's a picture of Truman," he said, and I heard a newspaper rattle.

"Truman," she said, kind of thoughtfully. "Let's see now; doesn't Roosevelt come next?"

"No, Truman comes *after* Roosevelt."

"I think you're wrong, dear," she said. "It's Truman, then Roosevelt, then—"

When my feet hit their front steps, the talk stopped. At the door I knocked and glanced in; they were sitting on the living-room floor, and Ted Hellenbek was just scrambling to his feet. They'd been unpacking a carton of dishes and there was a bunch of wadded-up old newspapers lying around, and I guess they'd been looking at those. Ted came to the door. He'd changed to a T-shirt, slacks and moccasins, all brand-new.

"I'm Al Lewis from next door," I said. "Thought maybe I could give you a hand."

"Glad to know you." He pushed the door open, then stuck out his hand. "I'm Ted Hellenbek," and he grinned in a nice friendly way. His wife got up from the floor, and Ted introduced us. Her name was Ann.

Well, I worked around with them the rest of the morning, helping them unpack things, and we got the place into pretty good order. While we were working, Ted told me they'd been living in South America—he didn't say where or why—and that they'd sold everything they had down there, except the clothes they traveled in and a few personal belongings, rather than pay shipping expenses. That sounded perfectly reasonable and sensible, except that a few days later Ann told Nell their house in South America had burned down and they'd lost everything.

MAYBE half an hour after I arrived, some bedding was delivered—blankets, pillows, linen, stuff like that. Ann picked up the two pillows, put cases on them, and turned toward the bedroom. Now, it was broad daylight, the bedroom door was closed, and it was made of solid wood. But Ann walked straight into that door and fell. I couldn't figure out how she came to do it; it was as though she expected the door to open by itself or something. That's what Ted said, too, going over to help her up. "Be careful, honey," he said, and laughed a little, making a joke of it. "You'll have to learn, you know, that doors won't open themselves."

Around eleven thirty or so, some books arrived, quite a slew of them, and all new. We were squatting on the floor, unpacking them, and Ted picked up a book, showed me the title, and said, "Have you read this?"

It was The Far Reaches, by a Walter Braden. "No," I said. "I read the reviews a week or so ago, and they weren't so hot." *(Continued on page 45)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY GILL

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Elliman's Elegant Eldorado

By ROBERT FROMAN

More than any other man, one New York realtor can claim credit for lifting the face of our largest city. He actually built castles in the air on the other side of the tracks

FIFTY years ago, Douglas Ludlow Elliman was a young man with a bright idea and no cash. At that time most of Manhattan's upper East Side, stretching from Central Park to the East River and roughly from Forty-sixth Street to Ninety-sixth, was a wilderness of railroad tracks, hobo jungles and slaughterhouses. Today, addresses on such upper East Side streets as Park Avenue and Sutton Place are the ultimate goals of ambitious men and women from all over the country—and Elliman, as a consequence, is a name fabled among real-estate men.

For, although the multibillion-dollar remaking of the upper East Side has been far too big a project for any man to claim all the credit, Elliman's share is one of the largest. It was he who conceived the idea that it would be possible to persuade the wealthy to abandon their mansions and move into appropriately luxurious apartments on the East Side. And it was the piling, one atop another, of fabulously expensive apartments, renting at $5,000 to $50,000 or more a year, which made possible the area's transformation.

"The real-estate business gave Douglas the horse laugh when he went into apartment renting," an old friend of his recently observed. "Now it ought to give him the horse, and preferably one made of gold. That idea of his has multiplied over and over the values of hundreds of properties."

A good example of the Elliman handiwork is the building of 300 Park Avenue between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets. Before he put his mind to it, the site was merely a roof over the tracks of the New York Central and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroads. Such a location, it should have been obvious, was the last place in the world where anyone would choose to live.

But Elliman is no slave to the obvious. He set out to convince members of 36 of the nation's wealthiest families—including a Du Pont, a Rockefeller and a McAlpin—that it was an ideally central location for their town homes. When he had finished talking, they had put up an average of $80,000 apiece, and an insurance company had advanced another $3,000,000, to erect on the spot a $5,800,000 17-story building with apartments containing up to 16 rooms each.

Park Avenue between Forty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Streets is now lined with a dozen other similarly swank apartment buildings, as well as hotels such as the Waldorf Astoria and a few office structures of high prestige. The area now represents such a prodigious concentration of wealth that the telephone company has been moved to confer on it the exchange name "Eldorado."

That the rejuvenation of the region has been so successful is no small tribute to Elliman's foresight and salesmanship. It also speaks well for modern engineering, which faced formidable problems in making his dream come true. Beneath the broad avenues and towering buildings, more than 500 trains rumble every day on their way to and from Grand Central Station at Park Avenue and Forty-second Street. The vibrations they set up would shake to bits even a steel-and-concrete structure built over them, if it rested on ordinary foundations.

To prevent this, the architects had to develop a unique system of supports. A set of relatively simple steel columns, burrowing deep into bedrock, carry the avenue and cross-town streets, which can stand a little vibration. But the buildings, which soar as high as 40 stories, rest on completely separate systems of steel stilts embedded in layers of lead and asbestos and encased in coats of cork. On all sides an inch or more of air space separates the buildings from the sidewalks which surround them.

The underground maze of supporting columns and subway tracks is so densely packed and so complex that construction errors of a fraction of an inch may wreak havoc. One building had been completed, all the apartments rented and some of the tenants installed when intermittent vibrations turned up. The construction engineers drove themselves frantic trying to locate the trouble. They finally discovered that a bolt on one of the pillars supporting the street was barely touching another bolt on one of the building stilts. Every time the street trembled, the building shuddered. All the engineers had to do to stop the vibrations was file a fraction of an inch off each bolthead.

Northward from Fifty-seventh Street, the railroad tracks continue unseen beneath the narrow little park which bisects the avenue. At Ninety-sixth Street, the park ends, the tracks emerge, and Park Avenue abruptly becomes one of the dingiest streets of slum-ridden East Harlem. But below Ninety-sixth it is the golden heart of the upper East Side.

In one capacity or another, Douglas L. Elliman has helped to develop most of the upper East Side's luxury apartments

Two blocks to the west lies Fifth Avenue, lined—up to Fifty-ninth Street—with its famed stores and office buildings. Along Fifth above Fifty-ninth, where Central Park begins, march 50 blocks of towering apartment buildings. Interspersed among them are the few mansions remaining from the old days of gigantic fortunes.

Between Fifth and Park runs Madison Avenue, a street characterized by intimate, chi-chi shops where you can spend $500 for a Panama hat or $1,500 for a set of fragile, crystal goblets. East of Park is Lexington Avenue, which is slowly rising in prestige, although still on fairly intimate terms with the poorer areas farther east. These areas include most of the next three avenues: Third, with its decrepit elevated railway, Second and First. But at the island's edge—along the East River and on the approaches to it, such as Beekman Place and Sutton Place—the outposts of luxury rise again.

Many of the side streets are lined with dingy warehouses, factories or tenements. But here and there are blocks planted with trees which make them seem havens of blissful peace to greenery-starved New Yorkers, and a few of these compete with Park Avenue in elegance. Cheek-by-jowl with poverty-stricken blocks, they also provide the setting of sharp social contrast made famous by the play Dead End.

Elliman is an ever-recurring name in this area. It gazes discreetly down from the corners of one after another of the lordly apartment houses, announcing that they are under the management of either Douglas L. Elliman & Company, Inc., or of Pease & Elliman, Inc.—the Elliman in the latter case being Douglas' older brother Lawrence.

Douglas Elliman has helped build, rent or manage more than half of the hundreds of upper East Side luxury apartment buildings, and few of the others have been built without consultation with him. Many are his creations from the ground up. That is, he conceived the idea of erecting them, found investors, bought or leased the properties for them, arranged mortgage financing if necessary.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

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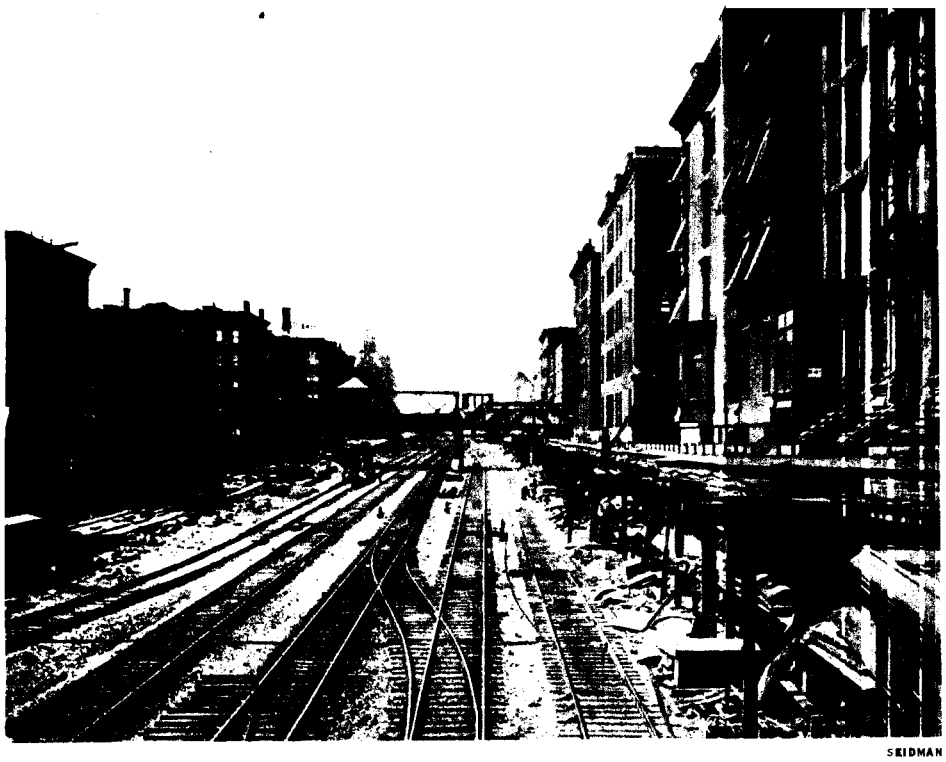

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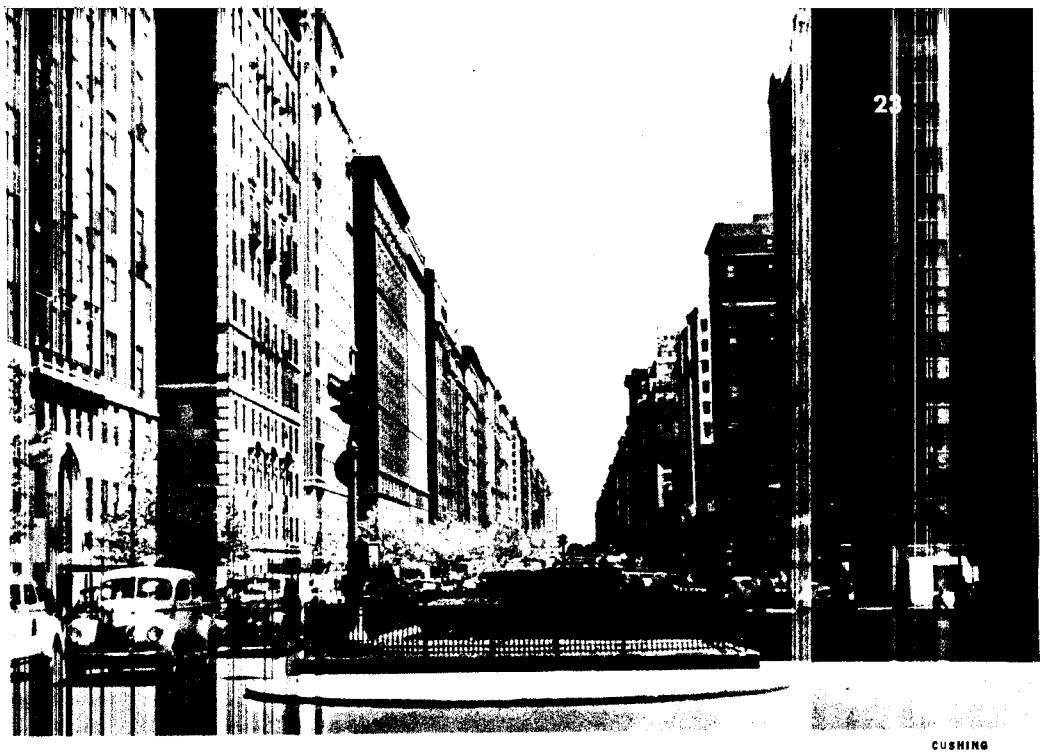

CUSHING

CUSHING

GALLOWAY

Before and After: **Famed Park Avenue (top, left) once was scarred with railroad tracks, but drastic renovation made possible today's fine thoroughfare (r). Areas along the East River (bottom) were transformed into tony Sutton Place**

advised on planning and building, found the tenants and screened them for "suitability," then took on management of the completed structure. Currently, his organization is serving as managing agent for 80 of the most elegant and is undertaking renting or management of six others nearing completion.

It would be hard to find anyone who fits more perfectly the role of overseer of these expensive apartments. Now an alert and vigorous sixty-eight, Elliman is a combination of courtly manners and businesslike hardness in the tradition of J. P. Morgan. Florid and crowned with plentiful iron-gray hair, he wears a mustache of the same color and horn-rimmed glasses through which he frequently directs the sort of blue-eyed stare usually called a piercing look. When contradicted unsubtly, he becomes still more florid, and his deep, sure voice grows even deeper and surer.

He stands five feet ten and weighs a portly but solid-looking 190. Dressed in his usual conservative, expertly tailored business suit with a white handkerchief in the breast pocket, and seated behind his huge, orderly desk adorned with a vase of roses, he makes an imposing figure. To his employees he is an object of considerable respect. "When he's not around," one recently told a caller, "the sun doesn't shine."

He is not often away, however, for to him the business is more than mere money-making. Descended from a family of native New Yorkers which lovingly traces its roots back to seventeenth-century New Amsterdam, he quite sincerely and unself-consciously sees himself the man responsible for resurrecting the glories of the upper East Side of his grandfather's day, when the landed gentry had vast estates there and the living was gracious. He has covered the walls of the first five floors of his offices with a collection of maps of Manhattan as it was in various stages of its past, and he delights in conducting visitors on a lecture tour through the collection.

Born May 24, 1882, in Flushing, Long Island, when it was a resort for wealthy New Yorkers, Douglas was the third of four sons of a Wall Street broker. His life seemed destined to follow the usual pattern: private school, Yale or Princeton, an apprenticeship in bond selling and on to the top of his father's brokerage business. But the pattern was shattered when his father's firm failed, and Douglas had to find a job at the age of eighteen.

His Brother Gave Him a Chance

He tried switchboard operating, running for a bank and clerking in a bond house, until his elder brother made a place for him at the recently founded Pease & Elliman Company in 1903.

The Pease & Elliman business consisted mostly of finding mansions for the very wealthy. When Douglas joined the firm, there were still enough families in this category to provide plenty of business. For instance, one couple which commissioned him to find a home specified that it must have room for 25 servants.

But young Douglas, not content to accept placidly the pattern of business established by his brother, wanted to make his own mark with something new. At that time even well-to-do people who appeared at the office looking for apartments were treated rather haughtily.

"Multifamily dwellings," one writer of that period loftily commented, "are merely the economical resort of the poor."

Douglas was young enough first to doubt, then openly to dispute that this was necessarily so. The more he was ridiculed, the more stubborn he became, and in the end he persuaded his brother to let him set up an apartment-renting service within the firm on an experimental basis.

For a while the equine hilarity with which the firm's competitors greeted announcement of the experiment seemed justified. There were few apartments in existence which offered any degree of luxury, and builders were chary of the idea of erecting them. Elliman had to learn the ropes by handling $40- and $50-a-month flats. The first commission which the experiment earned for the firm was $37.50.

But before a year had passed, Douglas pulled off a coup which turned the jeers into uneasy buzzing. It all began when a banker's daughter asked the firm to find her a small house which could be run by a minimum of servants and could easily be closed when she was away from town.

Douglas persuaded her that what she really wanted was a large apartment. He found one for her on Fifth Avenue and installed her in it for five years at $15,000 a year. In *(Continued on page 62)*

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NICK LAZARNICK

Pulp-insulating machines in Western Electric's Kearny, New Jersey, plant work around the clock paper-coating cable wires for rush shipment to a disaster area. Traffic expediters at company's three factories speed supplies to crippled and threatened cities

Situation on every long-distance circuit in the U.S. is posted in American Telephone & Telegraph control bureau in New York. This up-to-minute record makes it possible to reroute calls when disaster hits. A Boston-Miami message might go through Chicago

SAM VANDIVERT

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When wind, storm or fire knocks out a telephone system, a huge, well-trained army swings instantly into action. Nothing matters except that 'the message must go through'

SHORTLY after 3 A.M. on a bleak night a little more than a year ago, a red glare spread across the sky over River Grove, Illinois. Deserted streets echoed to the sirens of speeding fire trucks. River Grove's central telephone office was burning; the flames had driven the night operators from their switchboards. By dawn, despite the efforts of extra fire companies from surrounding communities and nearby Chicago, the two-story brick building was a shell.

By morning, 50,000 people in River Grove and nearby communities awoke to find themselves without telephone service. It was an oddly helpless feeling. All were suddenly aware that even such routine matters as summoning a doctor, ordering groceries or chatting with a neighbor now involved a personal expedition. Almost at once, local business and social life drew to a halt. Gloomy citizens, surveying the sodden ruin of the telephone building and the rows of charred chairs where 35 operators usually handled more than 45,000 calls a day, speculated anxiously as to how long their strange isolation would last.

Restoration to normal was to be a lot quicker than anyone anticipated. The telephone company's forces of reconstruction were already at work. Even while the fire raged, company engineers were relaying reports on damage from radiotelephone cars parked nearby. Emergency calls were flashing from the nearest suburb to key company officials in Chicago. By 5:30 A.M. lights were on in Loop offices of Illinois Bell, where calls were going out to Bell System offices and warehouses as far away as New York.

By 9:30 A.M., in River Grove, a small switchboard had been installed in the telephone business office two blocks away from the fire scene, and police and fire department circuits were connected. Trucks rumbled into town with portable telephone booths which were set up on street corners for emergency calls. Telephone company clerks and accountants in private cars drove around whisking people with urgent business to these booths.

Word went out to all Illinois Bell and Western Electric offices to pull men off less pressing assignments and concentrate them in River Grove for a round-the-clock restoration job. By afternoon the vanguard of an army of 500 installers, splicers and construction men had begun to arrive; others were on their way from points as far distant as South Dakota. As curious throngs watched, two huge Quonset huts, which were to serve as temporary replacement for the burned telephone building, went up under searchlights in a vacant lot.

In a blinding snowstorm and a temperature that hovered around five degrees, splicers dropped down into manholes and set about the staggering task of unraveling thousands of pairs of wires and joining them to new cable ends. At one end of the Quonset huts, plumbers and carpenters installed pipes and partitions. At the other end workmen trundled in new telephone equipment unloaded off trucks.

Nine hundred miles away in the huge Kearny, New Jersey, Works of Western Electric, Bell's manufacturing and supply subsidiary, where are kept blueprints of practically every Bell System central office in the U.S., technicians scanned the River Grove tracings and compiled lists of apparatus needed to restore service. By 10:15 on the morning of the fire Kearny was turning out blueprints for use by installers and engineers at the fire scene. Machinery began to hum, spinning hundreds of feet of new cable. Trailer trucks pulled away from shipping platforms with tons of wire and switchboard equipment. Traffic expediters began chartering cargo planes and arranging for freight cars carrying reconstruction materials to be coupled to crack New York-Chicago passenger expresses.

An Eleven Days' Wonder

Because some of the switchboard equipment sent out from Kearny was of a new type, training classes were set up in an empty dance hall in River Grove so that the local telephone girls could familiarize themselves with it. On the seventh day after the fire they trooped into one of the Quonset huts and took seats at the new board. A line signal winked on, an operator plugged in and the board was in service. Several days later, on Christmas morning, a sign was chalked on a big blackboard: "In Service—All Lines." Repair crews sat down to catch their breath. In eleven days 7,000,000 feet of wire had been installed, 15 miles of cable had been laid, and some $890,000 had been expended.

The River Grove restoration race was a typical emergency job for the Bell Telephone System and Western Electric. Emergencies, national or local, have become part and parcel of the telephone business. Prophetically enough, the first telephone message ever transmitted was an emergency call for help. In the spring of 1876, inventor Alexander Graham Bell, working in his Boston laboratory, spilled battery acid over his clothes. Unaware that he was leaning over an experimental transmitter, Bell bellowed to an assistant in the *(Continued on page 54)*

Working under floodlights, repairmen lay cable in a hastily dug trench to restore service after River Grove, Ill., fire

Ice, great foe of uninterrupted telephone service, crumples poles and wire. One inch of it on 150 feet adds 200 pounds

ACME

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Her handicap had taught her not to hope for too much, and she didn't really expect him to ask her to the dance—or to understand her feeling about the teapot

WHEN Maureen Ware's father died everybody in the cove, including Maureen, knew that she would be going down to live with her married sister in the valley. Her mother had died when Maureen was just sixteen and for six years now Maureen had kept house for her pa. Just the two of them.

People in the cove agreed that she had done right well, in spite of being lame. When she was a baby she had crawled off the cabin porch and broken her hip, and she still had a kind of slanting walk because one leg was a little shorter than the other. But she was a pretty little thing, with eyes the color of a quiet pool in Pigeon Creek and silky, sun-colored hair that was always clean and shining. And in spite of being lame she had fed the chickens and milked the cow whenever they had a cow. She kept the cabin almost as clean and shining as her own hair, and everybody said what a shame it was that she would never get a husband on account of being lame, because she would make some man such a fine wife.

Mrs. Tatum, who lived half a mile up the cove, came back down after the funeral to help her with her packing and to keep her company over the sad time of leaving the only home she'd ever known. Mrs. Tatum was little and browned and quick-moving like a bird, and she had a sweet nature that she tried to hide behind a sour tongue. She knew that pulling up your stakes had a sadness in it even if you were going out to live in a nicer place.

She stood in the front room and looked around. "You going to take any of the furniture down to Sue's?"

Maureen shook her head and smiled. "It's not worth moving, Sue says. Whoever buys the place can have it. Except Ma's chest and the teapot, of course."

Her ma's people, way back, had been fine folks, but the teapot and the Sheraton chest of drawers and a few cups were all that remained to show for it. There had been two chests in the beginning but a city woman on an antique hunt had bought one of them.

Mrs. Tatum approved Sue's opinion with a brisk nod. "Sue's right. Besides, she's got plenty of her own."

"Yes." Maureen was tenderly wrapping one of the cups in a piece of brown paper. "Sue's done well." There wasn't a stitch of envy in her voice.

Sue had married a valley man with a real farm; not a few pindling, upended acres of cabbage and scraggly corn. Tim Farrell was a good man and a good farmer; and where Maureen's pa used to distill half his corn crop (not for sale, of course; just for his own personal use), Tim used his for corn meal and grits and feed for the stock.

"Wouldn't be surprised," Mrs. Tatum said, "if you didn't do just as well, once you get down where there's more people to know you."

Maureen blushed clear up into her yellow hair. "Mercy, no! Nobody'd have *me*."

"Had any sense, they would." Mrs. Tatum sounded mad as a wasp. "Let's get on with this packing. Tim'll be here before we know it."

There wasn't much to pack, really. Maureen looked unhappily at her clean print dresses made from feed sacks and hoped she wouldn't shame Sue when she wore them. A few towels—you couldn't have too many towels, no matter how well you'd done—and the rug Maureen had hooked during the winter nights. And of course the teapot.

The teapot didn't want to pack right. Not to be safe, that is. "I'll carry it in my lap," Maureen decided.

Mrs. Tatum's face said that was plain silly but her silence said it was maybe the best way.

When they had finished they sat on the porch and drank fresh buttermilk. (Tim was sending for the cow and the hog and the chickens early tomorrow morning.) It was hardly four o'clock of an August afternoon but already the days were getting shorter and the shadows longer. During the daytime, night hides in the mountains, and then comes out and takes its time about getting down to the flatlands. Across the road they could hear Pigeon Creek, chuckling to itself and running hard toward the valley.

"It's sad about your pa's going," Mrs. Tatum said briskly, "but he'd had his life and you've got yours still to live. Keeping house up here for an old man is hard for a young girl. We"—the gentled word stumbled over her tongue—"we'll miss you but we're mighty glad for you."

The tears burned Maureen's eyelids. "I'll miss you too. Most ways, I don't want to go."

"You'll like it, once you get settled."

"I guess so." Her face turned soft and dreamy. "It'll be fun to help take care of the children."

"And go to town and see moving pictures."

THE rattle and roar of Tim's truck, panting up the rocky road, stopped them. Maureen's eyes began to burn again because this was the end of something known, but she clamped her little jaw and promised herself she wouldn't cry.

It wasn't Tim who stepped out of the truck; it was his younger brother, Seth, and Maureen forgot all about crying and tried to push her heart down out of her mouth. She knew Seth just to speak to but he was her bright, shiny star—the face she saw when she dared to make a wish on the new moon. Where Tim was sandy Seth was dark, and where Tim was stocky and slow-moving, Seth was narrow-waisted and limber as a sapling.

He grinned as he walked toward them. "Evening. You all set?"

Both women stood up to greet him. Mrs. Tatum said, "Evening, Seth," but Maureen forgot her manners.

"I—I thought Tim was coming," she said.

"Shipment of whiteface got to Haynesville this morning and Tim went in to get himself a heifer before the herd gets picked over. Got any objection to me?"

"No."

He didn't mean anything; Seth made women like him because he couldn't help it. He never had any special girl; he had a dozen, and none of them lived in a cove or wore feed-sack dresses. And none of them was lame.

He lifted the suitcase and boxes like they were full of feathers, and swung them *(Continued on page 50)*

Seth and Miss Marshall danced, while Maureen sat alone, hugging her shell tight around her and praying for the evening to end

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

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If You Want to Catch BONEFISH

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

Talk to the man who's angled for this finny will-o'-the-wisp and you're sure to find he's an enthusiast. One man left his wife because she didn't share his ichthyological passion

THE first angler to land a bonefish on light tackle destroyed, for all time, the theory that fishing is a contemplative pastime. This man was far from contemplative by the time he was finished, for he had overcome the wariest, wiliest, fastest and unquestionably the strongest fish for its size that inhabits salt water.

The fisherman who has never taken one of these silvery, streamlined rockets of the submarine world may wonder what there is about them that lures anglers to waters as far distant as Hawaii, South Africa, Bermuda, Cuba, the Bahamas or the Florida Keys. Certainly not their size, for a 13¾ pound giant of this species, caught in the Bahamas, held the world's record from 1919 to 1948, when it was topped by a fish only 2¼ pounds heavier. Also, few bonefishermen ever take fish that even remotely threaten the record, and the majority are very happy when they are rewarded by six- or eight-pounders.

Add to this the fact that only a hungry man would consider eating a bonefish after having tried it once. The pompanos, permits, snappers and even the barracudas that inhabit waters adjacent to the bonefish flats provide much superior fare.

Compared to bonefishing, there is something relaxing, even soothing, about every other form of fishing. You will find big-game anglers, seeking giant tuna, marlin or broadbill, lolling in the fishing chairs of elaborate cruisers. Bottom fishermen, willing to accept practically anything that swims, lean casually on the rails of crowded party boats. Even the fresh-water enthusiasts cast their flies, plugs, spoons or baits with comparative abandon.

Then regard the bonefisherman—and the distinctive term applies to every angler who has caught one bonefish. In his eye you will detect the feverish gleam of the zealot. Watch him as he stalks the tidal flats with consummate stealth, his nerves so tightly tuned that they vibrate at the merest windriffle on the water. If he happens to be fishing from a skiff, as some do, note the baleful glare he directs at the luckless guide who so much as strikes a match or knocks the dottle from his pipe. This angler's vision, thoughts, bearing, all are concentrated on a single purpose: the hooking of a bonefish.

In chasing after this ichthyological will-o'-the-wisp, the average bonefisherman is limited only by his financial resources. One enthusiast may thumb his way to the Keys, another may board an air liner for Hawaii, but neither could come up with a rational explanation of his zeal. The wife of any one of them, however, will testify that bonefishing is less a sport than a psychosis. (The writer can recall one outstanding example. The angler in question, having landed his first bonefish, resigned from his job in New York, rented a two-room shack within walking distance of a good bonefish flat, then wired his wife to share his lot "or else." This individual now subsists on a diet of conch stew, crawfish tails and bonefish chowder—alone.)

The fishing methods and practices are both interesting and varied. The habits and habitat of the fish offer a challenge to the skill and experience of the angler, and the hooking, playing and landing of a bonefish provide a thrill that never palls through repetition. Further, and of major importance to the real sportsman, this is a *light tackle* fish—not by reason of the angler's choice, but through necessity. You can't get close to a bonefish; if you do he's gone. You must cast, and you must cast skillfully.

You must fight him skillfully, too. Curb his run, snub his rushes, or try to horse him in, and you can be almost certain of the result: a broken line, or a pulled hook. The bonefish must be *played*, from the setting of the hook to the scooping of the net, for he puts up a stout battle every foot of the way.

Because travel consumes time that otherwise might be spent fishing, thousands of ardent seekers of Albula vulpes confine their movements to the hundreds of flats fringing the Overseas Highway between tiny No Name Key and big Key Largo in Florida. For some time the attraction seemed to be centered around Matecumbe Key, with especial focus on Islamorada, but it was not until last winter that the writer discovered the magnetic source.

In doing so, I found that the successful guiding of bonefish anglers is not confined to those lean, brown, leathery inhabitants of the Keys sometimes referred to as "Conches." A Florida fishing companion, Allen Corson of Miami, reported that on our bonefish trip we were to be taken under the wing of one Frankie Albright, reputedly one of the most able guides from Homestead to Key West. Frankie turned out to be young, slender, attractive and blond—and accompanied by a tall, husky husband named Jimmy.

These two make bonefishing something of a luxury cruise. The flats immediately adjacent to Islamorada are heavily fished by wading anglers, and the local motorboat traffic tends to agitate the fish, so the Albrights transport their parties to the flats several miles west of the key.

Guides Show the Way to Tidal Flats

The four of us climbed aboard the comfortable cruiser which the Albrights moor in their front yard, took two small skiffs in tow, and followed the twisting channel to the outer fringe of tidal flats. Two miles short of our destination the cruiser was anchored, tackle was loaded aboard the skiffs, and powerful outboard motors carried us to a narrow channel only a quarter mile from the fishing grounds. The balance of the journey was accomplished by means of a push-pole in the competent hands of our pretty, blond guide.

"The tide is just beginning to flood," Frankie explained, "and that wind isn't going to make it any easier to spot fish on the flats. We'll move along the channel fringe until it rises a bit; it's clearer there and we may be able to see a few fish."

While she propelled the skiff along the rim of the flat, I tied on a fly provided by her husband. It resembled a cross between an Optic Bucktail and a Warden's Worry, and was supposed to be irresistible to either bonefish or any chance redfish (channel bass) which might prowl the waters.

Occasionally, even my untrained eye could make out the form of a ranging barracuda, a passing redfish or a small shark in the shallow water of the flat. Then a shout drifted back from the other boat.

"Hold fast, bonefish school moving your way."

The push-pole was set, and I peered sharply through my sunglasses. One instant there was light, sandy bottom; the next there were a half-dozen long shapes.

"They're in casting range," Frankie said. "Put the fly down very lightly ahead of the leading fish in the school, then retrieve it slowly."

Matching Wits with a Smart Fighter

I followed directions, then held my breath as one of the fish darted for the fly. There was a deep swirl, the slash of a tail, and the reel set up a whine that quickly passed high C. The casting line was out, and the nylon backing was melting, before I could put pressure on the spinning spool. I felt a blister rise as the friction increased.

With almost all of the line gone, the bonefish admitted pressure by making a turn that promised to bring him back within 50 feet of the boat. I forgot the blister in an effort to get that line back on the reel. Just as I was gaining, he went off on another tangent. These tactics continued for almost 10 minutes, during which I picked up another blister—and finally most of my lost line.

When the net went under my first bonefish on a fly, you can be sure I was not discouraged because he scaled only a shade over five pounds.

Although tackle and methods may vary, bonefishing is much the same wherever you go. Put an experienced bonefish angler down in an area where these fish are known to be present, and he will soon figure out where and when to fish.

The bonefish emerges from his deep-water sanctuary when the first pulse of the flood tide begins pushing water over the broad, irregular flats in the tropical waters where he makes his home. These flats provide a bounteous repast of assorted crustaceans and small mollusks, which the bonefish roots out of the fine, coral sand or chalky mud with his sharp snout. The mollusk is not protected by his hard shell, for in his throat the bonefish has two "stones," or crushers, capable of cracking any shell that will enter his gullet.

Where this glamor fish goes during the low-water tidal phase is something of a mystery; it is extremely rare for one to be taken by hook or net away from the feeding grounds. (It's an unpredictable fish, though. A five-pounder was pulled out of the Atlantic off Amagansett, Long Island, last November—in the net of a commercial bass fisherman.)

Once the water has reached a depth of four or five inches on the tropical flats, which are its usual haunts, you can see the bonefish move in, but if you are a stranger to the sport you will need the pointing finger of an old hand at the game. Light and shadow play strange tricks with strips of grass and snags of coral, and it takes some experience to locate the fish. *(Continued on page 44)*

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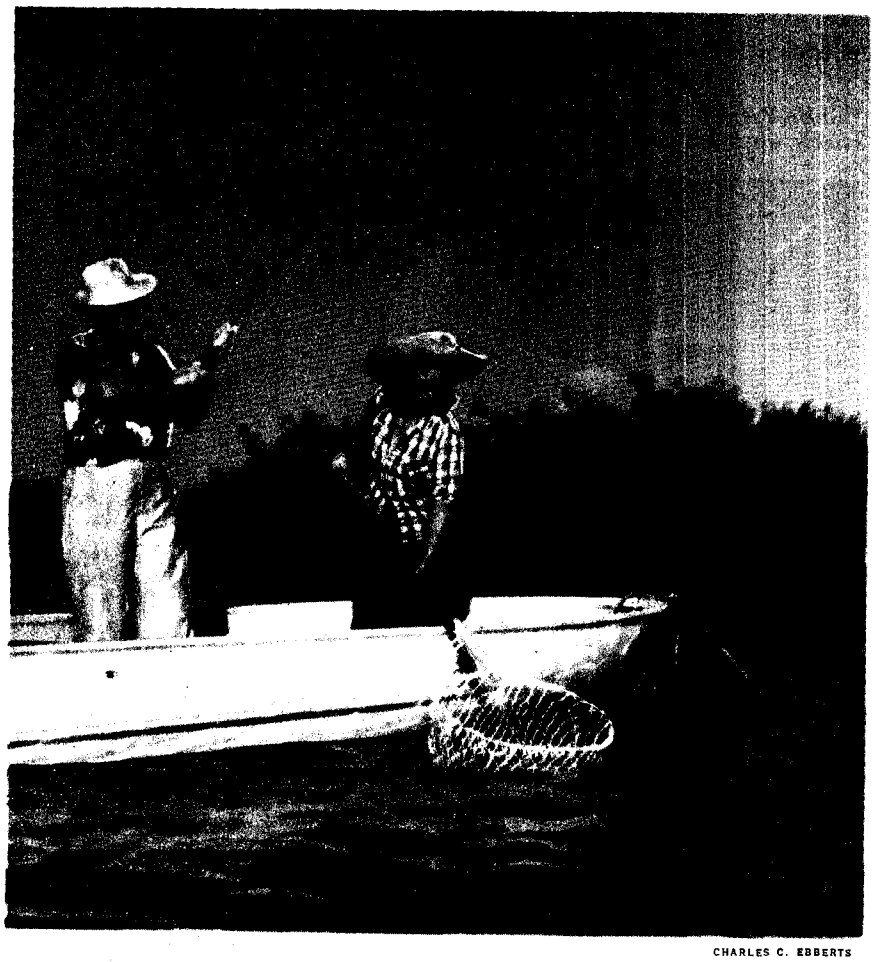
CHARLES C. EBBERTS

This fine specimen of Albula vulpes (bonefish, that is) weighed in at just over six pounds, about average for a full-grown one



CHARLES C. EBBERTS

Frankie Albright (r.) gets set to net a bonefish landed by Al Mathers of Miami. She's a top-notch Florida guide

RAYMOND R. CAMP

Frankie prepares a Keys seafood repast for her clients. Bonefish themselves are edible, but not specially tasty

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UNCLE SAM Goes to Press

By J. LACEY REYNOLDS

The Government Printing Office tackles its massive job with such efficiency even Congress admires it. "GPO can do anything," lawmakers say—and it's almost true

WHEN the history of the Korean war is written, it is likely that a footnote, at least, will give due credit to the one government agency which, above all others, kept an even keel during the first dark days of the crisis last summer. The rest of Washington may have reeled under the impact of surprise; there may have been dizzying comings and goings at the Pentagon, at the glossy State Department building in Foggy Bottom, even at Blair House; but within the staid precincts of the eight-story brick structure near the Capitol which houses the Government Printing Office, all was calm, cool, efficient, and quick to respond to the needs of the emergency.

The paper work required by the complexities of modern warfare is enormous, and printing orders inundated the government's presses like a major flood. At once there was public clamor on where to hide from the atom; GPO responded almost instantaneously with two reprints of a graph-and-formula-filled tome titled Effects of Atomic Weapons. Eight million copies of the form, titled Physical Record of Induction were printed rush-rush.

Orders for reprints and revisions of military manuals poured in marked "Soonest" and went out on two-, three- and four-day schedules. Selective Service alone obtained from GPO 2,000,000 classification notices, 2,000,000 physical-exam notices and 11,000,000 other forms. A particular emergency developed when it was found that the armed forces' supply of meal tickets was low. Since it is well known that men travel on their stomachs, GPO snapped to swift attention to run off the vouchers that soldiers and sailors exchange for food when on military travel.

War or peace, government-at-large is not noted for lightninglike movements. But the GPO is ever the exception. Even Congress, which loves to snipe at bureaucrats, thinks so. Occasionally, in fact, Capitol Hill rates GPO a veritable miracle maker.

During the months when Congress lengthily deliberated about the tax rise which went into effect last fall, GPO officials kept a nervous eye on the anticipated October 1st deadline. They knew the change would necessitate the printing of millions of instruction forms. As talk wore on through the long summer and no print orders came in, they grew desperate, and induced a Treasury colleague to drop a hint to Congressional committeemen that the tax law would have to allow the printers enough time to grind out some forms. The answer came right back: "Oh, we're not worried about that. GPO can do anything!"

Not only must GPO turn out the largest quantity and greatest variety of printed matter of any presses in the world, but it must also act as the largest single reservoir of official secrets in the United States. The State Department may leak like a sieve. The Atomic Energy Commission, for all its security precautions, may lose a pinch of plutonium to the souvenir hunter. But GPO must know all and tell nothing.

Consternation developed not long ago, therefore, when evidence was presented that GPO was not as tight-lipped as had always been reputed. It all started when a filled-in application for a GI insurance refund showed up at the Veterans Administration before VA had even announced there would be a refund. The leak pointed to GPO. VA said, with feeling: "We'll never trust you again."

An investigation saved GPO's reputation. It turned out that the application blank had been submitted by a former Army nurse working in GPO's medical section. She had received the blank form not from a GPO printer but from a VA employee assigned to work with GPO in printing the blanks and therefore admitted to the sanctum sanctorum —the locked cage where the presses were running them off. He had picked up three or four blanks and given one to his friend, the nurse, who mailed it to get in on the ground floor.

The VA employee was reprimanded; the nurse had to resubmit her application with no more priority than any other.

Other than this slip-up, the GPO has, since its start in 1860, successfully held within its walls many of the nation's top secrets—hush-hush affairs of government which had to be got down in black and white before the country at large could be told about them. So much of what the GPO puts down on paper is intended for the eyes of the few that every precaution is taken in the selection of personnel and machines, and their combined output is closely guarded.

Grilled iron cages, scattered around the GPO's main plant like so many monkey cages in a zoo, separate from curious eyes the men and machinery turning out the printed material marked "secret." Men who work in these cages—whether pressmen, typesetters, engravers or proofreaders—receive the same thoroughgoing FBI check given top government officials in the most "sensitive" jobs.

It is a tribute to GPO's 7,000 employees that only two have been dismissed under the loyalty investigations begun in 1947. In neither of these cases had an overt act been committed, but the pair had questionable connections with Communist

At GPO you can get pamphlets on everything from baby care to uranium prospecting. Receptionist Ruth Fitzwater keeps the stacks in order

Public Printer John Deviny and presswork superintendent John Grant check work on Congressional Record, which costs $82 a page to print

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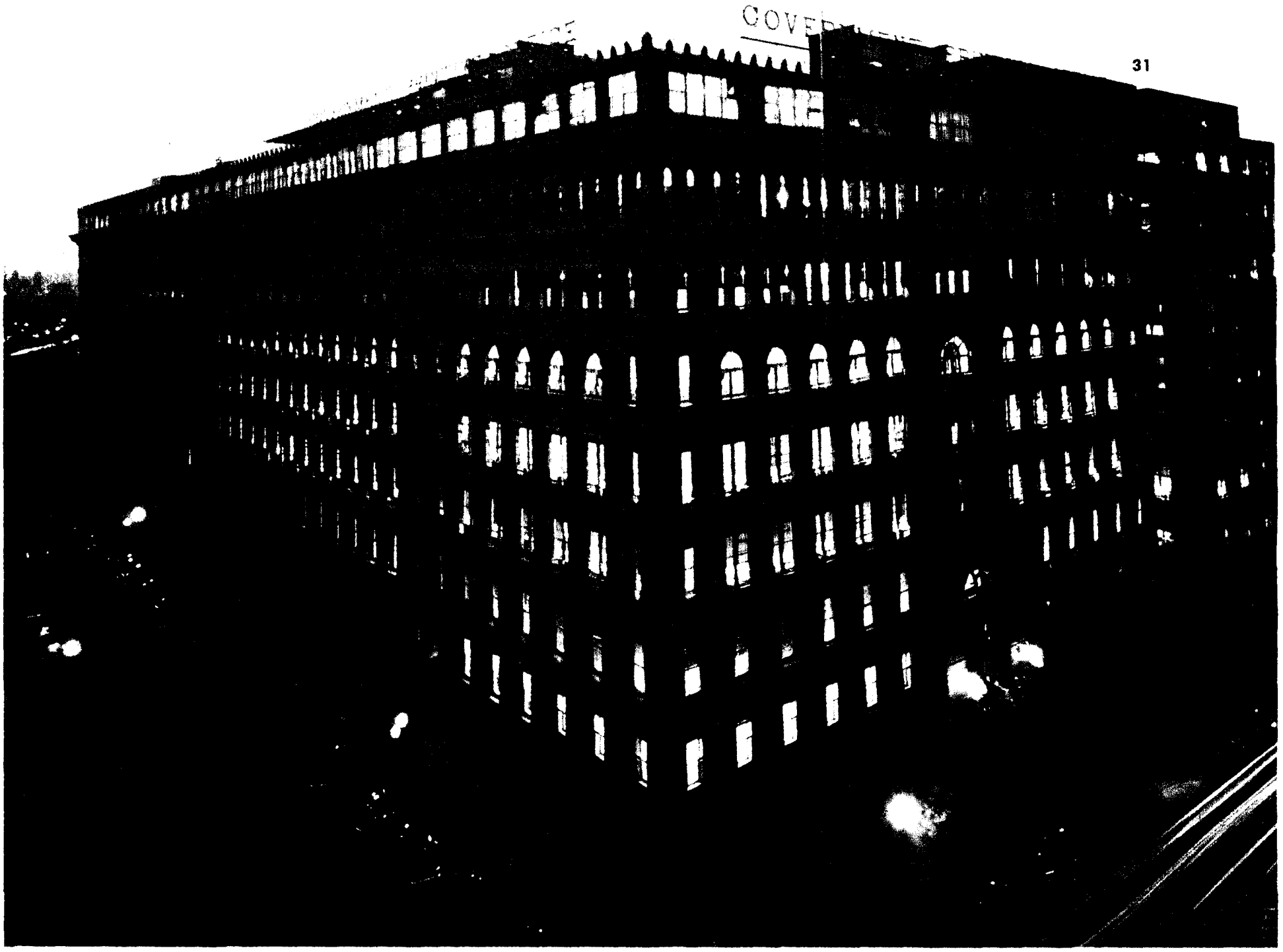

GPO plant functions 24 hours a day. It produces Record overnight, complete with corrections, even when Congressional doings fill 250 pages

fronters on the outside and it was felt prudent to let them go.

If foreign agents ever successfully infiltrated the GPO during wartime, the course of history—or at least a battle—could very well be changed. For instance, during World War II just one German or Japanese or Russian agent, planted outside the cage where GPO turned out foreign-language guides for our troops, could have easily learned the tip-off on our strategy. From the language and quantity being printed, the Germans could have determined whether the Allies were going in through the "soft underbelly" of Europe or directly across the English Channel. Similarly, the Japanese could have found out whether we were going to strike directly at Japan or land on the coast of China.

Because of such potential hazards, both in war and peace, few sight-seers get a look inside GPO except on carefully conducted tours. Tourists are artfully diverted from confidential work, guards demand passes of casual visitors and even trusted Congressional secretaries must be checked in and out by a security staff of 76. Every day, FBI agents flash their identification to GPO guards and roam about the buildings. Not even top GPO executives know they are there.

One supersecret wartime job was to design and produce the Malta Citation for President Roosevelt, who was to present it in person on the way home from the Tehran Conference. In the fall of 1943, speculation flew that the Big Three were to meet soon, but nobody knew where. If Malta were mentioned in any connection whatever, it would be a tip-off as to the general area.

Under greatest secrecy, therefore, A. E. Giegengack, then Public Printer, was summoned to the White House on November 15, 1943. F.D.R. explained he wanted something suitable to present to the most bombed island on the earth—and he wanted it by November 24th.

Back at his GPO office Giegengack called in F. H. Mortimer, director of typography and design, Warren W. Ferris, head typographer, and Elmo White, an artist. After swearing them to secrecy, Giegengack explained the Presidential assignment.

Within two days, the artist produced two sketches which were submitted to Roosevelt. The simpler design was selected. The text was to be hand-lettered on parchment in the manuscript style of the Middle Ages. It was to be bordered by pure gold and ornamented with the shield of Malta and the flags of the United States and Great Britain, superimposed on an aerial contour view of Malta.

With turkey quills and steel, Ferris then applied himself to a round-the-clock task of lettering and laying on the gold leaf, while Mortimer parceled out the work on the case. No one employee—carpenter, painter, binder or metal worker—knew the purpose of his particular contribution.

On the deadline date of November 24th, while a White House car waited to whisk away the assembled product, a sickening crisis occurred. Giegengack was so proud of the job that he had asked GPO's chief photographer to take a picture. A flash bulb exploded, burning a tiny hole in the parchment.

A patch was hastily devised. But it didn't match perfectly, and the difference was visible. At this point, Ferris had an inspiration. He rubbed his fingers alongside his socks, and applied the oil from his skin to the patch, which thereupon took on the color of the surrounding parchment. Not even Franklin D. Roosevelt, with his discerning eye, noticed the patch, and he pronounced the citation "a beautiful job." It is doubtful that the people of Malta have discovered the flaw to this day.

Not everything that is run off the presses of the GPO is top secret. A giant of the printing industry, the GPO turns out an average of $55,000,000 worth of printing for various government agencies each year (during the war, the peak annual output mounted to $80,000,000). Every day 300 tons of paper of all kinds arrive by rail in the second basement of the GPO building; and every day 300 tons of paper, imprinted with government wisdom, leave the building for storage or distribution. GPO turns out around 400 individual printing jobs a day, ranging from four-page vestpocket pamphlets to 1,300-page tomes like the budget.

GPO's main plant looks more like a water-front warehouse than the world's largest word factory. With its 250 heavy typesetting machines, 188 presses and 250 pieces of binding equipment—filling 33½ acres of floor space—it can turn out enough type daily to fill half a dozen metropolitan newspapers; or enough in a year to stretch a single column from New York to Washington. Such are GPO facilities that the Bible could be printed in a single day, a book the size of Gone with the Wind proofread in an hour.

John J. Deviny, who was Giegengack's deputy during the war years, succeeded him in the job in 1948, when private industry hired Giegengack away from his *(Continued on page 67)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE TAMES

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His eyes were narrow and arrogant. "Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIAN BLOCK

The Deserter

HERE'S a funny one," said Sergeant Cole. "Here's a woman in New York whose husband has been missing in action, believed killed, for six years, and she gets married again, and now she gets a letter from him, and he wants money to come home."

"In our territory, I guess," said Colonel Prentice, looking out of the window into the busy Florentine square.

The sergeant walked across the room and laid a large brown Department of the Army envelope on the colonel's desk. It was addressed to Commander, Graves Registration Team 421, Florence, Italy. The colonel and the sergeant composed the team. They were spare and gray, alike as brothers in their appearance and their thinking. Only their insigne of rank was different. This difference the colonel sometimes chose to forget, and the sergeant always remembered, for they were old Army, regular Army. They had their years for retirement, but the Army was their home, and the Army had use for old men, wise men, compassionate men to clean up the human debris of wars.

Wars do not end until the last of the lost dead has been discovered, and honorably sheltered under the flag, and the last skulker and deserter flushed from his hideaway, and brought to justice.

The covering letter from the department was routine. Would Colonel Prentice investigate? Enclosed were the relevant documents, and the department's records on Private Anthony Lupin.

The colonel put on his glasses and studied the woman's letter. It was carefully, almost painfully written, with misspelled words erased and corrected, as if she had used a dictionary. She had met Lupin in 1941, when she was eighteen. She described him as quite tall, very dark, good-looking. He had a scar on the right side of his chin. "He looked like a movie actor," she said. "I guess I didn't know what I was doing.

"My former husband was a mechanic and worked in a garage when he was working, but he never worked long at the same place. He drank a lot. Sometimes he'd get into fights when he was drinking, and would get beat up. That was the worst time for me because when he got beat up he'd come home and take it out on me.

"Once in a while he'd get quite a lot of money, I don't know from where. Then he'd disappear until it was all gone. I always had to support myself. I was a waitress. When he came home I supported him too.

"One day he got drunk and I wouldn't give him money and he hit me and said he was leaving for good. He didn't turn up again until his draft number was drawn. He tried to get out of it, but in 1944 he was sent to Italy as a replacement. He didn't make any allotment for me, and he never wrote."

In September, 1944, her letter said, she got a telegram beginning, "The War Department regrets . . ." Some weeks later a letter had come from his captain. She'd lost the captain's letter but she remembered that he'd said that Private Anthony Lupin was found to be missing after the company captured a strong point near Sesto, just north of Florence. Nobody remembered seeing him killed, and his body was not found, so the captain could hold out some hope that he was alive.

But in 1945 she was informed that her husband had not shown up as a prisoner, and that the Adjutant General's office considered him dead.

"A year later I married Mr. Robert Higgins," the colonel read aloud. "He's a fine man who was in the Navy and we have two fine children and a five-room apartment in Jackson Heights.

"Now we have got this letter from Italy, which was forwarded to me by my mother who lives in Whitestone, and it has distressed us very much. It is supposedly from my former husband, Anthony Lupin. He says in it that he was shell-shocked and suffered amnesia, but now he is perfectly well and I should send him $300 right away so he can come home. He says that I should send the money in traveler's checks and they should not be made out in his name but to Antonio Luppino, which is the name by which he is known in Florence."

"We don't know what to do," the letter concluded, "but we thought the Army could help." The letter gave the Luppino address in the Via Nullo.

The colonel said, "Well, at least this one is practically around the corner." Often their job was tedious and uncomfortable. Sometimes it took them high into the Apennines, to pry into the broken bones of medium bombers. It took them into the swamps of the Po, the purlieus of Adriatic ports, and the counting rooms of Milan's black market.

Lupin's Army record was brief, but interesting. Twice he had been AWOL, once in the States, once in Naples. He was reported missing, believed killed, after his company had fought for three days north of Florence. Nobody remembered seeing him during the fighting, but one of the company's trucks was blown to shreds by German shells in the first stage of the advance, and another lost in a river crossing, and that was why he was listed as probably killed, along with others whose bodies were not found immediately.

THE Via Nullo is a narrow, stubby alley that winds to the Arno between the Ponte Vecchio, and the new bridge. The house was built of weathered stone, squeezed together with faded stucco. The Luppinos lived in the cellar.

A woman opened the door; one child scuttled out of the room, and another, smaller, hid behind his mother's skirt. The woman's complexion was muddy, and her hair straight and lifeless, and yet she was young. "This is the house of Antonio Luppino," the sergeant asserted in Italian.

The woman did not speak at once, and the colonel saw terror in her face. Then she said, "Always I knew you would come. Always I told him."

"Where is he?" the sergeant said.

"Please," she said, holding tight to the shoulder of the child behind her: "Please go away. Please do not take him. It is true that he is not much, but he is necessary for us."

"You are his wife?" the sergeant asked.

She nodded. "Yes, his wife—now. Only last year, at the Christmas season, we were married."

Then they heard his footsteps in the hallway, and he stepped from the gloom in the back of the squalid room. His face was thin and his eyes narrow and arrogant. "Who are you?" he demanded.

The colonel noted the scar on his chin. The sergeant said, "You are Lupin."

"You must have the wrong house."

"Maybe—maybe not. You will have to come with us to the police. We have to check your fingerprints."

"Why should I? You Americans no longer have authority here."

The man looked from the sergeant's face to the face of the colonel, and suddenly his arrogance withered, and his eyes shifted, and when he spoke again it was in English. "Okay, suppose I am Lupin? Suppose I was shell-shocked, and had amnesia, and when I came to, the war was over and I was here in this crummy country with a wife and kid around my neck and no way to make a buck?"

The sergeant started to speak, but the colonel touched his sleeve. For a moment the colonel was thoughtful. Then he said, "But you are not Lupin. You aren't Lupin. If you were, I would have to arrest you, and take you to Trieste for court-martial. The penalty for desertion in face of the enemy is death." The colonel paused, appalled by the sudden decision he had made. There was also a penalty for officers who failed to arrest known deserters.

"It isn't wartime now," the man said.

"No, it isn't wartime now, Signor Luppino. A deserter now might get away with five years in Leavenworth, with time off for good behavior."

"A nice, clean cell would be better than this."

"Once there was a man named Lupin," the colonel went on. "He was a coward and a deserter. First he deserted his wife in America, and then he deserted his buddies in battle. All you want to do is desert a wife in Italy. But of course that is not our business. The Lupin we want is dead—officially dead. His records will be destroyed. He does not exist any longer, so far as the government of the United States is concerned."

The colonel and the sergeant turned and walked back up the cellar stairs, their backs straight as bayonets, and their shoulders square as markers on a grave. THE END

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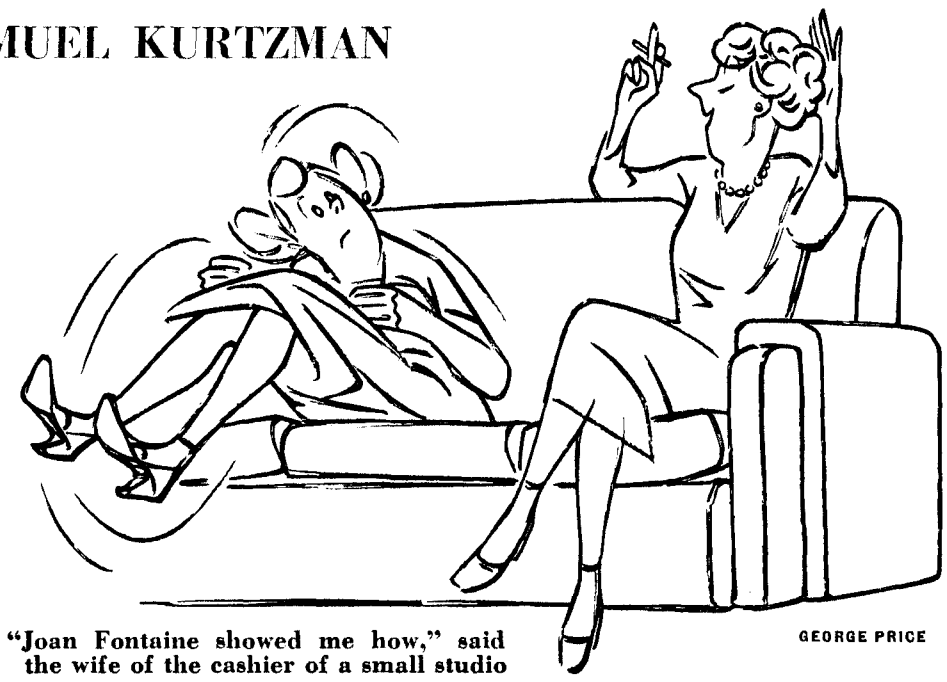
DROP THAT NAME-DROPPER

By SAMUEL KURTZMAN



"Joan Fontaine showed me how," said the wife of the cashier of a small studio

GEORGE PRICE

HOW would you like it if, during a party at your home, a trusted friend suddenly announced, "I had lunch with Ezio Pinza"? From then on, your conversation, your wonderful dinner, your planned games—all could just as well be dropped down the drain. You have lost your party to a name-dropper.

Although name-dropping is a universal plague, it reaches epidemic proportions in southern California, where one becomes immune to the benign practitioners of this odious habit. They love to say things like, "Guess who we ran into at the May Company? Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone! And they said hello to us—they must have remembered us because we saw them at the Elks benefit last year."

This kind of name-dropper is direct, guileless, and the least offensive. The tricky perpetrators are the ones to watch out for. My first exposure to the latter type occurred at the home of a third cashier of a small independent movie studio, and what hurts most is that I had warned my wife only a week before about this very trick. When my wife admired our hostess' hairdo, the cashier's wife remarked, "Joan showed me how to do it." My wife bit just as hard as had been expected. She said, "Joan who?"

"Fontaine," replied the cashier's wife.

My instructions to my wife were that the best way to frustrate this type of name-dropper was just to hear the first name and act as if you knew exactly who was meant, but she invariably jumps at the bait. At the home of a writer who had just landed an additional-dialogue job, Mrs. Writer announced that Sam just loved her new television set. Not suspecting a thing, my wife helped out with, "Sam Thompson?"

"No," replied the hostess. "Goldwyn."

When the color came back to my wife's face, she admitted that I was right. I knew that she would be more careful next time. But name-droppers can be sneaky.

One highly specialized species of name-dropper chooses their friends not only for the full names, but for *first*-name value. Once they let go their heavy barrage into your easygoing conversation, nobody dares to ask, "Darryl who?" or "What Claudette?" These social H-bombardiers fill the air with, "Marlene gave me the name of her jeweler," and "Hedy has the cutest dentist." They never name the jeweler or the dentist, who could probably use the publicity; the star's name has been dropped and why worry about casualties?

Having taken your medicine you walk out of the house—never to return so long as you're alive

Having been a droppee so long that I hardly ever flinch when I get a Goddard to the jaw or a Peck to the mid-section, I feel, nevertheless, that this thing has to stop, and that you've got to fight fire with fire. I have here two or three methods and you are welcome to them, but only if you have been a victim yourself, and for defensive purposes only.

The first and simplest technique works something like this: You look through the newspaper for a good name with a direct quotation and memorize it. Better yet, memorize several such names and quotations. Immediately after your name-dropper has led with her Robert Mitchum or Esther Williams, you electrify the atmosphere by saying casually, "General Eisenhower keeps telling me that we are undermanned in our armed forces."

A lone skeptic may ask if the general really told that to *you*, in which case you must take your medicine like a man. You answer, "Yes—through the New York Times." Then you walk out of the house never to return there or to that town as long as you live. It's a high price to pay for the satisfaction, but it's worth it.

The second device is a little easier. You look up famous names in the phone book, and with luck and the law of coincidences working in your favor, you should find a Pablo Picasso or an Ernest Hemingway. Then all you do is call up that unimportant bearer of the famous name and pop any question that comes to your mind. When guests gather at your home you tell them that Pablo Picasso himself told you that violins can never bring more beauty into a home than Cheddar cheese.

In smaller communities where there are fewer names in the phone book you may have to be content with just a famous first name. In that case your audience will hear you say, "Winston told me that, as soon as he completes his next painting, he is giving up cigars." Such a statement is usually enough to send your name-dropper to look for other victims to impress. Occasionally an inquisitive guest will corner you to ask if you really had spoken to Winston Churchill. You will have to admit that it was Winston Smith.

The last method is effective, but here is the ultimate in squelching the name-dropper. After, let us say, she has just told you that she happened to be talking to Clark Gable and he liked the six-room wing that she had added to the little cottage, you tell her that you happened to be talking to your dog Fido, and he happened to be talking to Lassie, and Lassie is just crazy about the new porch on the new doghouse in your back yard.

These methods should prove pretty effective—and if you don't influence people with your campaign against name-dropping, you will at least lose friends.

THE END

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On the Linger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

to give him a feeling of being alone with his family. And down front, easing off into the cool waters of the lake, a little sandy white beach for his kids to mess around on. And high up on the property, a house with a stoop on the front of it where a man and his wife could sit, close together, and watch the old moon hang in a crotch of a magnolia or sweet gum tree.

The more I thought on it, the more I decided that this section of the country was the section I'd been looking for in all my travels. And I had the money for a little place, and all that was needed now was the girl, the *nice* girl, to go with it. I decided to take Garnet's advice—though I knew she'd been more mean-talking me than advising me—and go to church. Come Sunday.

ON SATURDAY night I didn't drink but two bottles of beer, and that not at Gomer's Place, and I went to bed at ten o'clock. I got up so early the next morning that the mist was still rising from the bottom lands across from the house where I boarded.

I hadn't been on the inside of a church house since before I'd left my daddy's home and hearth back in South Carolina so many years ago, and I was some scared of doing wrong things, or maybe not doing the right thing. And I was some scared, too, when I thought that I'd probably see some nice girls there, and if I wanted to meet them I'd have to talk to them. I could feel my old heart terbuckety-bucketing just at the thought. But I had bound myself over to go to church and, by grannies, I'd do it!

I dressed myself up so it would take ten doctors to tell how near I was dressed to death: my blue serge suit, my two-toned shoes with the cooling holes in them and the pointed toes, my purple tie and my Panama hat. If it hadn't of been for the redness of my face and neck and hands you'd have taken me for a town banker!

I'd seen this little church setting in a stand of pines maybe three miles down the road from where I stayed. I didn't rightly know what kind of a church this church might be; it was most likely Baptist, I figured, for most everybody in that section, from Joe Cry to Jimmy Giggle, was a Baptist. But whether Forty-Gallon Baptist or Foot-Washing Baptist, I didn't know. Nor I didn't care. I'd made up my mind to meet me some nice girls.

I waited around in my car till most everybody got on the inside of the church house. Then I tiptoed on in, praying my two-toned shoes wouldn't go to squeaking. I sat in a back pew, with my Panama hat in my hand, and hoped there wouldn't nobody take me for a rich Yankee, off on a trip.

The parson was a red-faced man with a big booming voice and a big belly and he talked a lot about drinking whisky and sinning in general. I guess it was pretty good preaching. I wouldn't know. I wasn't hardly listening at all. For I'd seen me a girl! And from what I'd seen of her, I'd made up my mind, sudden, like, that this girl—or one just like her—was just what I was looking for to help me raise my kids and my chickens. I'd seen her hands on the songbook. She wasn't wearing a ring. When she'd turned to whisper to the girl next to her I'd seen her face. When she'd stood to sing I'd feasted my eyes. She was a little old blond-headed thing, this girl. But she was round and womanly where she belonged to be, too. She had big blue eyes and hair the color of corn silk. She was as cuddly-looking as a new chick, and I couldn't take my eyes off her.

The sermon finally ended and a couple of old men—deacons, I reckon—passed the plates and I put a dollar bill into one of them. Then the parson led a couple of songs: Beulah Land and Rock of Ages. I didn't sing any, just moved my lips, for I didn't want to scare anybody.

Then meeting was over. I hightailed it out of there fast and stood beneath a pine and went to standing first on one foot and then the other.

That pretty little old blond-headed girl was one of the last ones out of the church house. She finally came on out, though, and with her was only this other girl, the one she'd been talking to during meeting. I didn't hardly notice this other one. All I knew was she had a big old white face, like a Jersey heifer, and had the look of a woman that once she got holt of you, wouldn't shake loose till it thundered.

I had me a speech rehearsed as to what I would say to that blond-headed girl. I wanted to sound like a man who was used to meeting strange people, especially nice, pretty girls. I figured I'd say: "Ma'am, I'm a stranger in this section. You'll pardon the intrusion, I'm sure. But when I see a dress as pretty as that one in which you're garbed, I'm just obliged to walk right up and say how much I admire it."

I stood there under that tree, running over my words. I stood there sweating and trembling. When the two girls got opposite to where I was I took a deep breath and sort of darted out at them. I hadn't meant to dart like that, for fear of spooking that little old blond-headed girl.

Well, I did spook the pretty one. She jumped. I reckon you couldn't have spooked the other one with an electric cow prod.

I got excited when I saw the pretty one shy. I halfway started to turn around and head the other way. I wanted to run for cover. But it was too late.

"Ma'am," I said. "Ma'am . . ."

And for the life of me I couldn't recollect what I was going to tell her. The two of them just stood there looking at me like I was crazier than a peckerwood eating stick candy.

Well, I just *had* to say something.

I blurted out, "That old parson sure preached a hot sermon, now didn't he?"

"Good sakes!" the blond-headed girl said. She turned away.

The other girl stood there gawking at me. She either pitied me, or was excited because a stranger had spoken to her. Maybe she thought it was *her* I meant to toll out! Anyhow, she skimmed back her gums in a grin, and she said, "You a stranger in this section, mister?"

"Come *on*, Bessie Maud," the pretty one said.

"In a minute, Fairlee," Bessie Maud said.

WELL, now I knew her name. And it went with her like honey goes with hot biscuits! I answered old Bessie Maud. "Yes, ma'am, I'm a stranger here."

"You aiming to attend this church here regular?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," I said, warming up to it. "I'm a churchgoing man. I've been doing a lot of traveling in the past few years. But any time a man wants to find me of a Sunday morning, it don't matter where I'm at about the country, he'll find me setting in a church house listening to a sermon."

Fairlee moved in a little closer.

"Course I don't expect to be doing much more traveling. I've come to purely admire this section of the country. I've been studying on becoming a landowner here."

The girls both looked at me with what I took to be respect. If that's what being a landowner gets a man, why, I thought, I'll be bound to take a day off tomorrow and go land-shopping!

"Well, now," Bessie Maud said, "I don't care if I ask you a question. A man as big as you are, it looks like he might sing a good, deep bass. Can you, mister?"

"Ma'am," I said modestly, "my singing's like my dancing. I can't dance, but I know good moves. I got the big, deep voice here, I can outbeller a bull or I can outtalk a coon hound on a warm trail. But I need somebody to train it down." I looked hopefully at Fairlee.

"You can carry a tune, though?" Bessie Maud asked.

"Oh, yes'm. I sure can carry a tune."

Well, I'd sure been telling a couple of overnatural lies. I've got a voice like a Georgia mule and I couldn't raise up a tune if you was to put a wagonload of good compost and ten sacks of good commercial fertilizer under me!

"Well, Fairlee and me and two or three more of the girls and a couple of the younger men are getting up a church choir. We'll sing special numbers at meetings here, and we're even going to sing over the radio down to Lakeland. We got everything we need but a good, deep bass. Will you sing with us, mister?"

My head went spinning. I couldn't hardly back out now. Not and make any time with Fairlee. So I said I would. I reckoned I'd figure some way of backing out of it when the time came.

Bessie Maud sure wouldn't turn loose of a thing once she got her teeth into it. "We're going to practice some here on Wednesday night, after prayer meeting. You'll come?"

"Why, you two ladies been this nice to me, I reckon I'll be obliged to come!"

I sort of bobbed in a little bow, and it would have been all right if I hadn't of dropped my dad-burned Panama hat on the ground. While I was scuffling around in the yard-dirt for my hat the girls walked away.

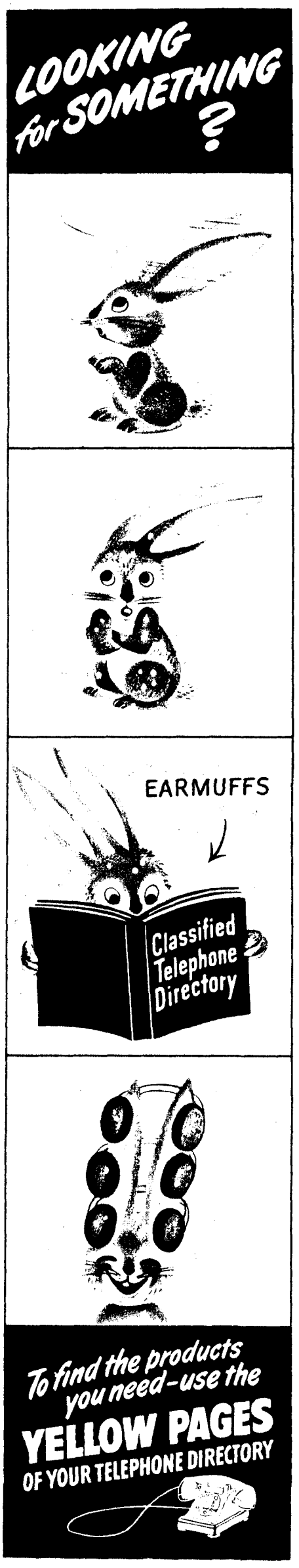
LIKE I'd decided to do, I went land-shopping the next day. I got me a little old real-estate man from down beyond the crossroads and I told him what I wanted. What with the money I'd saved from working hard since I was fourteen, on top of the little bit my old daddy had left me, I had enough, I figured, to buy a couple or three acres with some kind of a house on it.

We looked at three or four places before we found the one I wanted. This one was high ground, with a fronting on a good, clear lake, with a bayhead off to one side and a little patch of grove off to the other side. It was just what I'd dreamed of owning. The little old house on the property wasn't much more than a shack, but that didn't bother me a tiny bit. I didn't even stop to argue with the real-estate man. I pulled out my checkbook and wrote him a check on the bank in South Carolina where I kept my money.

The real-estate man went on back to his place to draw up the papers. I told him I'd walk back. I wanted to stay there, all by myself, and admire my property. It was the first piece of land I'd ever owned. I wanted to scoop up the earth in my two hands and let it fall slow through my fingers. I wanted to sit on my front stoop and look off down to the lake and see my property the way it would look after I'd worked it for six months. I wanted to sit there on the front stoop and make out like Fairlee, or somebody just like her, was sitting there beside me. I wanted to reach out my hand and make out like I was taking *her* hand, and holding it next to my heart.

I was that happy I just had to tell somebody about it. It was after dark by the time I got back to the crossroads. Gomer's Place was all lit up. The juke noises were coming through the door and windows. I was drawn to those bright lights and to those juke noises as I'd been drawn out of the lonely nighttime darkness to the lights and noises of thousands of places like Gomer's the length and breadth of the country.

They had old Merle Travis going on the juke. Garnet was standing there by the bar. She looked as little and as lonesome and sad as a little old some-kind-of-a night bird sitting on a dead branch crying its heart out over the way things were. She saw me come in. For a minute it looked



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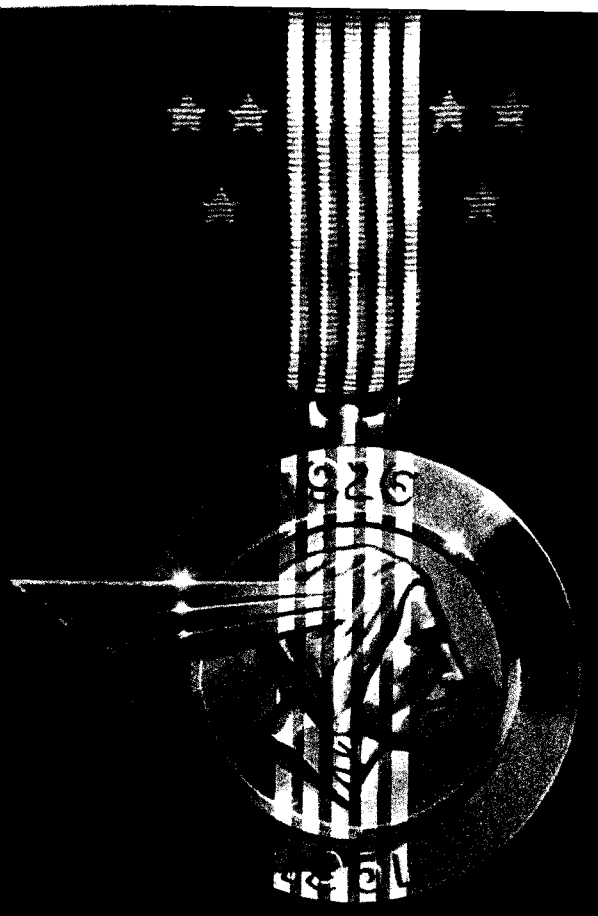

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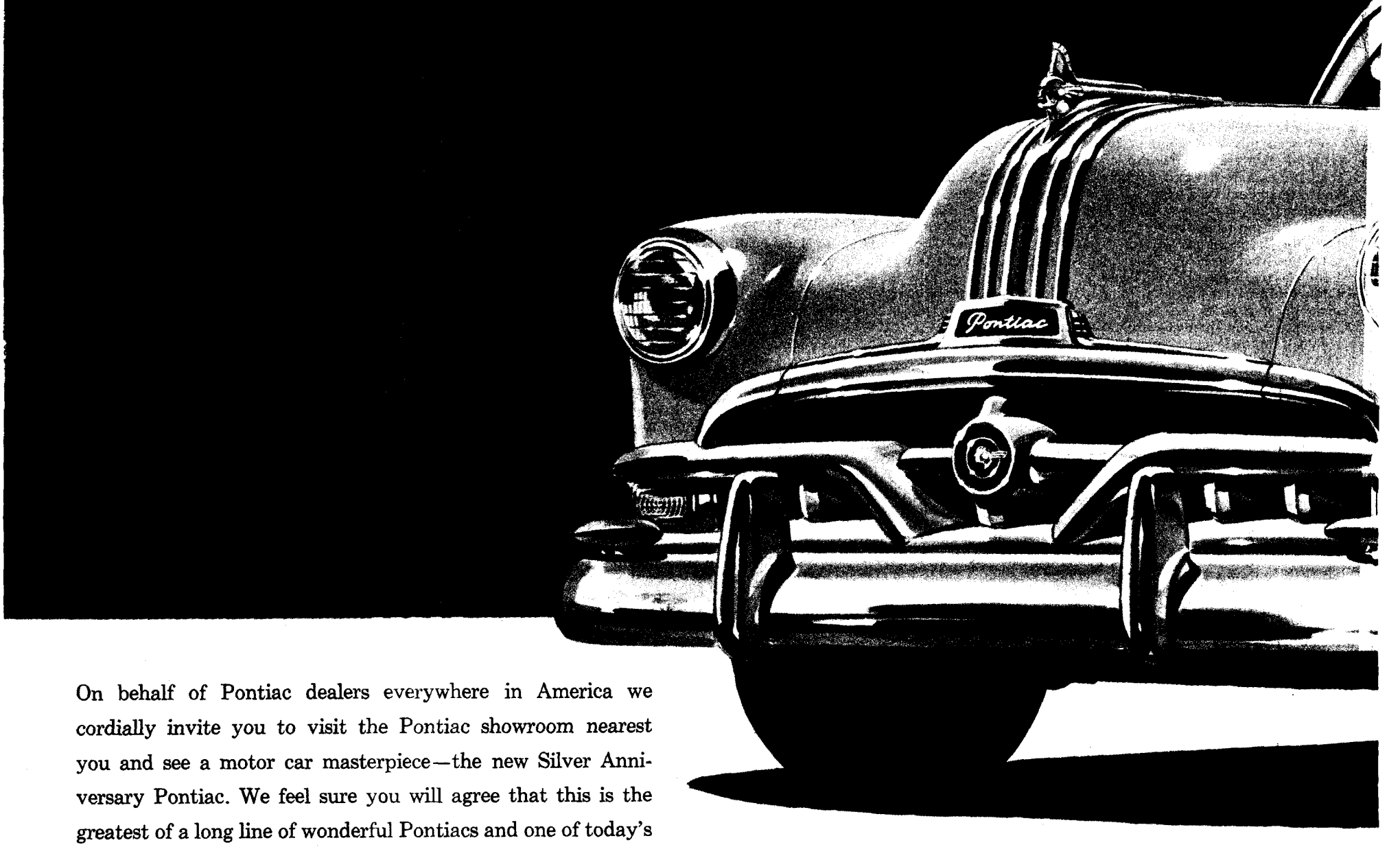

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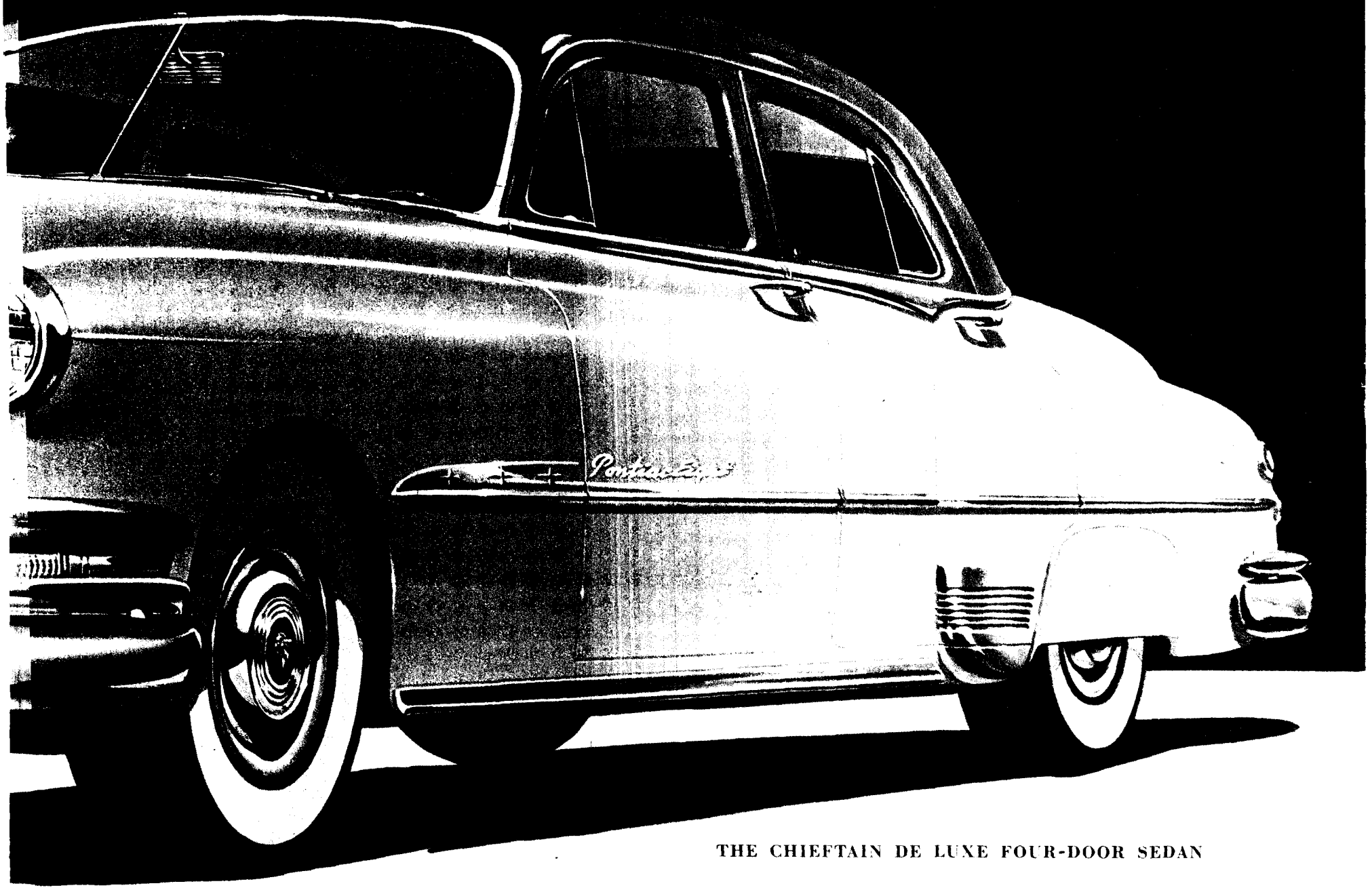

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like she was holding herself in to keep from coming over to give me a howdy, but then she turned away. I went over to her.

"There's no call for you to act spooky around me, Garnet."

"Go away," she said.

I took her arm, to turn her around. She tightened her body to keep from turning. I put a little pressure on her arm. I felt her relax then, and she turned to me and she looked deep into my eyes with those great big old brown eyes of hers. And her lips were parted just a little, and trembling just a little, and it came to me that I'd never noticed how white her teeth were, and shiny and even. I led her over to a booth in the corner. I ordered a beer for myself and a ginger ale for Garnet.

"Well, Garnet, I went to church like you told me to—"

"Yeah?" Garnet said. "I went one time, too. Here about a year ago. You wait till I tell you. It's real rich!" Garnet was trying to sound real hard and tough, but her voice was like a little girl's voice, and it gave her away. "They don't hold with the jukes nor the taverns, those churchgoing people down there. They can *go* to the jukes, all right. I saw a dozen men there that's bought me ginger and round-danced with me here in Gomer's Place. You know what one of them crookedy old deacons, or somebody, told me after meeting? He said, 'Miss, I hope you won't feel bad of us, but a rule's a rule. We'd sooner you didn't come back here, miss. As long as you're working down to Gomer's Place.' "

"Well, what do you know?" I said.

"That all you can say?"

"What do you want me to say?"

Garnet looked like she was about to cry. "I just thought you might say a little more."

I was too full of my own business to take the time to worry about Garnet. "I found me a girl, Garnet," I said. "I don't know how I'm going to make out with her, but I found one, and she's just what I've been looking for! She's a schooled-out, proper, churchgoing little old blond-headed thing and she's as pretty as flame vine on a country fence."

"Well, that's fine. That's just dandy!"

"Name of Fairlee Hastings."

"Oh!" Garnet said.

"What do you mean, 'Oh!' like that?"

She looked at me. Her eyes were wide. She shook her head. "Well, now, wouldn't that cock your pistol! Fairlee Hastings been spreading her bait around again and all it's got her this time is a tramp fruit picker that don't know B from a bull's tail!"

I didn't care to sit and listen to that kind of talk. I went out of there like the great speckled bird. This time I didn't leave any dollar bill to get thrown about the room.

WEDNESDAY evening I showed up at the church house. Old Bessie Maud got holt of me right off and started talking about singing. I looked around for Fairlee. Sure enough, there she was, setting in the front pew talking to some other girls. She gave me a cut-eye look and my heart went to terbuckety-bucketing again.

When old Bessie Maud stopped to take a breath, I said, making my voice low and hoarse, "Now, I'm sure sorry to have to say that I won't be able to practice with you tonight. I've come off with such a hoarseness in the throat that I couldn't sing a lick!"

Fairlee heard this and said, "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"It's nothing," I rasped. "You folks go right on with your practicing. I'll stay here and listen. It'll give me some sort of an idea of what's expected of me." And right here I summoned up all the gumption I had. "And when you're through, Miss Fairlee, I'd sure be pleased to scorch you home. Got a little piece of property out here I'd like to ask your opinion on."

"Huh!" Bessie Maud said.

"Why, I don't know why not," Fairlee said.

"I'll be waiting," I croaked.

When I got home that night I was filled to busting with dreams. Fairlee and I had sat close together on the front stoop of my house and I'd got up the nerve to take her hand in mine. I'd told her some of the things I wanted to do and she'd sounded real interested, asking me how much I'd paid for the property, how much I had left in the bank, and all. I wanted bad to take her in my arms and kiss her, but I didn't know how to go about it, her being such a nice, proper girl. I did make a date with her, though, for the next Saturday night.

I GOT all dressed up again Saturday night in my blue serge suit and my two-toned shoes with the cooling holes and the pointed toes. I went to Fairlee's house and met her folks and I could tell they were real nice folks by the Bible pictures framed on the wall, and the size of the radio in the parlor. Fairlee's daddy, though, sat around the parlor barefoot with his pants pulled on over his heavy drawers just about like a lot of fruit pickers I'd known. "What's the name again, son?" he said. "I got so many young bucks sniffing around my property I can't get the straight of them!"

COLLIER'S **"I just love to read your books. They're so easy to put down if something better turns up"** KATE OSANN

"Shush up, Pa!" Fairlee's mama said.

Fairlee and I got out of there as quick as we could. We got in my old car. It was a mighty pretty night, warm for winter, and the old moon about three-quarters full. I had in mind maybe driving over to Lakeland to see a moving picture show, and then coming back to my property and setting on my front stoop with Fairlee again and this time really kissing her. I figured once I'd kissed her I could declare my intentions. On the other hand I didn't know but what, with a nice girl, a man ought to declare his intentions first. The girls I'd always known, the thing to do was to kiss them first, to get them in the mood, like, for any intentions a man might have to declare.

But Fairlee said, "I declare, I feel like doing something mean tonight! Let's go on down to Gomer's Place and dance some!"

If that's what she wanted, then it was all right with me. I had thought, though, that when I started keeping company with Fairlee I had seen the last of the jukes.

We went into Gomer's Place and it was doing a big Saturday-night's business, and going some! Garnet was out on the floor dancing with a tall, mean-eyed man with black curly hair and sideburns halfway down his cheeks. He was wearing cowboy boots, so I took him for one of the cow hands of the section. He was pretty well likkered, this mean-eyed man, and doing a lot of shouting and loud talking. I heard some of his friends call him Curly. You could watch old Curly and tell he figured himself for a ring-tailed tooter.

If Garnet saw me come in with Fairlee, she didn't pay me any mind. The old juke was going wide open. The Carlisle Brothers were giving it a fit with Cottonmouth Baby. Fairlee and I sat in a booth. I didn't have any idea what a nice girl wanted to drink, so I said, "Coke or ginger, Fairlee?"

"Ginger. And bourbon," Fairlee said.

That surprised me some! I ordered two bourbons and ginger. I don't know where Gomer bought his whisky, but that whisky we drank would raise blisters on a rawhide boot!

I watched her, and her eyes were roving around the dance floor. When they came to Curly she looked at him for a short while before she lowered her eyes. Curly kept looking over to our booth.

"Care to dance some, Fairlee?" I said.

She nodded yes. The floor was getting crowded and the boys were all getting pretty well likkered. Curly was dancing with Garnet again, and it seemed like he was making it a point to always be in my way when I was trying to make a turn. I finally bumped into him and Garnet pretty hard. I begged their pardon and then said, "Howdy, Garnet. How you making it?"

"I'm making out fine," Garnet said. "How you making it?"

"I'm making it just right," I said.

"Come on, Tad!" Fairlee said. She didn't sound so happy. She pulled away from me and started back to our booth. I followed her. We sat down.

"What's ailing you, honey?" I asked.

"Well, I don't care to be seen looking like I was engaged in a friendly conversation with that—that girl!"

"Why, honey, Garnet's all right."

"You know she had the nerve to try and come to our church?"

"She was telling me."

"She got read off good!"

Curly interrupted us. He stood there by the booth. "Come on, honey," he said to Fairlee. "Let's you and me romp just a little bit, and stomp some, too."

Fairlee gave him one of those cut-eye looks, like she'd been giving him ever since we got to Gomer's Place. Then she looked at me. The pupils of her eyes looked big and black. "You going to let a strange man get familiar with me like that!"

Now I'm a peaceful man. I don't hold with juke-house arguments. I'd sooner hold a coat than shuck my own. I said in an ordinary tone of voice, "I reckon she wouldn't care to dance just now, friend."

I saw Fairlee look at Curly again. She looked right at him, and it seemed as if she was challenging him, like.

He said, "I'm aiming to dance with this little old girl."

I just waited to see what he'd do next.

"You going to let him talk like that to you?" Fairlee said.

"Well, now—" I started to say.

Fairlee laughed, shrill and scornful.

Curly said, "I reckon your friend's chicken, honey!"

He took a step closer and reached out a hand for Fairlee. Fairlee started to get up. This made things a little different. I still didn't hold with juke-house arguments. But sometimes a man can't help but get mixed up in one. So I stood.

I saw Garnet standing behind Curly. Curly started moving toward me.

Garnet shouted, "Look out, Tad, honey! He's mean!"

It was those two-toned shoes with the pointed toes that were my downfall. The soles were slippery against the waxed floor. My feet slipped, my legs got all tangled up in that cramped little booth and I couldn't get out. I was caught there in a half crouch and I couldn't do a thing but cover up my head with my arms as Curly started wading in throwing blows. Fairlee screamed, and that scream sounded to me more like a scream of pleasure than of fear.

I reckon it looked too easy to him. He left his jaw wide open and I managed to straighten up a trifle and fetch him a solid right alongside of his cheekbone. It staggered him just a little bit and he fell back some. As he fell back I finally managed to get my dad-burned slippery shoes loose from that booth and I started for him. Then I saw the juke-house lights flicker across the long, shiny blade of a knife.

He moved in on me with his knife hand held low, and the fresh-honed blade of that knife was weaving slowly, like the head of a snake, and I just stood there gaping at it.

What happened next I only half saw, for my eyes were on the blade of that knife, and I couldn't force them away. But there was a quick, blurred motion as Garnet came from behind the bar. And then she was behind Curly, quick as a diedapper, swinging something, swinging it hard, and the *crunch* of that something against Curly's head was the most welcome sound I'd heard in my life. Then Curly was flat on his face on the floor, groaning some and moaning some more. And Garnet stood over him, crying softly, with Gomer's sawed-off baseball bat in one hand.

Some of Curly's friends got him to his feet and led him away. I'd brought Fairlee, so I took her home, proper, and I told her good night. She had a thing or two to say about how she should have known better than to go out with a tramp fruit picker, but I didn't pay her much mind. I was anxious to get back to Gomer's Place, for I had a little unfinished business on my mind.

NEXT morning Garnet and I were in church, with Garnet looking pretty as a picture with happiness and pride. And this time when they started singing Beulah Land I just couldn't help but sound off, at the top of my voice. I raised up a mortal storm with that offkey beller of mine, and I'm surprised I didn't call in the hogs from the scrub. My, but I hollered some! I reckon that was the dad-burnedest racket ever came out of a man supposed to be singing! Everybody in that church house, outside of Fairlee, turned around to stare at me. Old Bessie Maud's face was dropped so wide open it put me in mind of a sump hole.

Pretty soon the song was over, and so was meeting. Garnet wanted to get away from there real quick, but I wouldn't allow it. I stood beside a sapling pine, with Garnet's hand in mine, and I waited to see if anybody had a thing or two to say about girls from Gomer's Place.

We waited them all out. Fairlee went by with her face tied up like a winter knot. Nobody had a thing to say. Which saved them a lot of trouble, anyhow. For Garnet didn't work at Gomer's Place any more. For I'd found me a *real* nice girl, the right sort of a little old girl to help me raise my kids and my chickens; the right sort of a little old girl to put me on the linger. THE END

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When You're Old—What Then?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Farm chores of one sort or another kept Grandpa useful right up to the end. These days, though, most of us live in cities and towns, and hold down jobs from which we may be dropped completely as we enter the autumn years.

In 1870, eight out of every 10 men 65 or more were gainfully employed. Today the figure is not much more than four in 10.

The Federal Security Agency, which administers the Social Security Act, has plunged in to fight the trend that the act itself encouraged. The national conference on aging which FSA sponsored last August followed a two-year survey of the problems of older folks.

"The strongest single need of adults," that survey reported, "is for activity which gives them status or recognition as useful, self-supporting members of society and enables them to meet the ordinary costs of living . . .

"Despite the urgent need for useful activity, employment of older workers has declined."

The opportunity to work is important not just to the individual but to the country as a whole. Professor Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard, one of our leading economists, points out that there are now about 2,800,000 workers 65 or more, who produce about $10,000,000,000 worth of goods a year.

A Costly Retirement Rule

"If the practice of universal retirement at 65 were made general," Slichter declares, "the country would be deprived of the output of these 2,800,000 men. In other words, general retirement at the age of 65 would cost the country about $10,000,000,000 a year."

But aren't people too old to work after 65? The facts are against it. Gerontologists —experts on aging—point out that old people are still people. They differ one from the other as much as do members of any other age group. A man of 65 or 75 or 80 is chronologically older than a man of 50, but in some other ways he may be younger.

Dr. B. M. Duggar discovered one of the most potent antibiotics, aureomycin, at 73, three years after the University of Wisconsin retired him from its faculty because of age. Oliver Wendell Holmes served on the Supreme Court until he was almost 91. Harry Truman is 66, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt 66, Bernard Baruch 80, Arturo Toscanini 83, and General MacArthur 71 this January.

Dr. Nathan W. Shock, chief of the section on gerontology of the National Heart Institute, has since 1940 been carrying on studies of elderly people's capacities. He finds that a 71-year-old can perform moderate work as well as a 17-year-old—and most industrial jobs fall within the "moderate work" classification.

Most of us associate old age with a disabling handicap. Actually, seven oldsters out of eight are *not* disabled. Their main handicap in job getting is the widespread attitude that this is a young folks' world.

Do old people make valuable employees? A recent survey of New York State firms by a special legislative committee showed that in three out of four companies older workers produced as much as younger. A National Industrial Conference Board survey of 100 small, medium and large companies throughout the nation, chosen because they had put "a great deal of thought and expense on the problem of human relations," disclosed that in one out of three companies elderly people actually produced more than the others, and that in most of the companies the quality of their work was superior.

One of the country's top authorities on the problems of old folks is a handsome, vigorous, graying-haired New York state senator, 63-year-old Thomas C. Desmond. A poor boy, Desmond won scholarships to Harvard and later to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, became a civil engineer, and began piling up money in the contracting business.

Having made a fortune, he retired 20 years ago to enter public service. For the last three years he has been chairman of a pioneering group, his state's Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging. Supplementing state funds with his own, and assisted by Albert J. Abrams, his staff director, he has conducted fact-finding surveys and formulated a comprehensive program that puts his state in the lead in planning for the elderly.

Senator Desmond estimates that we are spending $4,730,000,000 each year to help old people—a sum divided among old-age assistance, old-age insurance and private industrial pensions. But he argues that we are still failing to meet urgent needs.

The question is not just one of money. "For example," he says, "we spend close to $1,400,000,000 for old-age assistance, but hardly a dime to find how we can avoid the necessity of oldsters applying for assistance."

So a cardinal point in the New York plan is the creation of a state-wide Office of Employment of Older Workers. Among other things, this office would (1) encourage employers to hire the elderly, (2) compile for industry a list of jobs for which oldsters are particularly suitable, (3) help develop facilities for training old people to handle new jobs.

Wishful thinking? A blind stab at the problem? No. This recommendation was based on expert testimony—from employment officers, gerontologists, industrialists, and elderly people themselves—that a great many old folks want to work—and can.

It was based also on the experience of certain companies which employ oldsters. For example, 20 per cent of the employees of the W. and L. E. Gurley Company, precision instrument firm at Troy, New York, are more than 60; 10 per cent are more than 70.

Gurley began hiring oldsters around the beginning of World War II. It didn't feel softhearted, and it hadn't any particular philosophy about such matters. It simply needed more men at a time when every other industry burdened with defense orders needed more men, too.

What the Experiment Proved

The company placed its new employees at the same jobs the rest were doing, and soon found that age was no drag on a man's ability either to work or to learn. Charles E. Smart, the company's president, declares: "Most so-called 'problems' with older workers exist only in the minds of personnel managers. We've simply rid ourselves of common prejudices; we've proved them false." Gurley's experience shows that old dogs *can* be taught new tricks.

The Ithaca Gun Company, at Ithaca, New York, is another company notable for keeping oldsters on the job. The chairman of the board, George Livermore, was not quite 105 when he died last spring. The president, Lou P. Smith, is 80 and going strong. Vice-President and Treasurer Paul S. Livermore, son of George Livermore, is 76. Almost 10 per cent of the employees are 65 or more: almost 5 per cent past 70.

Company officials claim that one reason for the firm's success is that it never lets a man go, regardless of his age, as long as he can come to work. "We feel that a man has a right to work as long as he is capable of working," explains Vice-President Livermore, "and experience has shown that most oldsters make up in experience and skill what they may have lost in strength and agility."

There was no set policy at Ithaca about old folks. It just never occurred to anyone to kick a man out merely because he had reached a certain birthday. As a result, many a man brought in his son, and his son's son, too. Take Harry Howland, now factory manager. Harry's dad worked for the company for 53 years. Harry himself started as an Ithaca toolmaker 40 years ago. Harry's son Jack is now working in the toolroom.

In most instances, oldsters work side by side with younger people on the same job—as stockers, burrers, filers, shotgun repairers, bluers, tool grinders and so forth. The company has found no particular difficulty with them. That may be because it never expected to find any or because, as Harry Howland put it, "Gunmaking demands superb craftsmanship and patience, which the average oldster has in abundance."

Hop downstate to Endicott, to the Endicott Johnson Corporation, the huge shoe-manufacturing concern whose headquarters are in this quiet community along the upper Susquehanna.

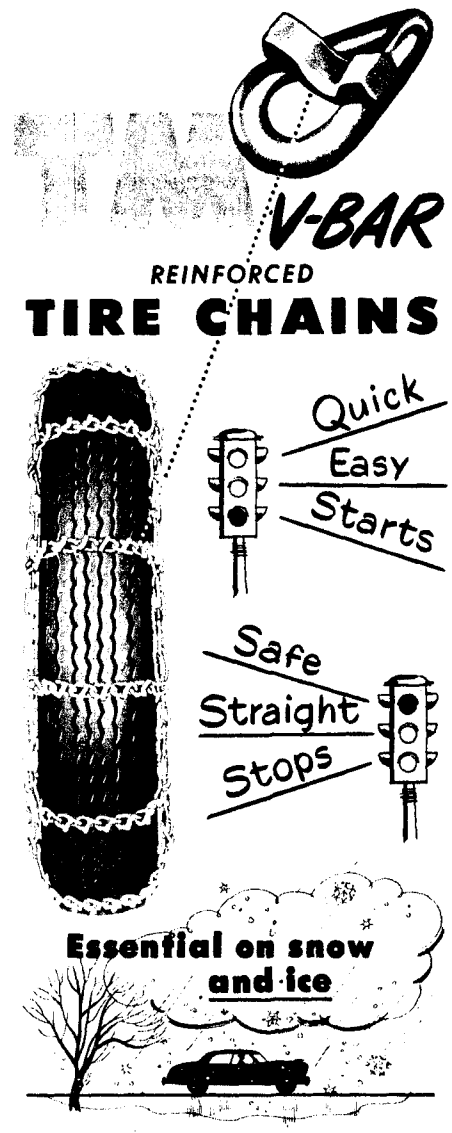
It is an old company, its roots going well back into the nineteenth century. Students of labor-management relations are well acquainted with EJ history: how it was one of the first concerns to build decent houses for its workers, to switch to the eight-hour day, to try profit sharing, to provide medical care and recreational facilities. Its attitude toward oldsters is less well known, yet it is a main point in the program that has paid off in a highly contented labor force.

Big, ruddy-faced and easygoing,

Calendar for Murder

Know who I want to slay
Sometime later in the day?
Not the guest who at your phone
Makes calls to everyone known
To him, and never hints at all
At paying for a single call;
Not the big wheel who pretends
(As if he'd like to make amends)
That his office girl forgot to mention
Or call my message to his attention;
Not he who borrows for a day
A snow shovel and keeps it, say,
Until I have to ask for it,
And when I do, is sure to grit
His teeth and act—you get the drift—
As though he's giving back a gift;
Not he who phones at six o'clock,
While I am hunting for my sock,
To catch me, so he says (the jerk!),
Before I've left to go to work;
No, none of these I wish to kill,
(Although undoubtedly I will).
The man I'm eager to dispatch
Parks his car so it will catch
My car's bumper and thus pack
Me solidly in front and back,
And then, when that maneuver's o'er,
Sets his brake and locks his door!

—DOW RICHARDSON



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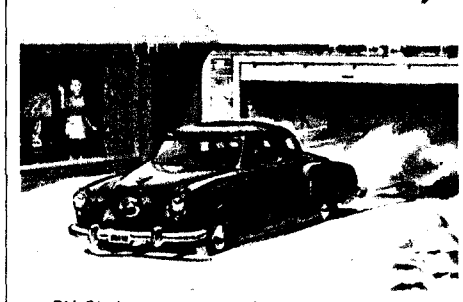
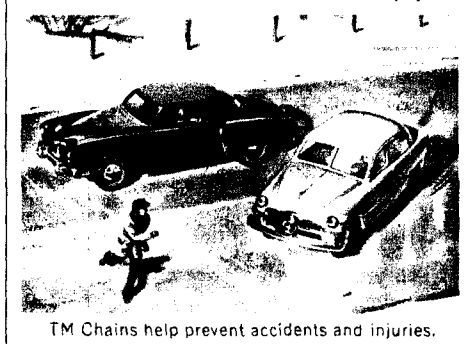


TM Chains get you out of heavy snow in a jiffy.



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Charles F. Johnson, Jr., EJ's president, expresses the company's feeling this way: "Age does not determine fitness to work. As long as a person wants to work and is able to do a reasonable day's work, we're glad to have him stay on the payroll."

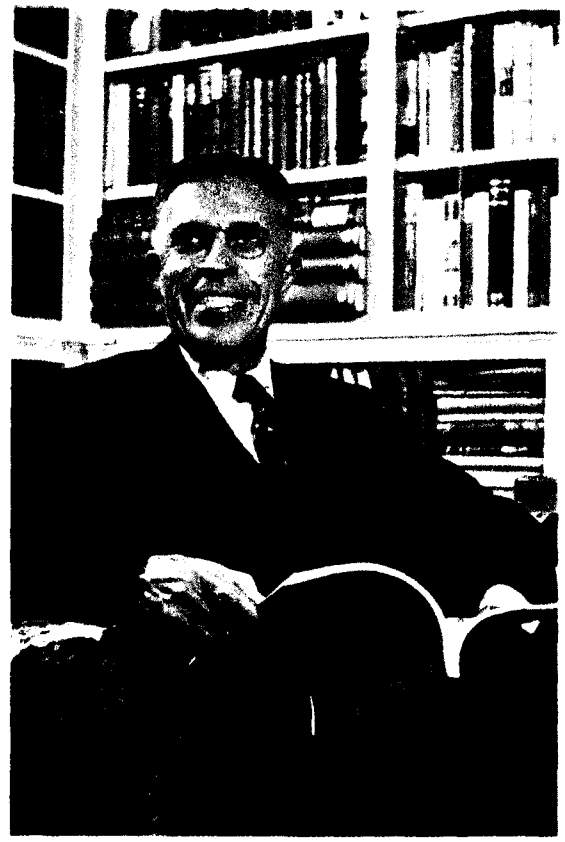
EJ's pension plan, which says that an employee *may* retire at 65, after a certain amount of service, went into effect four years ago. Since then, about 1,700 workers have become eligible to retire. But only 1,270 have chosen to do so. These include a sizable number who were well into their seventies or even eighties when the chance came. The payroll now lists over 785 workers of 65 or more out of a total labor force of 20,000.

One of those still on the job is Matt Anderson, a lithe, lean fellow with a shock of silvery hair, bold blue eyes and a jaunty step, who's been making shoes since he was 15—and he's 70 now.

Matt's seven children are on their own. His home is free and clear. If he quit today, he'd start drawing $99.40 a month in Social Security and pension money. "That would be plenty," he smiles, "but as long as I'm healthy, I'd rather work."

Press him for reasons, and he says simply, "I've always been happy and I've always been working."

Then there's Mrs. Ruth O'Daniel, a twinkly-eyed woman of 67. Last Fourth of July, when the plant had a four-day holiday, she caught up with her housekeeping in two days and then she wondered what to do with the other two.



Thomas C. Desmond, New York state senator, heads group studying problems of the aging

Her Happiness Lies in Work

"Goodness," she says, "wouldn't it be terrible if every day were a holiday? Sure, I like to sew, and I have a lot of friends, and I do my share at the church, but there's nothing like work to make a person feel good."

Money does, of course, enter into the decision of many an EJ oldster to turn down a pension for the time being. A 67-year-old worker in the edge-making department intends to keep on a few more years so he can help one of his children buy a house. A 69-year-old widow in the fine-welt stitching department hasn't quite figured out how she could live on an income of about half what she has been used to. Others want to pay debts or swell savings.

But they like being able to make their own decisions, and feel sorry for friends in a nearby plant which has a 65 deadline. "You take my pal Bill," said one of them. "Lots of good work left in him yet, but his company made him retire at 65 and now he's just wasting away."

"Fred Jones dropped in the other day," added another. "He's healthy and he's got all the money a man could want, yet all he talks about is how retirement is the hardest job he ever had."

Most of EJ's older people handle the same jobs younger workers do. They split hides, crop leather, cut out shoe parts, operate stitching machines, and hold down a variety of supervisory and office positions.

Occasionally they do pose problems—"ordinary personnel problems," President Johnson calls them. Last year one oldster was out sick a couple of weeks. Soon after he reported back, Johnson called him in.

The president didn't just happen to take an interest in Ed but he had a report from the EJ company's welfare and retirement board, which in turn had one from the medical department, suggesting that if Ed didn't want to retire, he should take on less arduous work.

"Ed," he asked, "*you think* that leveling machine job's getting a little too heavy?"

"Charlie, I don't honestly know," Ed told him. "I feel good, though; I'm not ready to quit."

"Nobody wants you to quit. I was just wondering if you wouldn't like something with a little less strain."

So Ed's got a supervisory job now. He's not making as much as before, but he's happy to be useful and among old friends. Also, he's doing a job that demands neither strength nor agility, but experience.

What happened to Ed is known in most industries as down-grading—assigning an employee to a lower-paying job. Senator Desmond's committee, when it asked industry how to expand employment for the elderly, got this answer, in effect: "If the unions would let us down-grade, that would be one big way."

Then when the committee surveyed unions for their attitude on down-grading, the returns, recently tabulated, were pretty hopeful. Out of 154 AFL, CIO and independent labor organizations, only one—the International Typographical Union—lets an oldster remain *at his own job* at less pay. But 60 per cent say they let him take a *lower-rated* job.

About the same proportion let him take part-time work in the same industry, and one—ITU again—lets him work two days a week and still draw his union pension, which runs as high as $70 a month.

The committee finds that unions are one of the best friends an older worker has. Not one union allows an employer to fire a worker simply because of his age. Furthermore, seniority clauses in management-union contracts protect the older worker to a considerable extent from being discriminated against in general layoffs and assure him of being rehired first.

"We are confident," the committee reports, "that as labor and management both become more familiar with the problems of an aging population, greater gains will be realized by the elderly." Besides wider acceptance of down-grading (not all unions that say they permit it actually do), the committee recommends developing aptitude tests for oldsters and setting aside for them the jobs elderly people are best suited to do.

But won't such measures discriminate against the younger worker? Not unless we head into another depression. The younger person doesn't want some of the jobs an oldster can do: they are boring, or lower-paid, or dead-end. Many of the others demand skills and experience that the younger person simply doesn't have.

The older person's difficulty in finding work is not always the employer's fault. Sometimes the job seeker has worked so long at a certain job in a certain industry that he can't imagine himself doing anything else. Or he has taken a few refusals at face value and believes he really is too old to work.

In either case he needs counseling—and a counseling service for older workers is another part of the well-rounded program drawn up for New York State.

Canada has already demonstrated what can be done along this line. Several years ago it found that almost half the men registered with the Ontario Region of the National Employment Service were over 45, and that industry rarely offered openings for this group.

So it set up in Toronto a free experimental vocational guidance service for older people. All applicants got at least one long interview. Each was encouraged to tell everything—not only about his employment record but also about his problems and hopes. Counselors, coached by Dr. Wilfred G. Scott, the mild-looking, soft-spoken psychologist who is chief of the unit, listened courteously.

A surprising thing happened. As the older people talked out their troubles, solutions often appeared that, mulling things over by themselves, the oldsters had overlooked. One 69-year-old had worked most of his life for one big firm, rising from office boy to office manager. Let out, he had only one idea—to find another office job with another big firm. Nobody wanted him; he was "too old."

As the story came out, the counselor was struck by the fact that time after time during his career, the oldster had improved business procedures. "Maybe a big concern doesn't need you," the counselor suggested, "but how about a company that's having trouble?"

The man went out and got a job with a small construction firm—which found his ideas so profitable that within a month it made him a director, and within five months, vice-president.

Jobs for Many "Impossibles"

Of the first 1,138 applicants, some had been out of work as long as two years. Sixty per cent had been judged just about impossible to place because they were 60 or more; 15 per cent were in their seventies. Yet, after the counseling, 630 got jobs, and about half of these were the "impossibles."

Perhaps even more noteworthy, the jobs of four persons out of six came through their own efforts, without help from placement agencies. Counseling had given these discouraged oldsters hope and courage to make a new effort.

The results of the experiment in dollars and cents were jobs paying 630 men and women an estimated $76,000 a month and saving the Dominion uncounted thousands in unemployment insurance payments and relief. The Toronto plan was recently extended to four other Canadian cities—Ottawa, London, Windsor and Hamilton.

Before World War II, only 750 U.S. concerns had private pension plans. Today the figure is around 10,000—thanks largely to the tax benefits authorized in 1942 for companies setting up retirement funds.

If a cash reward could be used to boost pension plans, could it not also be used to open employment opportunities for oldsters? Harvard's Professor Slichter is certain it could. "An incorporation into the Old-Age and Survivors' Insurance Act of an incentive for employers to keep workers beyond the age of 65," he suggests, "would be a major improvement in the country's arrangement for old-age security."

He gives this example of how the plan might work:

If the average payment to the retired worker were $75 a month, an employer who kept a man till he was 70, instead of retiring him at 65, would be saving the Social Security system $4,500. The employer might be rewarded by being given a rebate of one third of this saving, or $1,500. If the employer kept the man only until 68, the savings would be $2,700, and a one-third rebate would be $900.

Incentives to Hire Oldsters

The rebate, Slichter points out, would give industry an incentive both to find ways of keeping men beyond the age of 65 and also to take on the elderly. Hiring a healthy person in his sixties and allowing him to work past the normal retirement age would pay off in cold cash.

Slichter admits that his plan would be no cure-all. For that matter, no one plan can be a cure-all for the problem of financial security in old age. This article has emphasized employment because, of all the solutions to the problem of old-age security, paid work is the most neglected. It is the unemployment of oldsters that makes the problem as big as it is. And this unemployment springs largely from prejudice, which is fanned by governmental and private plans that say 65 is quitting time. The new pension plans won by the United Auto Workers make 68 the deadline—a step in the right direction.

There are other possible solutions as well. One is to make old-age and survivors' insurance universal, with benefits paid to every retired oldster or surviving dependents no matter what his job has been. As things are now, the worker who switches from a job covered by the Social Security Act to a job that is not covered may not get enough benefits to live on.

Another potential solution has to do with private pension plans. Most of these make no provision for the worker who changes employers in mid-career. The pension rights he has been accumulating do not follow him to a new job. If they did, he would be more likely to receive an adequate pension when he finally quit work; on the other hand, private plans would cost more.

Still another solution lies with the individual himself. Social Security works best when coupled with individual enterprise. The average worker can't pile up enough savings and insurance to meet all the needs of later life. But he can put by something to supplement what he will get from old-age insurance and his company pension.

In the last analysis, your own planning—long enough in advance—is your best hedge against insecurity in your later years.

Men and women not only can live longer, but they can enjoy the autumn of their lives, if they are careful of their health during the early years. In next week's Collier's the authors will tell what medicine is achieving

Next Week

Can They Catch the BRINK'S BANDITS? • **Another Exciting Inspector Chafik Mystery**

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TAKE MY HAND.....*Even today a little child can lead!*

WOODEN WINGS OF STE. ANGELE...*Romance and high adventure in a ski resort.*

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Plus another ADVENTURE IN EATING, with DON EDDY, and prized recipes! I RUN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BUILDING—the fabulous, frenzied Pentagon! And the INTERESTING PEOPLE PHOTO-SECTION!

▼

Remember, everything in The AMERICAN Magazine—mystery and romantic novels, short stories, articles, and features—are all complete in every issue!

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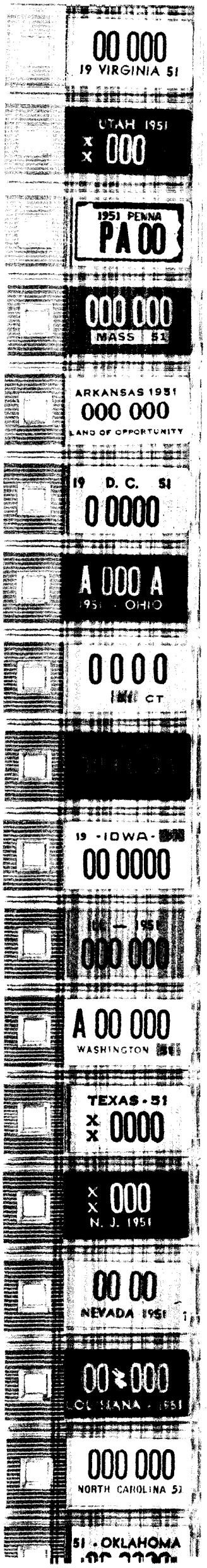

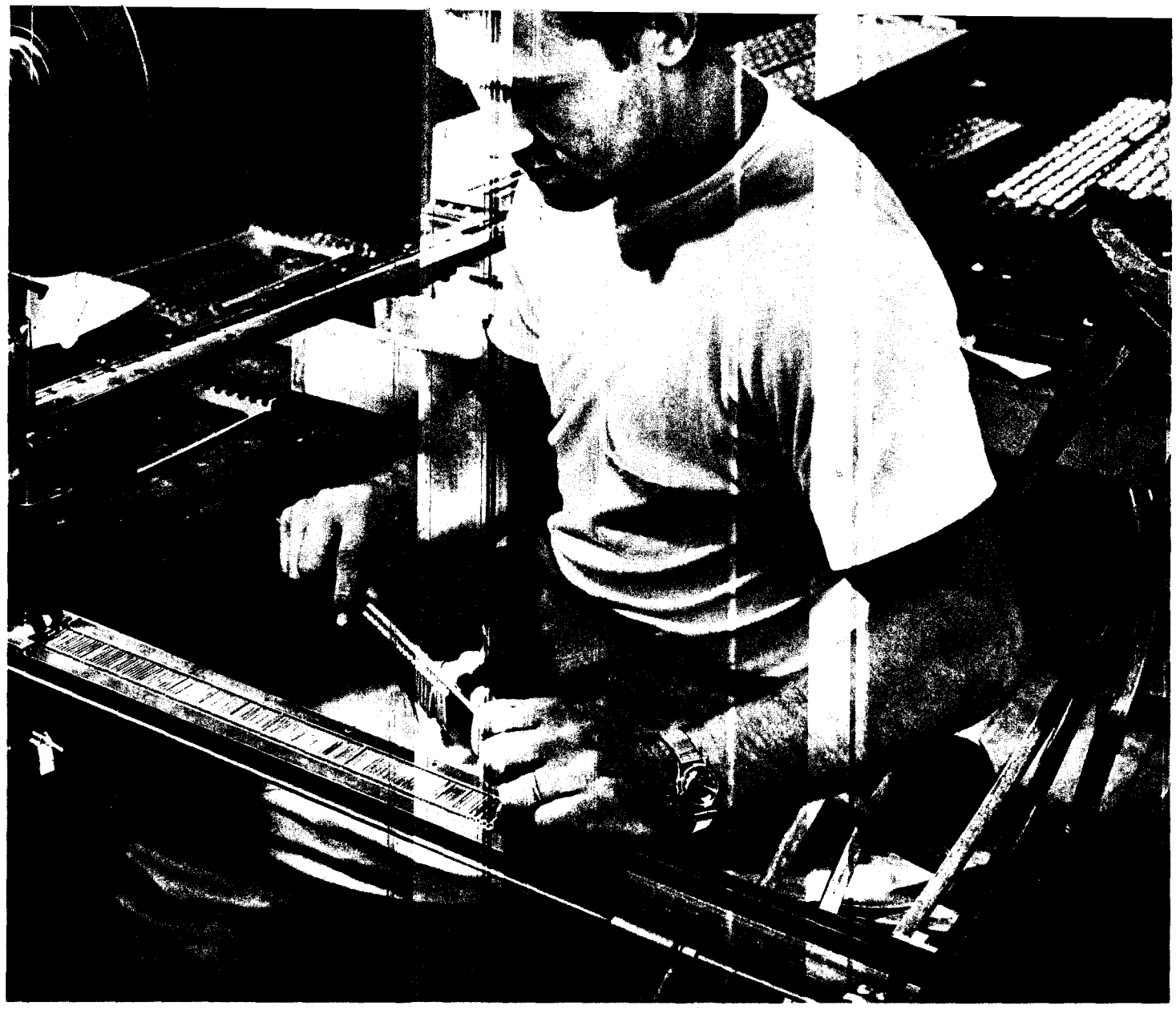

Ex-Sgt. Ed Danish lost both legs in Europe, is now one of top workers in DAV's Chicago plant

TAGGED for GOOD

The Idento-Tag project of the Disabled American Veterans offers 30,000,000 drivers a rare chance to back a worthy cause—while they benefit themselves

THE lockmaster of a Mississippi River dam in Minnesota was frantic. The keys to his vital locks had disappeared; not only might his job be in jeopardy, but the thought plagued him that the key ring might someday fall into the hands of *saboteurs*. Unable to find the keys anywhere, he finally gave up the search, his mind greatly troubled. But within the month, they showed up in the mail, neatly packaged and all intact. The lockmaster promptly wrote a letter of deep gratitude to the Disabled American Veterans, an organization which returns 5,000 to 7,000 sets of lost keys to their rightful owners every month.

The DAV performs this service through its Idento-Tag program, under which 30,000,000 motorists a year receive free miniature license plates for their key rings. One side of the plate is a replica of the license tag on the motorist's automobile; on the other is the Cincinnati address of the DAV's national headquarters and the words: "Finder please deposit in any mailbox; postage guaranteed." Since 1941, these little plates, besides proving a convenience to American car owners, have become a symbol of the handicapped veteran's determined struggle to take his rightful place in the nation's community life.

The DAV manufactures the tags at its own Chicago plant, employing disabled former service personnel almost exclusively. The plates are distributed without charge (and returned without charge, if lost), but with them goes a request for voluntary donations. The response to this appeal runs around 30 per cent. The contributions—averaging over 25 cents, but ranging as high as $1,000—provide the DAV with more than $1,000,000 a year for the rehabilitation, legislative and employment programs it operates on behalf of the nation's 3,000,000-odd disabled vets. The 1951 drive is just getting under way, timed to coincide with the issuance of full-size plates in most states.

The idea for this project originated 10 years ago with a Chicago philanthropist named A. L. Koolish. Since its start some 200,000,000 of the baby plates have been distributed. Gross income from the venture has passed $12,000,000—virtually every cent of which has been used for the DAV's help-the-disabled programs (the organization's overhead expenses are largely provided by the dues paid by its 150,000 members).

The success of the Idento-Tag project is not hard to understand. For Americans know that when they receive the miniatures of their own license plates from the DAV they are not simply being solicited for funds. They are being tagged for good.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN MENDICINO

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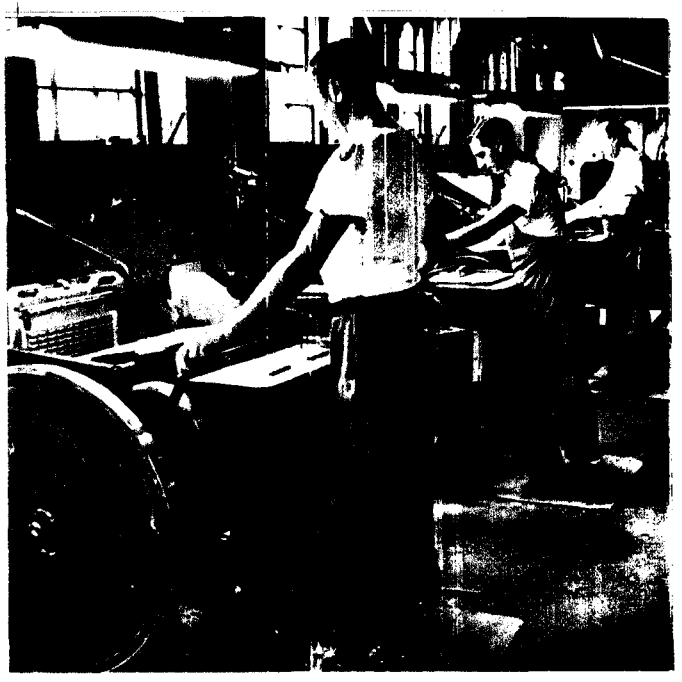
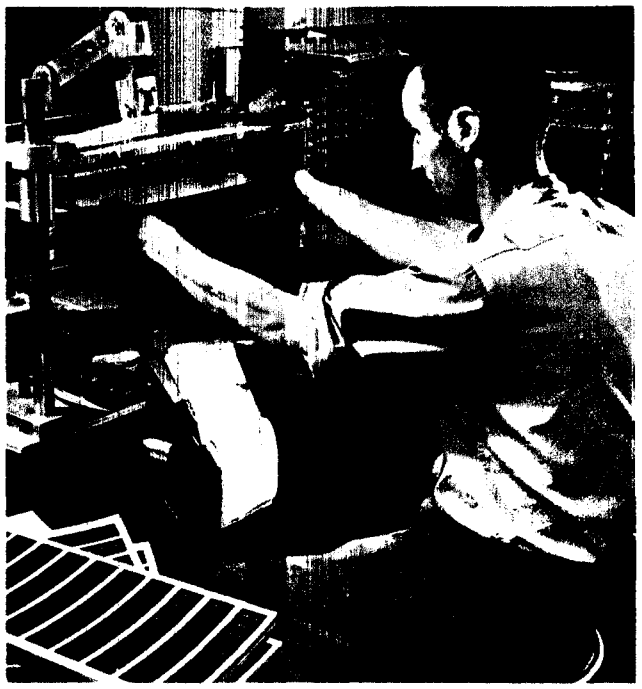
Factory switchboard is operated by Margaret B. Malsich, former WAC corporal whose right arm was amputated in an Oregon jeep accident

Although John A. Martin was blinded while training at Fort Crockett, Texas, in World War II, he is able to perform valuable work as an Idento-Tag assembler



Printing presses are run by (left to right) Leroy Lawrence, Nick Accaria and Frank Ray, all of whom suffer from wartime disabilities

Stockroom attendant Bill Weide (l.) was hurt by shrapnel in Germany. James Keefe was on Guadalcanal, where his leg was badly injured



This is Joseph Bretl. Now a punch operator at the plant, he contracted a severe case of malarial fever while he was fighting in the jungles of New Guinea

Matthew Satala (l.), a foreman, sustained a rifle wound in Normandy. Bob Galenblewski, Satala's assistant, also was disabled in France

Multigraph is tended by former seaman Mike Hurley, whose back was injured while he was on duty in Cuban waters with the U.S. Navy

George Sprouse slips the miniature tags into their plastic casings. He lost his left hand during the closing months of the war, while fighting in Italy

The DAV's lost key department, which handles thousands of returns a month, is managed by George Brown. He suffered bad head wounds

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If You Want to Catch Bonefish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

They may arrive singly, or in small schools, and they are strangely dark under the water, considering their silvery brightness when removed from this element. The experienced angler often spots them by the disturbance of the mud or sand, caused when they nose into it while searching out food, or by the slashing of their tails on the surface. In the clear water, these mud clouds are visible for more than 200 yards, and on a windless day the movement of a tail on the surface can be detected for a quarter mile.

The flats have other hungry visitors, however, and the novice often spends a half hour stalking a "bonefish," only to find he has been deceived by the surface agitation caused by a sting ray.

Regardless of the hour, you will find the ardent bonefisherman on the flat at the start of the flood tide, whether he plans to fish with bait or fly. Slow, careful movement, or preferably no movement at all, is the most important rule, for the only predictable quality of the bonefish is his wariness. A light splash, an incautious step, the grating of a push-pole or shoe on a fragment of coral—any one of these indiscretions can flush every bonefish within a radius of 200 yards.

Many a hopeful angler, cautiously stalking a feeding fish, has cursed a motorboat passing a mile away. The faint beat of a motor, even at that distance, often causes the bonefish to flash off to quieter waters. No kilted Highlander ever stalked the stag with greater stealth than that with which the bonefish angler goes after his prey.

Approach Must Be Cautious

Upon spotting his quarry, the knowing angler will watch it for several moments before moving. Then, having determined the route which the fish is taking, he will look over the flat and decide which course he must take to approach a point that will bring him within casting range of that route. In plotting this course, he will first make certain that no other fish—such as permit, shark or barracuda—are in his path, for the frightened run of one of them would instantly alert the bonefish. During his slow, cautious movement to the selected point, he will have time to plan his strategy.

Arrived at his vantage point (it may be 50 yards or more from the one originally selected, due to a change in the course of the feeding fish), the angler will check his tackle. Then he will drop his offering of shrimp or conch chunk as lightly as possible on the water, well ahead of the approaching fish. Usually a slight overcast is preferable, for this allows the angler to make a slow retrieve of the bait in the event it is necessary to get it directly in the path of the fish.

Needless to say, the cast is made with as little movement as possible, and preferably with the sun before, rather than behind, the caster, since shadow movement is magnified on the light bottom. Also, when possible the angler depends upon the weight of the bait to carry out his line, rather than risk the splash which would result from the use of a sinker.

Excitement approaches fever pitch as the bonefish moves nearer the proffered bait. Will he see or smell the offering? Is it too wide of his course? Can it be moved without flushing the fish? The angler's pulse leaps sharply as the forked tail agitates the water almost over his bait.

While the bonefish may strike decisively at a streamer fly, he usually takes a bait gently, even suspiciously. This is his practice regardless of the type of bait, whether conch chunk, live shrimp or crawfish tail, the three preferred lures for these fish. Therefore, the angler who tries to set the hook at the first faint nibble often loses out. The veteran will strip out a few feet of slack line and wait until the fish has moved off with the bait far enough to take up this slack before he sweeps the rod tip upward as sharply as his tackle permits.

From that point on there is nothing indecisive about the situation. The bonefish streaks for a distant point, line melts from the reel and hisses spitefully through the guides. Then, just as the angler is resigned to losing all his line—and the fish—the silver bullet may decide to reverse his course. There is never time to suck a line-burned thumb, for when the fish turns, the angler is as busy trying to take in line as he was a moment before attempting to keep it from running out.

In commenting upon the speed with which these fish can take line from a reel, one old flat-wanderer scorned the simile of jet propulsion.

"They talk of atomic energy like it was something new," he grumbled. "I knew about it 30 years ago, when I hooked my first bonefish. Nothing but atomic energy could give a fish that speed."

The resistance of the line in the water often does more to save the day than the speed of the angler in retrieving this line. Also, when the fish has approached within 20 or 30 yards he usually catches a glimpse of the fisherman, and is off on another tangent. All this happens in a matter of seconds. Occasionally the fish will swing in a wide circle, which he suddenly terminates by a series of zigzag rushes. Meanwhile, the angler is stumbling over his thumbs, trying to recover line one instant and struggling to prevent the bonefish from taking it out the next.

The duration of one of these battles depends upon the size of the fish and the skill of the angler. Too often it is terminated by a sharp coral snag or a pulled hook. Once actually in the net, however, the bonefish lies quiet. He has given every ounce of his strength before the mesh touched his bright scales.

Ten years ago, the possibility of taking bonefish on flies was a matter debated over turtle steak and Key lime pie by anglers who were taking time out between tides at Largo, Marathon or Islamorada, all meccas of the Florida bonefishermen. The subject was argued in a more heated fashion in the bar of the Compleat Angler, in Bimini. On this small Bahaman island, anglers who had sought bonefish from the waters of Molokai to the gin-clear flats of Bermuda continued to put their faith in fresh shrimp, pounded chunks of conch or sections of crawfish tail. Many still do.

Many Casualties for Thumbs

"How did these fly fishermen get into this anyway?" one sunburned veteran of a recent South African bonefish junket complained not long ago. "When I first started bonefishing, right on this island, there were no fancy reels with star drags and level-wind attachments. You'd put the tension on a spool with your thumb. When it burned, you used the other thumb. When both thumbs gave out," he sighed at the memory, "you sat around under a palm tree with a tall, cool drink, listening to the kids sing 'My mama don't want no rice, nor peas, nor coconut oil,' until your thumbs healed up."

No one knows who took the first bonefish on a fly, although many are willing to claim this distinction. One elderly veteran of countless trout and salmon rivers, who built a house in the Keys immediately after taking his first bonefish on a conch chunk, admits he tried to lure these fish with flies many years ago, but finally gave up in despair.

"I tried trout flies, salmon flies, bucktails and streamers," he explained. "All they did was flush the fish. Then one day I saw a bonefish flash away at the mere passage of a tiny butterfly 20 feet in the air. At this point I gave up and went back to bait."

Others, refugees from fabled salmon and trout streams all over the continent, refused to admit defeat. Any fish that inhabits such shallow waters, they argued, should take some kind of fly, provided you can work out the proper technique of casting and presentation—and the right type of fly. Eventually these die-hards were rewarded, although the streamer flies and bucktails now used in bonefishing are a departure from the conventional lures employed in taking trout, salmon or bass. All of the tackle shops in bonefish areas are stocked up with local patterns that, through long trial and error, have proved most successful.

Casting techniques also are different. The stream fisherman, in making false casts (the process of swishing an increasingly longer line in the air without permitting the fly to touch the water), does not worry about frightening a trout or salmon if the fly happens to pass through the air over these fish. Also, he normally is called upon to cast only 40 or 50 feet.

The bonefisherman, however, must be able to put a fly out at least 60 and often 80 feet. In accomplishing this, he must keep his false casts well short of the fish, and *shoot* the line forward on the final cast. The fly must drop lightly on the water a few feet ahead of the fish and be retrieved slowly and without delay. To insure against frightening the fish by excessive movement, many insist that an angler should make no more than three false casts.

While this may not seem too difficult, not every fly fisherman can lay out 80 feet of line with only three false casts. This fishing calls for special tackle, and the 9½-foot, 8-ounce rod seems to be favored. A salmon reel—capable of carrying at least 200 yards of 15-pound test nylon line behind the regulation 90-foot, torpedo-head fly line—is a must. The bonefish should be played from the reel, rather than by stripping in line with the fingers, and as the fly reel is a single-action device, fast manipulation is required.

Schools of Thought Differ

There are almost as many ideas concerning the "right" fly tackle as there are fly fishermen, and the same applies to those who prefer bait. One will hold out in favor of a regulation bait-casting rod, with an oversize bait reel equipped with a star drag and level-wind attachment. Another will argue for a light, six-foot trip with a 10-inch cork butt and a regulation 250-yard salt-water reel. All agree, however, that no less than 250 yards of 15- or 20-pound test line is necessary.

Bonefishing, like other forms of angling, can cost anything from 10 cents to $75 a day. The fisherman who wades the flats with a bait outfit and a few shrimp, or with a fly rod, has an opportunity to take as many bonefish as the man who spends $75 for the luxury treatment. He must work harder, of course, and will have to depend on his own knowledge and experience in locating, approaching and landing his fish. Even some anglers able to afford the expensive method prefer to wade the flats on their own or rent a small skiff and handle it themselves. A few spend $10 to $15 a day for a guide when fishing an unfamiliar area, but after one or two days of this they depend on their own resources.

Bonefishing is not a group activity, for the movement of one angler often flushes the fish of another. The bonefisherman, therefore, lacks the gregarious nature common to those who seek other species of fish. Conversation, conviviality and company have no place on the bonefish flat, where an angler demands silence, sobriety and solitude. To carry this alliteration to its gasping ultimate—abandon family, friends and fortune, if you want to catch bonefish. THE END

COLLIER'S

"My marriage is really perfect. I lead my life the way I want to, and George leads his life the way I want him to"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Such Interesting Neighbors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"I know," Ted said, and he had a funny smile on his face. "And yet it's a great book. Just think," he went on, and shook his head a little, "you can buy this now, a new copy, first edition, for three dollars. Yet in—oh, a hundred and forty years, say, a copy like this might be worth five to eight thousand dollars."

"Could be," I said, and shrugged; but what kind of a remark is that? Sure, any book you want to name might be valuable someday, but why *that* book? And why a hundred and forty years? And why five to eight thousand dollars, particularly? Well, that's the kind of thing I mean about the Hellenbeks. It wasn't that anything big or dramatic or really out of the way happened that first day. It was just that every once in a while one or the other would do or say something that wasn't quite right.

Most of the time, though, things were perfectly ordinary and normal. We talked and laughed and kidded around a lot, and I knew I was going to like the Hellenbeks and that Nelly would, too.

In the afternoon we got pretty hot and thirsty, so I went home and brought back some beer. This time Nelly came with me, met the new people, and invited them over for supper. Nelly complimented Ann on the nice things she had, and Ann thanked her and apologized, the way a woman will, because things were kind of dusty. Then she went out to the kitchen, came back with a dustcloth, and started dusting around. It was a white cloth with a small green pattern, and it got pretty dirty, and when she wiped off the window sills it was really streaked.

Then Ann leaned out the front window, shook the cloth once, and—it was clean again. I mean *completely* clean; the dirt, every trace of it, shook right out. She did that several times, dusting around the room and then shaking the cloth out, and it shook out white every time.

Well, Nelly sat there with her mouth hanging open, and finally she said, "Where in the world did you get that dustcloth?"

Ann glanced down at the cloth in her hand, then looked up at Nelly again and said, "Why, it's just an old rag, from one of Ted's old suits." Then suddenly she blushed.

I'd have blushed too; did you ever see a man's suit, white with a little green pattern?"

Nell said, "Well, I never saw a dustcloth before that would shake out perfectly clean. Mine certainly don't."

ANN turned even redder, looking absolutely confused, and—I'd say *scared*. She mumbled something about cloth in South America, glanced at Ted, and then put the back of her wrist up against her forehead, and for an instant I'd have sworn she was going to cry.

But Ted got up fast, put his arm around Ann's waist and turned her a little so her back was toward us, and said something about how she'd been working too hard and was tired. His eyes, though, as he stood looking at us over Ann's shoulder, were hard and defiant. For a moment you almost got the feeling that it was the two of them against the world, that Ted was protecting Ann against us.

Then Nelly ran a hand admiringly over the top of the end table beside her and said how much she liked it, and Ann turned and smiled and thanked her. Nelly got up and led Ann off to the bedroom, telling her not to try to do too much all in one day, and when they came out a little later everything was all right.

We got to know the Hellenbeks pretty well. They were casual, easygoing, and always good company. In no time Nelly and Ann were doing their marketing together, dropping in on each other during the day, and trading recipes.

At night, out watering our lawns or cutting the grass or something, Ted and I would usually bat the breeze about one thing or another till it got dark. We talked politics, high prices, gardening, stuff like that. He knew plenty about politics and world events, and it was surprising the way his predictions would turn out. At first I offered to bet with him about a few things we disagreed about, but he never would and I'm glad he didn't; he was seldom wrong when it came to guessing what was going to happen.

Well, that's the way things were. We'd drop in on each other, take Sunday drives together and go on picnics, play a little bridge at night and on week ends.

ODD little things would still happen occasionally, but less and less often as time went by—and none of them were ever repeated. When Ted bought something now, he never had trouble finding the right change, and he didn't discover any more rare old new books and Ann stopped walking into doors.

They were always interesting neighbors, though. For one thing, Ted was an inventor. I don't know why that should have surprised me, but it did. There are such things as inventors; they have to live somewhere, and there's no good reason why one shouldn't move in next door to us. But Ted didn't *seem* like an inventor; why, the first time he cut their grass, I had to show him how to adjust the set screw that keeps the blades in alignment.

But just the same he was an inventor and a good one. One evening I was picking tomatoes in the little garden we have, and Ted wandered over, tossing something into the air and catching it again. I thought it was a paper clip at first. Ted stood watching me for a minute or so, and then he squatted down beside me and held out this thing in his hand and said, "Ever see anything like this before?"

I took it and looked at it; it was a piece of thin wire bent at each end to form two egg-shaped loops. Then the wire had been bent again at the middle so that the two loops slid together. I can't explain it very well, but I could make you one easy in half a minute. "What is it?" I said, and handed it back to him.

"A little invention—the Saf-T-Clip," he said. "You use it wherever you'd ordinarily use a safety pin. Here." He unbuttoned one of my shirt buttons and slid the thing onto the two layers of cloth.

Well, do you know that I couldn't unfasten my shirt where that little thing gripped it? Even when I took hold of both sides of my shirt and pulled, that little piece of twisted wire just dug in and held. Yet when Ted showed me how to undo it—you just pressed the wire at a certain place—it slid right off. It was just the kind of simple thing you wonder, "Now, why didn't somebody ever think of that before?"

I told Ted I thought it was a hell of a good idea. "How'd you happen to think of it?" I asked.

He smiled. "Oh, it was surprisingly easy. That's how I'm planning to make a living, Al—inventing little things. First thing I did, the day we arrived in San Rafael, was get a patent application sent off on this thing. Then I mailed a sample to a wire company." He grinned happily and said, "I got a reply today; they'll buy it outright for fifteen hundred dollars."

"You going to take it?"

"Sure. I don't think it's the best offer in the world and I might do better if I shopped around. But I've been a little worried, frankly, about how we were going to pay for the furniture and stuff we bought, and the house rent." He shrugged. "So I'm glad to get this money. We'll be okay, now, till I finish the next project."

"What's the next one?" I said. "If you can tell me, that is." I set the tomatoes down and sat down on the grass.

"Sure, I can tell you," he said. "Picture a flashlight with a little dial set in just above the button. There's a lens, but it curves inward, and it's painted black except for a tiny round hole in the center. Press the button and a little beam of light—a special *kind* of light—no thicker than a pencil lead, shoots out. The beam doesn't spread, either; it stays the same thickness. You get the idea?"

"Yeah. What's it for?"

"For measuring distances. Turn it on, aim the little dot of light so it hits the end of any distance you want to measure. Then look at the dial, and you can read off the distance from the dot of light to the edge of the lens in feet and fractions of an inch, down to sixteenths." He smiled. "Sound good?"

"Heck, yes," I said. "But how will it work?"

"On flashlight batteries," Ted said, and stood up, as if that were an answer.

Well, I took the hint and didn't ask any more questions, but if he can make a thing like that—a guy who had to have help adjusting his lawn mower—then I'll eat it when he's finished. And yet, darned if I don't think, sometimes, that he might do it at that.

Oh, Hellenbek's an interesting guy, all right. Told me once that in fifty years they'd be growing full-grown trees from seeds in ten days' time. Indoors, too, and with absolutely straight grain and no knots; regular wood factories. I asked him what made him think so and he shrugged and said it was just an idea he had. He said he thought that it would be quite some time in the future, though, and I'm sure he was right about that. But you see what I mean; the Hellenbeks were interesting neighbors.

I GUESS the most interesting time we ever spent with them, though, was one evening on our front porch. Supper was over, and I was reading a magazine that had come in the mail that morning. Nell was on the porch swing, knitting. The magazine I was reading was all science fiction—trips to Mars in space ships, gun fights with atomic pistols, and so on. I get a kick out of that kind of stuff, though Nell thinks it's silly.

Pretty soon the Hellenbeks wandered over. Ann sat down with Nelly, and Ted leaned on the porch rail, facing my chair. "What're you reading?" he said, nodding at the magazine in my lap.

I handed it to him, a little embarrassed. The cover illustration showed a man from Jupiter with eyes on the ends of long tentacles. "Don't know if you ever read this kind of stuff or not," I said.

Ann said to Nell, "I tried that biscuit mix. It's wonderful."

"Oh, did you like it?" Nell was pleased, and they started talking food and cooking.

Ted began leafing through my magazine, and I lighted a cigarette and just sat there looking out at the street, feeling lazy and comfortable. It was a nice night, and still pretty light out. Ted got very quiet, slowly turning the pages, studying the illustrations, reading a paragraph or so here and there, and once he said, "Well, I'll be damned," sort of half under his breath.

He must have looked through that magazine for ten minutes or more, and I could tell he was fascinated. Finally he looked up, handed the magazine back, and said, kind of surprised, "That's very interesting, really very interesting."

"Yeah, some of the science-fiction stuff is pretty good," I said. "Collier's magazine had one not long ago, by Ray Bradbury. About a man of the future who escapes back to our times. But then the secret police of the future come for him and take him back."

"Really?" Ted said. "I missed that."

"It might still be around the house. If I find it, I'll give it to you."

"I'd like to see it," he said. I had the

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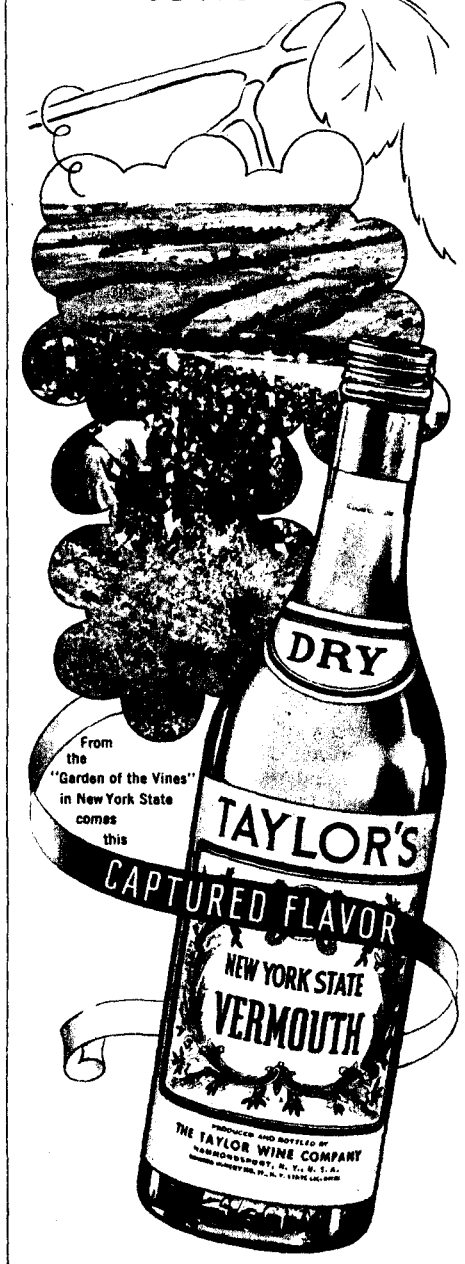

From the FAMOUS CELLARS at Hammondsport, New York

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impression that that sort of thing was brand-new to Ted, but I was wrong because then he said, "Now that I know you're interested—" For just a moment he hesitated; then he went on: "Well, the fact is I wrote a science-fiction story myself once."

Ann glanced up quickly, the way a woman does when her husband gets off on the wrong subject. Then she turned back to Nell, smiling and nodding, but I could tell she was listening to Ted.

"Yeah?" I said.

"I worked out this story on the world of the future that you—"

"Ted!" said Ann.

But he just grinned at her and went on talking to me. "Ann's always afraid I'll bore people with some of my ideas."

"Well, this one's *silly*," Ann said.

"Of course it is," Nell said, soothing her down. "I can't understand why Al reads that sort of thing."

"Well, you gals just go on with your talk, then," Ted said. "You don't have to listen. Honey," he said to Ann, "this is different; this is all right."

"Sure," I said, "it's harmless. At least we're not out drinking or hanging around the pool hall."

"Well—" He shifted his position and was smiling, very eager, almost excited. I could tell this was something he was itching to talk about. "A friend of mine and I used to bat the breeze around about this kind of stuff, and we worked out a story. Matter of fact, we did more than that. He was an amateur printer; had his own printing press in the basement. Did beautiful work. So one time, just for a gag, we printed up an article, a magazine, the way it might look and read sometime in the future. I've still got a copy or two around somewhere. Like to see it?"

"Ted," Ann said pleadingly.

"It's all right, honey," he said.

WELL, of course I said sure, I'd like to see his article, and Ted went on over to their house and in a minute or so he came back with a long narrow strip of paper and handed it to me.

It didn't feel like paper when I took it; it was almost like fine linen to the touch, and it didn't rattle or crackle, but it was stiff like paper. At the top of the page, there was a title, printed in red—long thin letters, but very easy to read. It said: *Time on Our Hands?* Underneath was a caption: *Should TT be outlawed? A grave new question facing a world already stunned with fear of oxygen-reversion, population-deterrent and "crazy-molecule" weapons.*

Ted said, "The funny shape of the page is because that's how it comes out of the teleprint receivers in subscribers' homes."

Both the girls looked at him contemptuously, and went on with their conversation.

"Pretty elaborate gag," I said.

"I know," he said, and laughed. "We spent a lot of time fooling around with that thing."

I turned back to the article, and a picture in the middle of the page caught my eye. It was a man's face, smiling, and it seemed to stick right out of the page. It was taken fullface, yet you could see the nose jutting out at you, and the ears and sides of the head seemed farther back in the page. It was beautifully printed and in marvelous color. You could see fine lines around the eyes, the film of moisture on the eyeballs, and every separate strand of hair. I raised the picture closer to my eyes and it went flat, two-dimensional, and I could see it was printed, all right. But when I lowered it to reading distance again, the photograph popped out in three dimensions once more, a perfect miniature human face.

The caption said: *Ralph Kent, 32-year-old quantum physicist and world's first Time-Traveler. His initial words upon his reappearance in the laboratory after testing TT are now world-famous. "Nobody in sixteenth-century England," he announced, "seems to understand English."*

"Your friend does some pretty fine printing," I said to Ted.

"The photograph?" he said. "Oh, you can get results like that if you're willing to take the time. Go ahead; read the article."

I lighted another cigarette and started to read. The article said: *The first practical Time-machine reached blueprint stage in the Schenectady laboratories of the DeFarday Electric Company in November of last year, a closely guarded secret among seven top officials of the company. It is said to have been based on an extension of the basic theories of Albert Einstein, famous theoretical physicist of the last century.*

A handmade pilot model of DE's astounding invention was completed on May 18th of this year at a cost, excluding four years' preliminary research expense, of approximately $190,000. But even before it was completed and successfully tested, it was out of date. A young Australian physicist, Finis Bride, of the University of Melbourne, had published accounts of experiments in which he had successfully substituted a cheaply maintained electric flow-field for the conventional and expensive platinum-alloy heretofore used in gravity-repulsion. The way was cleared, as DE officials were quick to realize, for inexpensive mass production of Time-machines.

It was vitally important, DE's board decided, to try to keep the young Australian's invention a secret from competitors. But almost inevitably, while DE was in the process of tooling up, the secret leaked, and soon Asco, BCA and Eastern Electric were in the race to hit the market first. Almost as quickly, British, French, Russian, Italian, and, soon after, televip manufacturers throughout the entire world were in the scramble. By June of this year TT sets were selling at the rate . . .

COLLIER'S **"You won't see much of Father today, Bruce"** TED KEY

TED'S article went on like that. It was really cleverly done. There were times when you'd almost think you were reading the real McCoy. It told how Time-Travel sets hit the market with a big advertising splash early in the summer. The first day they went on sale the public was apathetic and skeptical. But the following day the press and the televip networks (whatever they were supposed to be) were filled with interviews with people who'd tried Time-Travel, and they were all absolutely bug-eyed with astonishment because the damn' machines actually worked.

You put a little gadget in your pocket called a "tampered relay." Then you turned on your set, adjusted the dials, stepped into a little beam of invisible light, and you'd appear instantly at just about any time and place you'd set the dials for. You left the set on, or adjusted it to turn on automatically after a certain length of time, and as long as you still had your "tampered relay" all you had to do was stand in the same spot you'd first appeared in and you'd be right back home again standing in the beam of invisible light. Well, the public went nuts for it, and at the time the article was supposedly written, production was going full blast, twenty-four hours a day, and practically every last family in the country was scraping up at least the hundred and fifty dollars which the cheapest model cost.

It was really an imaginative job. One of the neatest touches about it was the note of worry than ran all through the article. It was as though there were some awful problem connected with this rage for Time-Travel that the author didn't quite want to put into words. He kept hinting about it, wondering if new legislation weren't needed, and so on, but I couldn't quite figure out what he was supposed to be bothered about. Time-Travel sounded like a lot of fun to me.

"That's a wonderful job," I told Ted when I finished. "But what's the point? All that trouble—for what?"

Ted shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "No point, I guess. Did you like it?"

"I sure did."

"You can have that copy if you want. I've got another."

"Thanks," I said, and laid it in my lap. "But what did you plan to have happen next?"

"Oh," he said, "you don't want to hear any more." He seemed a little embarrassed, as though he wished he hadn't started this, and he glanced over at his wife, but she wouldn't look at him. "Matter of fact," he went on, "the story sort of peters out. I'm really not very good at that kind of thing."

"Yes," said Ann, "that's enough."

"Come on," I said to Ted. "Give."

Ted looked at me for a moment, very serious, then he shook his head again. "No," he said, "it's too hard to explain. You'd have to know a good deal about a world of the future, a world in which people are sick with the fear of self-destruction. Unimaginable weapons that could literally tear the entire solar system to pieces. Everyone living in absolute dread of the future."

"What's so hard to imagine about that?"

"Oh, hell." He laughed. "These are peaceful times."

"They are?"

"Sure. No weapon worth mentioning except the atom and hydrogen bombs, and those in their earliest, uncomplex stages."

I laughed kind of sourly.

"All in all," he said, "these are pretty nice times to be alive in."

"Well, I'm glad you're so sure," I said.

"I am," Ted answered, and he smiled. Then he stopped smiling. "But it'll be different in another century or so, believe me. At least," he added, "that's how this friend and I figured it out in our story." He shook his head a little and went on, sort of talking to himself.

"Life will barely be worth living. Everyone working twelve, fourteen hours a day, with the major part of a man's income going for taxes, and the rest going for consumers' goods priced sky-high because of war production. Artificial scarcities, restrictions of all kinds. And hanging over everything, killing what little joy in life is left, is the virtual certainty of death and destruction. Everyone working and sacrificing for his own destruction." Ted looked up at me. "A lousy world, the world of the future, and not the way human beings were meant to live."

"Go ahead," I said, "you're doing fine."

HE GRINNED, looked at me for a moment, then shrugged. "Okay," he said, and settled back on the porch rail. "Time-Travel hits the world the way television has hit the country today, only it happens a hundred times faster, because it's just about the only way to have any real fun. But it's a wonderful way, all right. Within less than a week after the first sets reach the market, people everywhere are going swimming after work on an untouched beach in California, say in the year 1000. Or fishing or picnicking in the Maine woods before even the Norsemen had arrived. Or standing on a hill overlooking a battlefield, watching the Crusaders have it out with the infidels."

Ted smiled. "And sometimes not so safe. In Newton, Kansas, a man arrives home in his living room, bleeding to death from arrow wounds. In Tallahassee a whole family disappears, their TT set turned on and humming, and they are never heard from again, and the same thing happens here and there all over the country and the world. In Chicago a man returns from a day in seventh-century France and dies in two days of the plague; everyone is worried stiff, but the disease doesn't spread. In Mill Valley, California, a man reappears in his home, his face gashed, his hand mangled, his clothes torn to shreds, and he commits suicide the following day. His wife has been stoned to death as a witch because they were fools enough to appear in a crowded eleventh-century Danish public square in modern dress, talking twenty-first-century English."

Ted grinned and winked at his wife; he was enjoying himself. I was fascinated and I think Nell was, too, whether she'd admit it or not. "But then," he went on, "warnings are soon published and televipped by all the TT manufacturers and by the government, too, and people quickly learn caution. Brief courses of instruction are published on how to conduct oneself in various times, how to simulate the dress and customs of earlier periods, what dangerous times and places to avoid, and TT really comes into its own. There are still risks, still accidents and tragedies, of course.

"Inevitably some people talk too much—the temptation is terribly strong—and they land in insane asylums or jails. Others can't stay away from the danger times and are lynched by superstitious mobs. A good many people die of the common cold, which science had eradicated and to which the human race had lost its old resistance. But there's risk in anything, and the important thing is that once again it's possible to take a *vacation*. To really get away from it all for a week, a day, or even an hour before dinner. To go back to simpler, more peaceful times when life is worth living again. And nearly every last soul in the world soon finds a way somehow to own a TT set or get access to one."

Ted looked at me, then at Nell. "Naturally, then, the inevitable happened; the only possible ending to my story. Maybe you've figured out what had to happen?"

I shook my head, and Ted looked at Nell to see if she knew; then he said, "It's easy.

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People simply stopped coming back. All over the world, within less than a month after TT is introduced, the same almost simultaneous thought seems to strike everyone: Why return? By this time everyone has discovered a favorite time and place in the history and geography of the world. And everybody is enthusiastic for his own particular discovery; some one century or decade, some country, city, town, island, woods or seashore, some one spot on the world's surface at a certain time that best suits his temperament. And so the same inspiration hits nearly everyone: Why not *stay* there? Why come back? To what?"

Ted slapped at a stray mosquito and said, "Within forty days' time the population of the entire world is down to less than seven million people, and nearly all of them are getting ready to leave. Suddenly the world is left to the tiny fraction of one per cent of human beings who want wars and who cause them. But the people who fight them walk out. Before the governments of the world realize what's happening—before there's time to do anything about it—the world's population is nearly gone.

"The last emergency Cabinet meeting of the U.S. government breaks up when the assembled members discover that all but one of them are themselves planning to leave for other times. In six more days the twenty-first century is deserted like a sinking ship, its population scattered thinly back through the preceding twenty-five hundred years. And of the very few who are finally left—the tiny minority who preferred the present—most are soon forced, out of sheer loneliness and the breakdown of a world, to join friends and families in earlier times.

Ted looked at us for a moment, then said, "And that, my friends, is how the world ends. On the edge of a precipice, with one foot over the edge, it stops, turns and goes back, leaving an empty earth of birds and insects, wind, rain and rusting weapons."

FOR maybe half a minute Ted sat staring at nothing, and no one said anything; a cricket began to chirp feebly off in the grass somewhere. Then Ted smiled. "Well," he said, "how do you like it, Al? Good story?"

"Yeah," I said slowly, still thinking about it. "Yeah," I said, "I like it fine. Why don't you write it; maybe get it published somewhere?"

"Well, I thought about that, as a matter of fact, but on the whole I prefer inventing. It's easier."

"Well, it's a good story," I said, "though there are some flaws in it, of course."

"I'm sure of it," Ted said, "but what are they?"

"Well, for one thing, wouldn't people in those earlier times notice the sudden increase in population?"

"I don't think so. Spread the world's population through the thousands of preceding years, and at any one time or place it wouldn't be more than a drop in the bucket."

"Okay," I said, "but speaking of inventions, wouldn't everyone traveling back to simpler times start introducing twenty-first-century inventions?"

"Not to amount to anything. You mean like space ships in 1776?"

"Something like that."

Ted shook his head. "It couldn't happen. Suppose *you* went back a hundred years; could you make a television set?"

"No."

"Or even a radio?"

"I might. A simple one, anyway. Maybe a crystal set."

"All right," Ted said, "suppose you did. I doubt if you could find all the materials—copper wire, for example—but suppose you managed; what would you listen to? You'd tell people it was a radio and what it was for, and they'd lock you up. You see? And what do most people know anyway about the marvelous things they use every day? Practically nothing. And even the few who do know could never find what they'd need to duplicate them, except in the actual time they belong in. The best you could do would be to introduce one or two of the very simplest things people used in your time, like a modern safety pin in Elizabethan England, if you could find the steel. And a few things like that wouldn't upset the history of the world.

"No, Al, you'd just have to take your place as best you could in the world as you found it, no matter what you knew about the future."

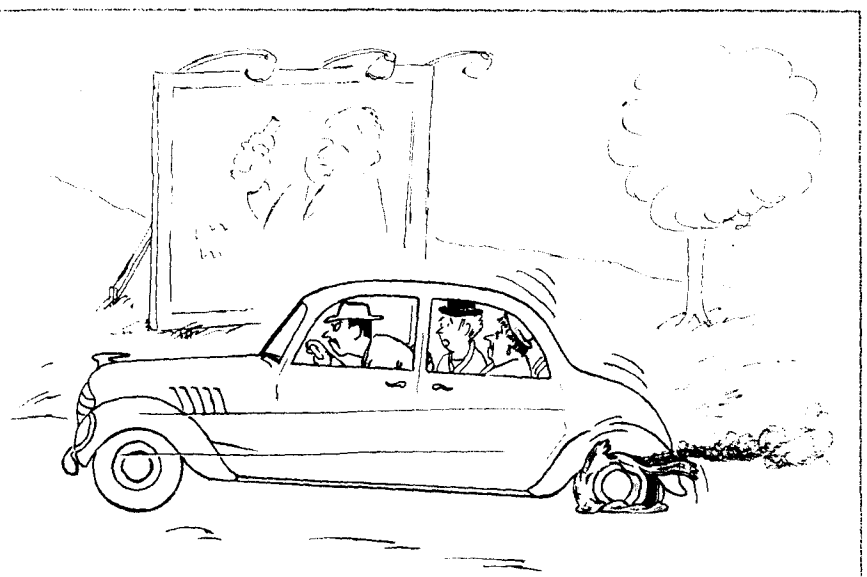
Well, I let it go at that. I didn't mean to get started knocking holes in Ted's story, and I went into the house and broke out beer for all hands. I liked Ted's story, though, and so did Nell, and we both said so, and after a while even Ann broke down and said she liked it, too. Then the conversation got off onto other things.

But there you are. It's like I said; the Hellenbeks were strange in some ways, but very interesting neighbors, and I was sorry to see them move away. They moved not too long afterward. They liked California fine, they said, and liked the people they'd met. But they were lonesome for old friends, people they'd grown up with, and that's understandable, of course.

So they moved to Orange, New Jersey. Some old friends were arriving there soon, they said, and the Hellenbeks were anxious to be with them. They expected them, Ted told me, sometime in the spring of 1951, and they wanted to be on hand to meet them.

There's a new couple next door now—perfectly nice people who play a good game of bridge, and we like them okay. But I don't know; after the Hellenbeks, they seem kind of dull.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"For heaven's sake, Marvin, stop and put the spare on! Mother can take tomorrow's train!"

AL MUELLER

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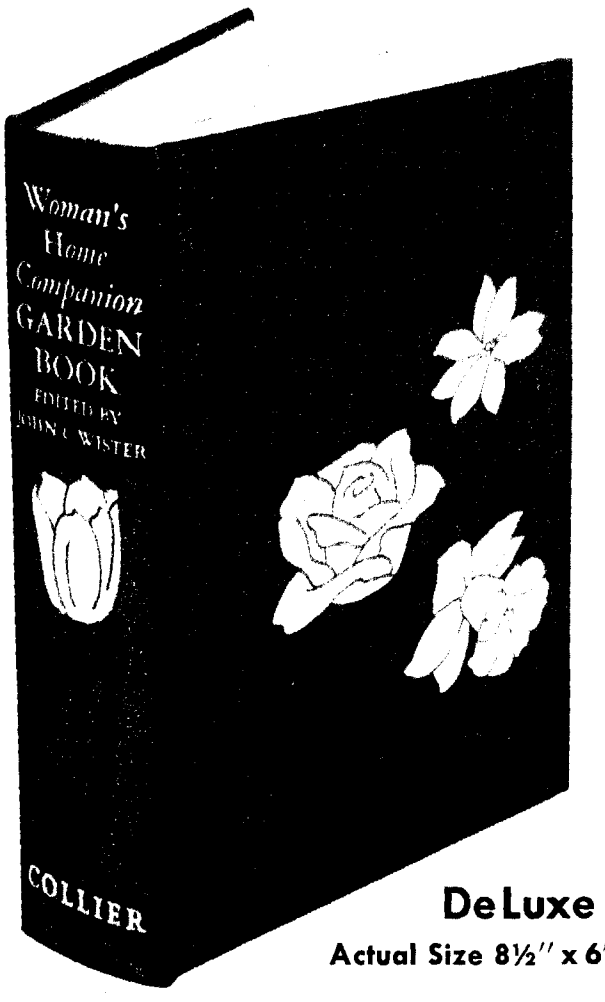

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Chicago's New Menace

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

with passivity. If "women and children first" is the watchword of the new-style criminal—well, then, "women and children first" must be the watchword of police protection! So reasoned a mild-mannered clergyman on Chicago's West Side who, because of his refusal to bow to the recurrent depredations against children at the Precious Blood parochial school, won for himself the neighborhood appellation, "the Fighting Priest." To Father Jerome Dehnert, it was as simple as this—"We've got to show the police that if they don't do anything about it, *we will.*"

Last Palm Sunday, Father Dehnert put aside the material he had originally planned for his sermon. He spoke instead, at every Mass, of the new peril which was thrusting sordid tentacles into the streets and byways of the community. He pleaded for quick, courageous action. He exhorted every parent in the parish to come to a mass meeting the following Tuesday. "We *must* do something about it!" he demanded.

A Child Living in Terror

About what, specifically, Father?

Specifically?

There is a girl eight years old who goes to Precious Blood school, a little girl who frequently wakes up screaming in the middle of the night. These are screams of the terror which still haunts her from that balmy day last March when school was dismissed early and she started romping home at 2:00 P.M. The little girl was cutting across Altgeld Park. A strange man called to her. She ran away from him. He chased her, caught up to her, clapped a hand over her mouth and dragged her to a row of dilapidated, empty buildings where a new superhighway is being cut through. He pulled her into one of the buildings, took her to an upper floor, and kept her there for an hour and a half, raping her several times.

All the child could plead in her paroxysm of horror was, "Don't kill me! Don't kill me!" When he left her to stumble on home the child was bleeding and incoherent. She was hospitalized for three days.

Again—to be specific—there is a boy of ten at Precious Blood school who will never forget a certain narrow escape. Not the kind of narrow escape boys have walking fences or climbing trees, but a frightful, ugly kind of escape. He was kite-flying with some playmates at Altgeld Park when a downdraft sent his kite diving into the street on the other side of a fence. He went out into the street to get it. A man intercepted him, asked him to come along and "have some fun" over by the railroad viaduct. The boy said no, he wanted to keep on flying his kite. The man coaxed, then tried to bribe, finally took a knife out of his pocket and marched the boy to the railroad viaduct.

He took him up onto a ledge. Terror-stricken, faced with a kind of captivity and attack he could not understand, the boy tried to shriek for help. His captor clamped a hand over his mouth. The boy struggled, wrenched himself free. He scrambled down from the ledge. He ran. The man threw rocks at him, but the boy ran. He ran all the way home, then collapsed in exhaustion.

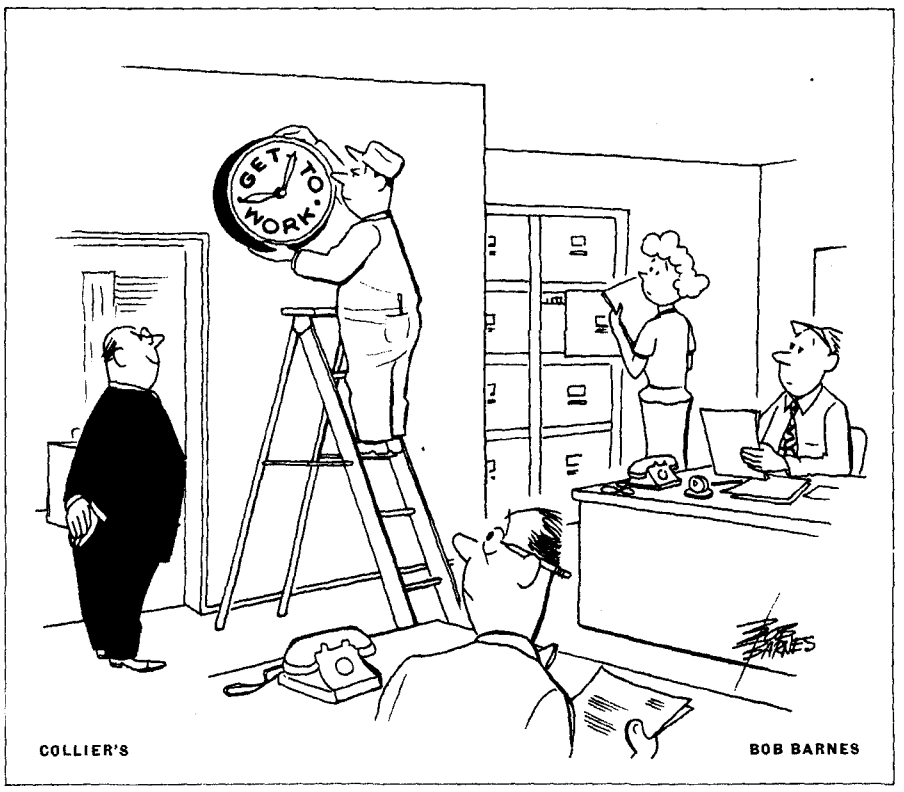
There were other incidents in the Precious Blood parish, a number of them. Some the parents had hushed up. Some the parents hadn't even known about. Now the facts began to come forward.

Six hundred parents, more than the school hall ever had held before, came to Father Dehnert's meeting. The fathers in the Men's Club took up the new neighborhood slogan—"If the police don't do anything about it, *we will.*" They organized patrols and went out into the streets in pairs after supper, patrolling up and down and keeping sharp eyes on the places where children congregated on the warm evenings. The women of the Mothers' Club patrolled during the day, in twos, threes and fours. They convoyed the children to and from school, and a few of the especially brave ones stationed themselves as lookouts around Altgeld Park and the railroad viaduct.

"What else can we do?" asked Edward W. Quigley, president of the Men's Club. His five youngsters were playing about the living room as we talked over the dining-room table, out of their hearing. Mrs. Quigley said softly, "We don't dare allow the children out after dark. But now—when these things happen in broad daylight—what else can parents do?"

So the business of parenthood in this Chicago neighborhood took on a grim new obligation: street patrol against the sex aggressor.

The new era of *crime against people* has



produced a quick-trigger violence which defies any conventional approach to criminality. "Some of these crimes are just plain wacky," a seasoned police lieutenant remarked. Indeed, the quick resort to violence, the disdain for human life, would seem to give the psychiatrists a great deal to mull over.

Take this example—in Chicago, a city where a shooting used to be a carefully planned performance amounting to a production:

A man put a nickel in a juke box in a tavern on North Wells Street, on the near North Side, one afternoon last August. He pressed the button to hear song number 11. Another man a split second later put another nickel in and pressed the button for song number 12. The juke box played number 12. "You cost me a nickel. Give it to me!" demanded the man who wanted number 11. "I can't help it if my record came up ahead of yours," said the man who got number 12. Whereupon the number 11 man pulled out a pistol and shot the number 12 man in the neck.

All for a song.

Last April 28th a storekeeper on the South Side was held up by a pair of hoodlums. At the sight of their guns, the storekeeper's wife became hysterical and started to scream. The hoodlums turned menacingly toward her. "Don't shoot her! Don't shoot my wife!" the storekeeper pleaded. "If you have to shoot anyone, shoot me!" The hoodlums snickered and swung their guns. "So you want to get shot, eh?" They shot him twice, then fled empty-handed.

Why? Even a professional criminal of the old days would scratch his head at this. "It just don't make sense," an old-time torpedo would say.

It didn't make sense either, on June 17th, when a prowler stabbed a harmless sixty-year-old man to death with a screw driver in his bungalow on Lafayette Avenue. Or on August 27th, when two motorists got in each other's way trying to drive around a double-parked car on Calumet Avenue—and one solved the argument by shooting the other dead. Or on August 28th, when a guest at the fashionable Congress Hotel, instead of paying his bill, shot and killed the credit manager and then killed himself.

Chicago's Fifth Police District, south of the Loop, is probably the nation's most concentrated theater of violence. It is but three square miles in area, yet jam-packed with 148,786 people (three and a half times the population density of the adjacent 18th District), and its dilapidated dwellings, worn out and cast off by more favored occupants of former days, have been broken into honeycombs crammed with five and six families. There are all the slum conditions to make the Fifth District the "Fatal Fifth," which indeed it is.

Of a total of 48,514 major crimes reported by the Chicago police for 1949, the Fifth District accounted for 4,250. Approximately 1.5 per cent of the area of the city was the scene of approximately 9 per cent of the major crimes, or six times its share.

I walked into the Fifth District Station, which Chicago cops boast is "the busiest police station in the world," and I could readily see what they meant. The station was like a movie house on the old bank nights. Cops and their charges were milling about for their turn with the desk sergeant, like customers waiting to buy tickets. Everyone seemed harried, but the most harried man in the place was the clerk, who looked up from an enormous complaint book, shook his hand as though it had writer's cramp, and groaned, "We fill one of these books every five days."

Yes, the cops keep track of the crime all right. They can give you the box score for any month. Major crimes in the Fifth District for last June, for example: 2 murders, 1 manslaughter, 5 rapes, 23 armed robberies, 8 muggings, 11 assaults with intent to kill, 90 assaults with deadly weapons, 15 burglaries, 11 purse snatchings, 130 larcenies.

But what do the cops do to keep those figures down? Not much, in the opinion of the city's assiduous watchdog, the Chicago Crime Commission. "Law enforcement conditions in the Fifth Police District are totally unsatisfactory," states a Crime Commission report. "There is little respect for law and order or for those who enforce the law. Police protection is inadequate. The carrying of concealed weapons is commonplace. Robberies and other acts of violence occur during the daytime with frequency, and few effective steps have been taken to curb them."

The commission report quotes a "prominent and well-informed citizen of the district" as saying, "Pocketbook snatchings and holdups are common. There is absolutely no effective action taken by the police department against the perpetrators of these crimes, many of which are committed in broad daylight. The police are always the last to arrive on the scene and never obtain information leading to the punishment of the offenders."

The report continues, "A prominent political leader stated, 'It's always too late when the police arrive for them to do anything except block traffic.' This person said he had observed strong-arm robberies taking place in the daytime with people passing the robbers and with the victim lying helpless on the sidewalk. On occasions, the people walking along the street stop to watch the robbery. Some laugh. Others say, 'Isn't it a shame?' and move along."

Many business houses have refused to send their delivery trucks into the Fatal Fifth following the slayings last year of two milkmen, murdered in the streets for the handful of coins they had in their collection bags.

The Fifth District, while topping the crime roster, is but one of many which have cried out for more and better police protection. In Hyde Park, Kenwood and Oakland, the neighborhood newspaper, the Hyde Park Herald, has campaigned steadily since last February against crime flurries which have turned a fine South Side residential section into a maelstrom of store holdups, house burglaries, thefts from parked cars and purse snatchings.

Last April the Herald unhappily pointed out, "With crimes occurring at the rate of 10 a day, the Sixth Police District, including Hyde Park, Kenwood and Oakland, is now second only to the notorious South Wabash (Fifth) District."

Jack O. Ackermann, secretary of the Oakland-Kenwood Planning Association, warned of a "mass flight of people" from the area if crime were not abated.

Big Loot Taken from Workers

All over Chicago, people who work hard to earn a living are fed up with turning over the money on their person to the hoodlum with a gun or the punk in the street with a spring-blade knife. The take of burglars, thieves and stick-up men last year was $14,752,455—or an average of more than $40,000 a day!

Where are the cops?

On every hand in Chicago I heard this plaintive query from a hoodlum-hounded citizenry. In an era when the lead-spattering gangsters have bowed out, only to yield the stage to the psychopathic killer, the rapist and child molester, the mugger, the quick-trigger hoodlum, the knifer and the stick-up man, Chicagoans earnestly look for that man in blue with a star on his chest—but they do not find him. Even Mayor Martin H. Kennelly remarked to me, "It is surprising how few policemen there actually are on the street."

Remember the Precious Blood parish where the parents and "the Fighting Priest" were up in arms about crimes against children? I went to the 27th (Warren Avenue) District Station, which covers the parish. I had before me a report of Father Dehnert

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mass meeting, at which former Police Commissioner John C. Prendergast had admitted, "What we really need is the old-fashioned foot patrolman, patrolling the beat." But from the station assignment sheet I found that there were actually fewer patrolmen pounding the neighborhood beats than at the time the outbreak of sex crimes occurred.

There are 20 beats (or "posts," as they call them in Chicago) in the 27th District. I found six men covering them on the day watch, seven men on the evening watch, and 11 men on the night watch—exactly 40 per cent coverage. "And that's better than average," said the lieutenant. "Usually we have only four or five men, each trying to walk four or five posts."

Where Mothers Patrol Beats

Anyone familiar with police work knows that this means *no foot patrol whatever* on the residential side streets. When a beat man has an impossible area to cover, he doesn't attempt "area coverage" at all; he simply walks a "line beat" up and down the main drag. That's what cops were doing in the 27th District—and all over Chicago. Flournoy Street, where Mrs. Jean Carzoli, ex-president of the Precious Blood Mothers' Club lives, was as barren of police as the arctic tundra. "The only time we have anyone patrolling the street, it's *us,* ourselves," she said.

In the 15th (Englewood) District, I went to the spot where Patricia Swartz was knifed to death. Any beat coverage here?

No, none at all. The nearest patrolman was somewhere walking a line beat on a main drag three blocks over. The murder of the Swartz girl was precisely the kind of crime which could have been prevented by a beat man, a cop actually walking in the neighborhood, flushing the suspicious stranger, probing the shadows, scouting the alleyways and the bushes, and watching neighborhood folks safely home.

In the entire 15th District, which is laid out into 49 beats, I found 27 foot patrolmen on the day watch (most of them tied up at school crossings), seven on the evening watch, and 10 on the night watch—30 per cent coverage.

In the Sixth (Hyde Park) District, where a thirteen-year-old girl was raped in her own bedroom by a burglar last year, the beat coverage was down to 16 per cent. Six patrolmen were trying to cover 38 beats, futilely strung out over more than six beats apiece.

In the 23d (Marquette) District, the coverage was fantastically inadequate. Here is a district of four and a half square miles, with 90,191 inhabitants. *Two* foot patrolmen were on its streets the night I toured the district. One man was "covering" 10 beats. The other man was "covering" 15. Actually, they weren't covering at all. They were doing what any sensible cops would have to do. One was on busy Roosevelt Road, the other on Cermak Road. The rest of the district was virtually naked, with only radio cars to rush in after crimes had already occurred.

Here, in this district, is the Cook County Hospital Nurses Home. A policeman on the street would have come in mighty handy the night of September 16, 1949, when a nineteen-year-old nurse was being called for by her boy friend. A hoodlum with a pistol brazenly commandeered their car, drove the couple into an alley, locked the boy friend in the trunk of the car, then drove off to Maine Township where he raped the girl.

Chicago has 39 police districts. They are all barren of beat men. In the Seventh (Woodlawn) District, I found six cops trying to cover 37 beats; in the 10th (Grand Crossing) District, *one lone cop* was trying to cover 44 beats; in the 25th (Fillmore) District, nine cops were trying to cover 25 beats; in the 29th (West Chicago Avenue) District, seven cops were trying to cover 25 beats, and in the 30th (West North Avenue) District, three cops were trying to cover 30 beats.

Raymond J. Crane, chief of the Uniformed Force, who himself calls the situation "deplorable," told me, "The plain fact is that some nights we don't even have one man on foot patrol for an entire district."

Why is Chicago a naked city?

One word answers the question: Money.

Every insider knows that Chicago needs more policemen. Mayor Kennelly knows it. The Crime Commission knows it. Certainly the new police commissioner, Timothy J. O'Connor, knows it. O'Connor has a force of 7,162. Of the five cities of America with populations over 1,000,000, Chicago ranks fifth, or last, in police personnel per thousand population.

O'Connor, a career policeman with 23 years of experience on Chicago's streets, stepped into former Commissioner Prendergast's shoes last November 14th. Known to Chicago as an honest cop and respected by the Crime Commission as "a high-grade fellow," O'Connor said to me as he settled into the top command, "We're going to try our level best to protect the people of Chicago from crimes of violence. They have a right to that protection. We'll do our best with what we've got, but we need men!"

O'Connor insists that Chicago, with its 3,631,000 people and 213 square miles, should have a force of 10,000 police, nearly 3,000 more than its present strength. (This would still leave it far behind a well-policed city like Boston, which has 2,500 cops for 788,000 people. To equal Boston, Chicago would need a force of 11,500.)

Rather than ask for all the reinforcements it needs in one swoop, the police department patiently asked for 1,183 more men in the last city budget. But rather than being granted this much-needed increase, it actually received—*a decrease.* The 1950 police budget of $28,266,169 was $595,342 *less* than the budget for 1949. That part of the budget devoted to patrolmen's salaries was lower by $378,684, which meant, in terms of beat protection for Chicago, over 100 fewer cops on the street in 1950 than there were in 1949. And there were 165 fewer cops in 1949 than there were in 1948.

This continued shrinkage, with its attendant crime peril to the people of Chicago, stems from the tax cul-de-sac in which the city finds itself. The City Corporate Fund Tax was pegged by the Illinois state legislature at $41,000,000 in 1946. From this fund, which together with fixed revenues brought the city's purse to $85,430,323 in 1950, all operating costs—including police costs—must be paid. Though costs on every hand have steadily increased, the legislature has held the $41,000,000 Corporate Fund Tax limit clamped upon Chicago like a vise.

The City's Financial Plight

The city threshes about convulsively trying to make ends meet. It begs the legislature for increased taxing powers. It complains that it contributes a lion's share to the state coffers but gets only a mouse's return. Some of its citizens cry for a payroll tax, whereby funds for the city's vital services could be raised. But in the long-time acrid contest between Chicago and the rural counties, Chicago still has not reached first base.

There is a growing bitterness, too, toward the hundreds of thousands who have fled from the city to more pleasant, roomy suburbs on the commutation fringe: the people who live *off* Chicago but not *in* Chicago. The metropolitan area has now swollen to 5,494,000. City dwellers complain about the outlanders who pay their taxes elsewhere, come into Chicago to earn their pile, and then whisk out again leaving nothing more than their lunch money behind. These people impose a tremendous extra traffic burden on the police department. They demand and enjoy protection while they are in town. They use all the city's services. Why shouldn't they pay for them? So the argument goes.

In spite of the millstone of penury hung around its neck, Chicago has been taking—unheralded and unpraised—some significant steps to cope with the menace of the new era of hoodlum, psychopathic crime. Though plagued by its old reputation, the city has been moving in transition and, in some civic areas, has quietly outstripped some of its more haughty rivals.

To deal with sex crimes the city has prepared, through the Criminal Law Committee of the Chicago Bar Association, a "Sexually Dangerous Persons Law" which is probably the most enlightened form of sexual psychopath legislation yet drawn up in the country. It will go to the legislature at the coming session.

The law provides for the proper handling of the sex criminal when his aberrations *are first discovered,* not after he has already left a long string of victims behind him. It calls for his confinement and treatment as a mental patient, which indeed he is; but in no case does it grant his release, unless he is no longer a menace to society.

Two Previous Sex Offenses

With such a law as this, Joseph Bortnyak, who had amply shown himself to be a "sexually dangerous person," could have been out of harm's way long before he snatched little Charlie Bradley out of his crib to slay and mutilate him. For Bortnyak had been caught for two earlier sex crimes, one in 1940, one in '46. The new law could remove from circulation, and try to rehabilitate, the 166 sex crime repeaters who streamed through Chicago's courts last year.

In another crucial area—race relations—Chicago is on the move. It is facing up to the fact that rampant violence and hoodlumism spring from festering slums, regardless of the color of the inhabitants.

I sat in a class at the police department's in-service training school and heard Thomas H. Wright, director of the Chicago Commission on Human Relations, lecture to a tough group of sergeants. It was rough going, for the old stereotypes about race and crime die hard, but Chicago cops were learning the basic criminological fact that a Negro slum dweller commits a crime not because he is a Negro but because he is a slum dweller. More than that, they were learning a basic appreciation of the oneness of mankind and the meaning of a free society. Nothing, in a city where race tension has frequently shown its ugliness, is more important than that.

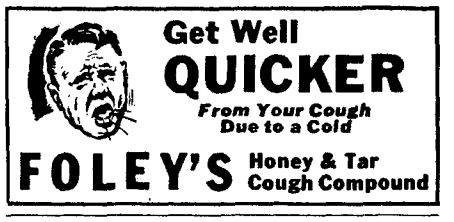
In the recruit classes for new cops, Patrolman Donald Keevers gives a six-hour course in human relations. "We've got to fight the 'authority complex,' " says this ex-Marine. "The day when the word 'policeman' meant rubber hose, billy club and third degree is gone forever. We've got to work with people, help them understand one another, help them live together in harmony."

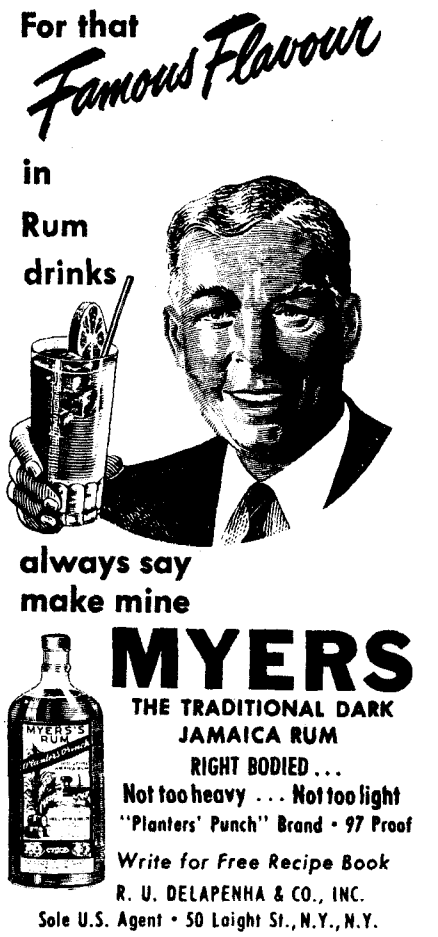
When a Chicago cop talks like that you know the city has changed.

You know it has changed, too, when you look in on Captain Robert Ryan's Juvenile Bureau, where kids are turned away from hoodlumism by patient understanding and a helping hand. And when you see the work, second to none in the country, done by the Chicago policewomen, under Ruth Biedermann. And, finally, when you go down to 160 North LaSalle Street, where the whole city, county and state have pitched in together to inaugurate a Crime Prevention Bureau, aimed at the very heart of the problem of the hoodlum era—stopping crime before it gets started.

Chicago has a long row to hoe. But it is hoeing. And it knows just how long the row is, thanks to Sergeant Edward Erickson, who with Commissioner O'Connor's blessing, turns out a meticulously accurate monthly report on all known crime in the city. Prior to 1949, Chicago, like many another city, used to kid itself by dishing up phony statistics. It doesn't any more.

The city is serious now. Because crime, instead of yielding the good riddance of gangsters and bums, as in yesteryear, today is aimed at the innocent breadwinner, the helpless woman, and the little child. Given the men to man the beats, Chicago could save them from terror. THE END





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A Fine Wife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

into the back of the truck. When Maureen began to worry about the chest being too heavy, he just laughed at her.

"I'll take the drawers out first. That'll lighten it a lot."

His shoulder muscles rippled when he lifted the chest; that was all. He laid it carefully on its back, put the drawers back into it without a scratch, and wrapped crokersacks around it like a mother pulling the covers over her baby.

"That all?" He was breathing faster and there was a shine of sweat across his lip, but his grin was as ready as ever.

"All but the teapot," Maureen said. "I have to carry that."

"Oh." That was all he said, but you could see the laughing behind his eyes.

Mrs. Tatum and the miracle of Seth saved Maureen from crying about leaving the cove. She looked back and waved, then turned her eyes forward and held the teapot tenderly in her lap.

AFTER a while, Seth said, "What's with the teapot?" He didn't talk like mountain people; he got around a lot—saw movies and read comic strips.

"It was Ma's." Maureen's chin squared for a minute and then she slid a beseeching look at him. "Don't you think it's pretty?"

"Sure. For a teapot."

"But not like a pretty girl?" Since Seth wasn't for her, she might as well start trying to act natural with him.

He laughed at her from the corners of his eyes. "Of course. In a bathing suit, at that."

Maureen flinched. She would never wear a bathing suit, even if her shape was as good as anybody's. Studying it shyly over the years, she had decided there was nothing wrong with it if she stood on tiptoe and didn't have to walk. "It'll soon be fall up here," she said, to change the subject. "There's a maple turning already." The tree was like a bouquet of sunlight.

"Maples are always the first to turn." His voice was different too, as if he realized how his careless speech had stung her. He wasn't hard or cruel; it was just that being so lucky had made him careless.

The road writhed and dipped, writhed and dipped; finally it reached the paved highway that led to Haynesville. Seth stepped on the accelerator; a man on his own home ground, now.

Seth was a farmer too, almost as good as Tim. Their land adjoined; they shared stock and equipment and helped each other when help was needed, with never a real quarrel between them. Seth lived in a neat white cottage on his own land but he ate a lot of meals with Tim and Sue.

The shadows were long even in the valley as Seth turned the truck into the lane that led to Tim's house. When he blew a long blast on the horn, Sue hurried out, with little Harry by the hand and Susie, who was four, at her skirt. Her face was all lighted up and she acted as glad as if she hadn't seen Maureen in years. Maureen hugged her and felt the tears coming faster than she could blink them back. Sue saw them and gave her a quick squeeze. "Welcome home, honey," she said. . . .

People in the valley said over and over how good it was of Sue to take in her little orphaned sister, but they never said it but once to Sue herself. They didn't know, for a long time, that in exchange for a home Maureen had brought the lovingest heart and the two most willing hands in all of the valley. All they saw was that she was real useful in spite of being lame and that she was downright pretty in the face.

Maureen didn't know or care what they said about her; after the first weeks she was too happy and too busy. The children took to her like ducks to water and since she slept in the room with them they thought she must be about their own age.

"Hate to crowd you in with the kids like this," Tim said when she came, "but we can't build on another room till prices come down."

When she had been there a week, Tim walked in one night and dropped a roll of bills in her hand. "Haven't sold the place yet, but I sold your cow and the chickens. We've got more of both than we can say grace over. Next time we go to Haynesville you can buy you some fancy clothes."

She stared at the bills without touching them. "But, Tim! Half of this is Sue's; we ought to share—"

"I'm taking care of Sue." His voice was rich and prideful.

She fingered the bills uneasily, but she knew she would go to town when she could, and pick out at least one store-bought dress. Just to wear to church.

". . . then you said it was a shame to get my evening slippers wet and insisted on carrying me into the house"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

Getting used to Seth, trying to treat him the way he treated her, was the only hard thing. He was in and out of the house all the time, talking farming with Tim, eating Sue's and Maureen's good dinners, playing with the children. He acted like he and Maureen were just part of the same family, and after a while, when she got her courage back and gave him as good as he sent, it seemed to tickle him.

"I've been hoping," he said one day, "that you'd ask me over for tea some afternoon." And his eyes went to the teapot that was sitting in glory on Sue's mahogany-finish sideboard.

Maureen squared around at him. "You make fun of me and I *will* ask you to tea, and stand over you with the poker to make you drink it."

He laughed and gave her a funny look. "You know, I believe you would. I used to think you were as meek as a little bunny rabbit but I guess I was wrong. In a fight, I guess I'd rather have you with me than against me."

Her eyes, blue-green like a pool in the cove, were still stormy. "Then you'd better be nice to me."

He was nice in his way. Of course he never took her out anywhere, to a movie or a dance—naturally—but he noticed her and he did little things, like pulling out her chair when she sat down to eat, or buying her a spool of blue thread when he went to town. She had the feeling that he was sort of surprised at himself, that he was wondering why he bothered to be nice to a lame girl with one good dress.

Another thing that Maureen discovered in Sue's house was magazines. She swallowed them whole: the fashion articles and recipes, the advice on how to get a husband or keep the one you had, on how to raise your children so they wouldn't have something called complexes when they grew up. And of course the love stories, except that they made her feel so bad.

She had been there a month when Sue mentioned the square dance. The dances were held in the gymnasium of the consolidated school, Sue said, and almost everybody in the valley, young and old, went to them.

"I hope you'll enjoy it," Sue said in a voice too bright to be natural.

They were washing up the supper dishes at the time, and Maureen's hands got very still under the soapsuds. "Enjoy it?" Her voice broke. "I couldn't go, Sue. I'll mind the children while you and Tim go."

Sue kept on polishing a glass that was already shiny. "They're fun to watch, Maureen. Half the people don't dance; they just come to watch."

But I don't *want* to watch, Maureen cried in her heart; I want to be out there—with Seth.

They didn't understand; they thought they were being kind. Maureen struggled but it was three against one (because even Seth joined in) and on Saturday night, dressed in her good pink dress with the blue trim, she rode with Sue and Tim to the dance. Seth didn't come with them, which Maureen thought was funny after all his nagging of her, and nobody mentioned him.

THE dance hadn't begun when they got there but the gymnasium was full of movement and people and the scrape of fiddles tuning up. Maureen pulled into herself like a little terrapin and hunted for a place to hide, but Sue had her by the arm and was introducing her right and left. "Mrs. Thomas, you haven't met my sister"; or, "Ben, come and meet my sister Maureen."

They sat down finally, in straight chairs backed against the wall, and Maureen's tight heart loosened. Nobody would notice her now; nobody would say polite things and wait for her to answer them.

And then she saw Seth come in, wearing a girl like a man wears a flower in his buttonhole, and her heart shrank again into a small, hard knot. Because this wasn't any valley girl; this was somebody from outside, staying at one of the big summer hotels at Haynesville. (Only they called them "inns" or "lodges.") A girl in a plain white dress with no shoulders to it, that made her skin look creamy and smooth as silk.

Seth's eyes raked the room until he found the three of them, planted against the wall, then he steered the girl toward them.

"Hey," he said, in the bright, unnatural voice Maureen knew so well, "I want you to meet Terry Marshall."

He told their names to Terry Marshall and she gave them a gloved hand and a smile as white as Seth's. "So nice to see you."

SETH was going to call the first dance; every dancer would move as he willed it. There is an art to calling the figures. In a square dance people are likely to be as good or as bad as the man who calls the figures: and Maureen knew Seth would be good enough to break your heart.

Miss Marshall sat down beside her and smiled too sweetly, like a lady in furs handing out Christmas baskets. "I'm dying to try this after I've watched a few minutes. I've been making Seth give me private lessons."

Maureen forced words past the lump in her throat. "I guess he's good. I've never seen him."

"He's divine," Miss Marshall told her, as if she didn't know it already. The city girl's eyes were taking in everything and everybody. "This is perfectly fascinating. I couldn't bear to go home till I'd made Seth bring me out here."

Like somebody at a zoo, Maureen thought.

Seth was as good as Maureen had dreaded. He stood beside the three fiddlers, his body swaying like a tree in the wind. "Now join hands and promenade all," he shouted above the music, and the dancers seemed to be driven by invisible reins in his brown hands, and it seemed to Maureen that he had only stopped over at the schoolhouse to make these people dance before he moved on.

The set ended and Seth came over to where they sat, grinning at them all, but lingering when he reached Terry Marshall. "Jim Greer's gonna call the next one," he told her. "Want to try it?"

"I'd adore it," she said in her funny, clipped-off voice, "if you think I won't disgrace you."

He laughed. "I'll take a chance on that."

Tim and Sue danced the next one too, and Maureen sat alone, hugging her shell tight around her. Miss Marshall must have had a lot of lessons from Seth because she didn't miss a beat and she was as light as a dry leaf in the wind. But all the time it was like she was outside somewhere, laughing at herself and all these valley folks. Maureen shut her eyes and prayed for the evening to end, knowing that no matter how long or how hard they kept after her, she would never come again.

And when the dance was finally over and she was safe in her own bed, she pushed her face deep into the pillow and cried without making a sound, so as not to wake the children.

Seth came in late the next afternoon, while she and Susie were playing tea party on the floor with the beautiful teapot, full of sugared water, between them. He grinned and sat down cross-legged with them.

"So you wouldn't invite me."

"We thought you'd be too busy," Maureen said in a prim, ladyish voice.

"How'd you like the dance?" he asked.

"I thought it was—fascinating."

Seth caught on, but he was too pleased with himself to get mad. "She's a honey, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"And as friendly as a stray pup. Not many girls like her would want to come to a country square dance."

Maureen's cup clattered into the saucer. "She came to laugh at us. So she could go

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home and say, 'You'd never *guess* what I did this summer. And they were so *quaint!*" Maureen's voice had got all clipped and buttery, like Terry Marshall's.

Seth scowled at her and stood up. "Suppose I told you she stayed over just to come? Suppose I told you she'd maybe stay for good if I asked her?"

Maureen was too mad for caution now. "Not for good; for bad. Unless you want to sell your farm and go live her way. She might stay till—till the new wore off, then if you wouldn't go with her she'd go by herself." She heard her own big words and retreated from them. "But it's your business, not mine."

"You're damn' right it's mine," Seth growled, so fiercely that Susie primped up her mouth and got ready to howl. "But I didn't expect that kind of catty talk from *you.*"

He slammed out without another word, and Susie began really to cry.

After that, Seth didn't come to the house so much, and when he did come he made out like Maureen wasn't even there.

IT WAS so plain that Sue noticed it before long. "What on earth's happened to Seth, Maureen?" she said.

Maureen was sewing buttons on Harry's new rompers, and the question made her jump and stick the needle in her thumb. "I made him mad," she cried, and told Sue all about it. "I wasn't being mean!" she cried. "I just think it would be terrible for him. He ought to pick some smart, pretty girl from around here; somebody like that Lucy Tyler."

Sue gave her a look so full of love and pity and helplessness that she had to bend her head over the rompers and let her shiny hair fall forward to cover her face.

"He wouldn't have Lucy Tyler," Sue said in a certain voice. "She's dumb and she's flighty. But he'd be crazy if he talked that Marshall girl into marrying him. Or"—Sue's voice got hard—"let her talk him into it, more likely. I knew some of the summer people had made a lot over him but I didn't know he was *that* big a fool." She scooped Harry off the floor where he was building blocks and held the rompers up to him. "You grow so fast," she told him in a grumbly voice, "these are likely to be too short before we get them finished." . . .

Fall came to the valley, brisk with frost to come and flaming with the turn of leaves. Maureen knew homesickness for the first time in weeks, because it would be chill and beautiful in the cove, and Pigeon Creek would be tumbling down the mountain. But the cabin had been sold now, and there was no call for Tim to ride that way so she could go along. Mrs. Tatum stopped by once or twice on her way to Haynesville but time and different ways had come between them and they had little to talk about.

The men were busy getting ready for winter, so that Tim came home only to eat and sleep and Seth came hardly at all. Seth still wore his bristly anger like a porcupine's quills but Maureen's heart was some lighter because she knew by now that Terry Marshall had gone back to where she came from. Whether she was coming back, or whether Seth had asked her to stay, was something she didn't know and would never try to find out. When he found the right girl she would gather up the strength to be glad; right now she was too limp with the relief of knowing that he was still alone in the white cottage down the road.

The weather turned wet and chilly one Friday and Tim decided this would be a good time to tend to some business in Haynesville. Sue decided she'd better go too, and Maureen said she'd stay at home and look after the children.

When Susie and Harry took their naps she washed up the dinner dishes and sprinkled down some rompers and dresses to be ironed, singing a little tune under her breath while she worked. The rain beat against the windows and the children's clothes smelled sweet and fresh under the hot iron, so that —for the first time since the square dance— Maureen felt like she was standing on the doorstep of happiness and that somebody was about to open the door and ask her in.

She was so busy that at first she didn't hear the scrapy, bumping noise in the dining room. It came to her finally that one of the children had waked up and probably was in to something, so she jumped up and went in to see.

It was Susie. She had pulled a chair over to the sideboard and hoisted herself onto it and now she had one little fist hooked around the handle of the beautiful teapot.

"*No,* Susie, honey!" Maureen hadn't meant to scream but she couldn't help it.

Susie jumped like a scalded kitten. As she turned around her arm swept the teapot over the edge and there was an awful, tinkling sound as the pot shattered and scattered over the dining-room floor.

"Oh, Susie!"

Maureen wasn't screaming now; it was just a whisper. When Susie flopped on her back and began to howl, Maureen didn't even notice her; instead, she was on her knees, holding a broken piece that had two pink rosebuds on it.

"I wanted to play tea party," Susie wailed from her corner.

"You ought to have asked me," Maureen sobbed.

She sat down and began to collect the broken pieces in her skirt but the tears made it hard for her to see them, while sorrow made her deaf to Susie's yells and the sound of a door opening and closing.

Seth stood in the doorway, taking it all in, his face as dark as the clouds outside. He didn't say a word to Maureen; instead, he started toward Susie with his fists clenched.

"You nosy little devil," he growled.

Maureen jumped up, scattering the china again. "Seth! Don't scare her. She's just a baby; she didn't know any better." In spite of her limp she was on him before he could reach Susie, hanging on to his arm with both hands.

Seth's hard muscles relaxed. He stood there looking down at her wet, twisted face, looking so hard and deep that she shut her eyes and wondered if she was going to faint.

"She knew better than to touch your teapot," he muttered. "You loved it better than anything in the world."

"Not better than anything," Maureen whispered; and added in a hurry, "not better than Susie. It was—just a teapot." But the tears kept on squeezing out from between her eyelids.

"It was more than that," he insisted. She hadn't dreamed he might understand about the teapot in spite of all his teasing. "It was a—a kind of symbol."

At first she couldn't believe what was happening. Seth couldn't have his arms around her and his face in her hair; not Seth. He couldn't be talking in this breathless, gentle voice, telling her how much he loved her. The miracle was so unthought-of that she didn't take in what he began saying next, but when the sense of his words reached her she froze stiff and her eyes flew open in horror.

"I can't help it, Maureen," he was saying. "I came over here to tell you because I knew Sue and Tim were in town. The good Lord knows I never wanted to love you; I always thought I'd have the kind of wife—" He stopped in a hurry, but she knew the rest: "The kind of wife I could be proud of . . ."

He rushed on, manlike, not knowing that his words were cutting her heart to ribbons. "I tried hard to fall for somebody else, but you're so sweet and good, so pretty and cute. We'll get married right away."

She jerked herself free and caught hold of a chair to steady herself, and her eyes blazed hotter than the fire. "Seth Farrell, do you think I'd marry you for anything in the world? Do you think I'd marry *any* man, knowing he was ashamed of me and sorry he loved me? I'll stay single all my days before I'll do that."

She rubbed a hand across her eyes and swayed a little. "Go on home, please, before I say something I'll be sorry for. Tim and Sue'll be here any minute and I want to—to get straightened out. Or anyway"—her voice was so hard and bitter it didn't sound like Maureen—"as straight as a girl like me can ever get."

Seth left then, walking as slow as a man in a dream.

Tim and Sue felt terrible when they heard about the teapot and insisted that they were going to buy her another one right away, but they didn't understand about it the way Seth had. She said she didn't want another one, in a voice so fierce that they dropped the subject, but you could tell by their faces that they didn't know what to make of her.

The next day she was more like herself, on the outside and when anybody was around, but the web of contentment was torn to pieces. She was just a lame orphan, and the only man who had ever loved her was ashamed of it and of her. She comforted herself with thinking that, after the way she had talked to him, he'd soon get over it and find a girl that suited him better.

Days came and went, each day shorter than yesterday, and the men worked as hard as their mules. Tim set aside some money and took Maureen to Asheville, where a fine city doctor fitted her with a special kind of shoe that took away her limp. The shoe felt queer and heavy at first, but it was a fine thing to be able to stand straight and proud like other people. It did something to Maureen inside, too, so that her eyes got back a little of their shining. She even began to look forward to Christmas and to think how nice it was to have money of her own, so she could buy presents.

She tried not to think about Seth but sometimes she couldn't help herself. In bed with the children sleeping softly, she would shut her eyes and feel Seth's arms around her; she would ponder the miracle that a man's body could be so hard when his lips were so soft and seeking. He never came to the house any more than he could help, and when he had to speak to her his voice was polite and faraway, so that she began to wonder if maybe she had dreamed a thing that hadn't really happened. Sue's eyes looked questions at them both (manlike, Tim never noticed a thing) but she didn't pry.

Talk began about the big Thanksgiving square dance that was going to be held at the school; a real fancy one this time, with cake and cider for refreshments and pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns for decorations. But this time Maureen was armed; no power under the blue sky could make her go. When Sue tried to work on her and saw the look in her eyes and the set of her little chin, she knew it was no use.

Sue made a last try, though. "You could even dance now, Maureen. With those shoes you walk as good as anybody."

"I don't know how," Maureen said. "I never had a chance to learn."

"It's easy. Seth can teach you in a few minutes. Or Tim," she added in a hurry.

"Thanks, Sue, but I'm not going." Not and watch Seth . . .

When Sue gave up, Seth—of all people—took over. He came to supper one night and at the table he said, to nobody in particular, "We've got to teach Maureen to square-dance between now and Thursday. Tonight's a good time."

"*No!*" She pushed back her chair and jumped up. "If anybody says any more about the dance I'm going clear away."

She couldn't help seeing the queer, twisted look on Seth's face. She wished she hadn't, because it was a lot easier to act natural when he was stiff than when he was kind. Sue opened her mouth, but Seth got his words in first.

"*Maureen, honey*"— and his voice was as gentle as if she was his little sister—"we weren't trying to railroad you. If that's the way you feel, of course you don't have to go."

The gentleness nearly undid her. "I didn't mean to be ugly," she whispered as she sat back down. "You all were just being sweet to me."

"*Of course we were,*" Sue said briskly. "Let's get these plates off so the men can have their pie."

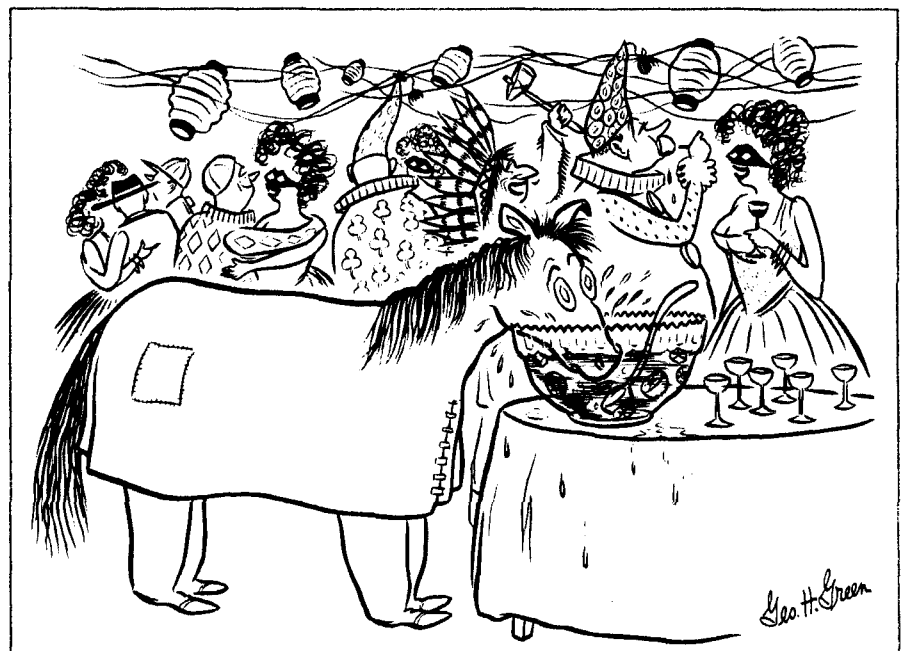
THANKSGIVING came. Seth went home right after dinner—to sleep off all that good food, he explained; and the house seemed to fold its wings. When night came, Maureen got supper so Sue could dress and at eight o'clock Sue and Tim drove away. Again Seth wasn't with them and Maureen wondered sickly about the girl he'd wear on his arm tonight.

After the children had been put to bed, she got a magazine and curled up in front of the fire, to read about girls with heart-shaped faces and two men to choose between; but all the men were Seth and all the girls were—themselves. She shut her eyes and let the magazine slide off her lap.

The sound of the car startled her out of her dreaming. She jumped up and stood rooted to the floor, because it was too early for the dance to be over and the car might mean bad news.

Seth came into the room. Seth, with the deep, funny look in his eyes and a big white box in his arms: a box covered with tissue paper and silver ribbon that he carried like it was his first-born. She couldn't speak; she just stood there like a little china statue.

"I couldn't go to the dance without you," he said, "and I couldn't stand to think about you being here alone. I know it's too early but I—I brought you your Christmas present." And he pushed the box into her hands.



COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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"My Christmas present?" She looked at the box and back at him. "But, Seth . . ."

His old, beautiful grin came back. "Open it. Maybe it'll do more for me than I was able to do for myself."

Her shaky hands were all thumbs as she did what he told her to.

"Go easy," he said in a tight voice. "We don't want another calamity."

She knew then what it was, and she began to shake all over. She hadn't known, though, that it would be her own teapot, down to the smallest pink rosebud. She whispered, "Oh!" and then, "How did you ever . . ."

"I had to hunt around," he said humbly. "It's an old pattern and the store had to order it for me. I meant to keep it till Christmas but when I thought of you here by yourself . . ." His voice faded out and he gave her a long, begging look.

She put the teapot gently on the table and then her legs gave away. She dropped into a chair and cried like she had never cried in her life; not because she was miserable but because this was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to her.

"Maureen, sweetheart!" Seth had pulled her out of the chair and was holding her tight against his chest, pressing her face into the shoulder of his beautiful gray coat. "I love you so awful much, honey, that you've just *got* to marry me. I always wanted a family, too, but I'd rather have you than all the kids in the world. It—it don't even matter any more."

She looked up, dazed. "But, Seth—" She stopped, began to blush, and then went on anyhow. "I can have children. Ma used to worry about it and just before she died she—took me to a doctor. He said of course I could."

Seth's face was a shining glory. "I'm glad, honey. I just didn't know."

"And you were willing to marry me when you thought that? When there wouldn't be any son to leave your land to."

"I was going to leave it to little Harry." His voice was humble again.

This time it was Maureen who reached out; it was Maureen's mouth that hunted for his—and had no trouble finding it.

Her thoughts were whirling but one thought sorted itself out from the rest: Being lame outside didn't matter when you knew that you'd never be lame again—inside—as long as you lived. THE END

Gary Crosby and Friend

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"Gary has been on Bing's radio program a number of times. He has a nice manner, and he probably could do pretty well in show business, but he also likes ranch life and animal husbandry, and well—who knows, he may wind up becoming a singing cowboy.

"Of course, I'm proud of him. But no more so than I am of the other boys."

A Tribute from "The Monster"

Everett Crosby, facetiously known in the screen colony as "the Monster" or "the Wrong Crosby," has been handling Der Bingle's business interests ever since 1926. "You've got to hand it to Dixie and Bing," he says, "for the regular way they've raised those boys. Not a one of them is spoiled. Just as soon as Gary used to step out of line, Dixie would move him right back in. No babying, no extravagant gifts, no extra money. That kid really knows the value of a buck.

"Last summer, Gary was up at the ranch. Bing pays him a regular cow hand's salary. Well, Bing and the twins rode up into the mountains one morning to drive down some stray cattle. Gary was given the job of creosoting the fence posts. The kid started to boil some creosote back at the ranch, and maybe the fumes got to him or he was just sleepy. Anyway, he fell asleep. When he woke, some of the fence posts were on fire. He had a tough job putting the fire out. When Bing got back and saw what had happened he deducted the damage from Gary's salary.

"They've never pampered those kids. The result is that a kid like Gary has a little success, like with these records, and he takes it right in stride. He's the same kid he always was. This thing hasn't gone to his head one bit."

Among teachers who know the four Crosby boys well—instructors like Major Bill Warner and Major John Scanlon who taught the quartet at St. John's Military Academy—the consensus evaluation goes like this: "Linny is the sharpest of the lot, the twins pound for pound are the best athletes, and Gary is far and away the best talker."

Gary's record at the military school reveals that in one year, 1945-'46, he talked himself out of six detentions. "We allow every boy to plead his own case," Major Scanlon says, "and if he's in the right, we acquit him. Gary was always showing up with a witness, and he spoke with such forceful eloquence, presenting such irrefutable arguments, that after a while the staff made double sure before they marked him down for an infraction."

Gary was graduated from St. John's as a private in the band. The twins, Dennis and Phil, left as sergeants; as did Lindsay, whose record was well-nigh perfect.

Major Bill Warner, who made Gary first-string quarterback on the St. John's varsity, says, "He was one of the greatest guardhouse attorneys the school has ever known." The sisters at the academy put it another way. "Gary Crosby," they say, "was one of the best students we ever had in oral English."

For the most part, however, Gary has been a pretty good kid. When he was first enrolled at St. John's, he was eleven and inclined to brag a bit from time to time about being Bing's boy. "We know you're the son of a crooner," a classmate told him one day. From that point on, Gary never discussed his father in school again. When he was graduated from St. John's he was one of the most popular members of his class. "He was a normal American boy," one of the sisters recalls, "well-liked, well-bred, and with all the faults and virtues of the typical adolescent. He was a fair student, and a good trombone player. I don't know why we didn't, but none of us expected him to develop into a crooner."

Gary Crosby was born at 8:00 P.M. on June 27, 1933, at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. He was delivered by Dr. Joseph Harris, who weighed him in at six pounds, seven ounces. Dixie had an easy time with him and says, "He's been the same way since." Gary has proved much less trouble to his parents than his three brothers, especially the twins, who, according to one family intimate, "have the tempers of spitfires and fight like Turks." The twins, for example, were occasionally banned from athletics while in military school because their discipline wasn't up to par. Gary was rarely guilty of misdeeds calling for such dire punishment. The twins, however, always stand together when it comes to fighting or disagreeing with their big brother.

"If we don't stick together," Phillip once explained, "we haven't got a chance against Gary. He weighs so much."

Gary has blond hair which he cuts short, and blue eyes which sparkle when he sings. He's always been healthy, stocky and well-built; and now that he's approaching manhood, he's developing into a full-fledged bruiser. Like most growing youngsters his appetite is tremendous. He can eat anything in great quantities and at any hour, this being especially true of flapjacks, steaks and hamburgers.

In sports, he has a fierce, aggressive competitive spirit which is very much at odds with the genuine modesty and shyness he demonstrates off the athletic field. He will go all out to win a football game—he's dislocated his shoulder twice in the process—and if the team loses, he works himself into a good-sized depression.

"Without a doubt," says Bing, "Gary is the most serious athlete in the family. I've never seen anyone want to win so badly. He's been that way ever since he was a kid. I remember once when he was about thirteen. We used to get up a lot of father-and-son softball games. Once, Dick Hyland, the sports writer of the Los Angeles Times, was pitching for us. Gary came up to bat and crowded the plate. Dick dusted him off with a bean ball. You should've seen Gary. He walked out to the mound with his bat, and we almost had a murder on our hands.

"Over the years he's improved a little, but not much. This past summer up at Spokane, the five Crosbys and a few others got together for a charity game, softball. Gary was catcher. He's a good one, too. In the third inning, when we came to bat, he singled to left. I was supposed to sacrifice, to send him down with a bunt. As a gag, the opposing pitcher tossed me a golf ball instead of the regulation softball. I bunted it, and Gary sprinted to second, raced to third, and tore all the way home, sliding the last ten feet and burning a great big raspberry on his thigh.

"When he looked up from home plate, there I was sitting on first, holding my sides. Everyone was in stitches, laughing at this kid who'd raced all the way from first to home on a bunt. Well, sir, that Gary was fit to be tied. He came running down the first-base line. 'Look,' he screamed, 'if you wanna play goof ball, we'll play goof ball, but I came out here to be serious. If you don't wanna be serious, what's the sense of playing?' He wouldn't talk to me for the next two days."

In contrast to his athletic aggressiveness, Gary is retiring when it comes to other pursuits, even girls. "Athletics and women don't seem to mix," he says. Once in a while, he'll date a local San Jose girl, but for the time being, his studies, his ukulele, his trombone, his positions as treasurer of the student body and member of the student council, the Bellarmine sextet, and the intercity basketball league—all these keep him pretty well occupied.

In His Father's Radio Show

Last year Bing asked Gary to sing and play a part on his radio show. The youngster did a bang-up job and the following week when he returned to school, his schoolmates asked him to join the singing sextet they'd organized. Until that time, the eldest Crosby child had been modest and inconspicuous around the school grounds. He joined the sextet and gave a recital for the Red Cross in the San Jose civic auditorium, following which he was chosen to emcee the annual school show. "He did a good job," Father Flynn says. "Just enough talk and enough warmth. There's nothing brash or smart-alecky about Gary. He's a well-raised young man. Like his brothers, he admires his father more than any other man on earth—although I understand he thinks Bob Hope is funnier in movies.

"He came to us when he was thirteen, and like the sons of most famous men, the lad came with a handicap. He was Bing Crosby's son, and all the rest of the gang were waiting for him to try to cash in on his father's name. He didn't. Everything he's got—his letters, his honors—he's earned.

"We're a prep school for Santa Clara, and

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Gary's talked a lot about going there, especially since he found out that the president, Father Gianera, used to teach Bing at Gonzaga. But whichever university he chooses, the boy will do all right."

Ever since Gary's astounding platter success, Bellarmine Prep has been besieged by hundreds of phone calls and visitors. Practically every charitable organization in the state of California has tried to get the youngster for a benefit. Father Flynn takes all the calls and diplomatically turns them down.

Father Flynn also forwards to Los Angeles the scads of fan mail sent directly to the neophyte crooner on the campus. He also prevents newspapermen from interviewing the boy or interrupting his daily regimen. A reporter who tried to see Gary on the school grounds was told in no uncertain terms by a janitor, "No one sees young Crosby without Father Flynn's okay."

"Gary is normal and unspoiled," the Jesuit priest points out, "and with the cooperation of his parents we're trying to keep him that way."

Gary's daily routine at school begins at six forty-five in the morning. He and his three roommates—Nick Benedetti of Pescadero, California, Dick Miller of Los Altos, California, and Jerry Lyons of Reno, Nevada—get up at that hour and go to Mass. Gary is an altar boy and a leading member of the Sanctuary Society. Mass over, he returns to his room, makes his bed, tidies up, then goes to breakfast.

Classes begin at eight forty-five, "And this semester, brother, I'm really loaded—Latin, English, American history, trig, solid geometry and religion. I've been knocking off pretty good grades. I'm no scholar, but I'm doing a whole lot better than I did back at St. John's."

Classes are over at three, and during the fall, Gary plays and coaches football. In the spring it's baseball, and during the winter, basketball. Actually, the football and basketball seasons overlap, and since he didn't have time to try out for the regular varsity hoop squad this year, young Crosby organized an intercity basketball league in which a sort of Bellarmine pickup team takes part.

Sports, which at this point in his life are all-important to him, are usually over by five thirty—at which time he returns to his room, cleans up, eats, then goes to study hall from 7:00 to 9:00 P.M. By nine thirty he's in bed.

For relaxation, Gary and his pals usually go into town (San Jose) on Friday nights and Sunday afternoons, and sometimes there's a date with one of the local belles from Lincoln High.

Gary's colleagues, who were keenly suspect of him when he first showed up at Bellarmine, point out that his new-found record success hasn't increased his hat size one molecule. "He never mentions the records," one of his friends explained, "and if anybody tries to make a fuss over him, he just brushes it off. He's a pretty regular guy. Give him his choice of a girl or a football, and the football will win every time."

"What I like most about Gary," says a San Jose girl, "is that he never talks about his dad. He's got a good sense of humor, too. Also a sense of humbleness. I remember once we were out, and somebody said to him, 'I guess you think you're a big shot?' Gary's pretty hefty, you know, and he could've knocked this wise guy down, but all he said was, 'Nobody knows better than me. I'm just nothing.'"

Facially, Gary resembles his mother, but his attitude and mental outlook are heritages from the Old Groaner. His manner is carefree and his delivery of a song impersonal, pleasant and straightforward. He never mugs or "sells" a number or tries to project his own personality. He has received no singing instruction and declares that what he knows about song delivery "I picked up by osmosis from my dad."

On the telephone, Gary sounds exactly like Bing and has occasionally been mistaken for his father, which pleases him no end.

Like Bing he is a quick study and needs virtually no rehearsal, either to cut a record or to appear on a radio show. "What usually happens," he explains, "is that my dad has an hour or two of spare time, and he says, 'Okay, let's make a record,' and that's how we do it. No big production or anything, and I never know when it's going to come off. Singing seems to be a natural thing for me, just like eating or sleeping. That's why, maybe, when I'm through with college, I'll go into show business, if anyone wants me. But first I'd like to try coaching."

Gary and his three brothers—the twins are sixteen and Lindsay is twelve—played a bit five years ago in a Paramount production entitled Duffy's Tavern, and Bing's studio has been trying to sign all or any of them to a contract ever since. Bing won't hear of it, no matter how tempting the offer.

Some few weeks ago, when Gary's record had passed the million mark in sales, Bob Hope phoned Bing and asked if he could book the boy on his radio or television show.

"He's a big attraction these days," Hope admitted, "and I'd be willing to pay him off in money. Even $5,000 worth of money."

"No soap, Hope."

"What's the matter?" the comedian asked. "Isn't that enough?"

Bing smiled. "It's not the money, Bob," he cracked. "It's just that I don't want the boy to start off in the wrong environment." THE END

Emergency!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

next room, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you!"

Watson rushed in, crying that he had heard every word over the primitive wire circuit. Today the telephone has become the single most important piece of emergency equipment used during disasters. By the same token it has become so much a part of our daily living that any interruption or delay in the messages humming over the telephone industry's millions of wires and cables can quickly bring economic and social chaos to whole states and regions.

Preventing such a catastrophe is the responsibility of the nation-wide organization known as the Bell System. Communications giant of the world, Bell consists of American Telephone & Telegraph, the headquarters organization; more than a score of associated telephone companies each serving a particular territory; Western Electric, their supply organization, and Bell Telephone Laboratories, the largest fully integrated industrial laboratory in the world.

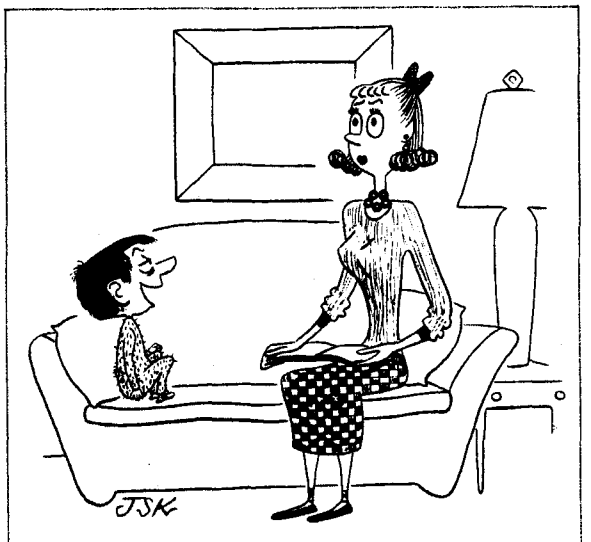
Operating over 80 per cent of the telephones in the United States and handling around 140,000,000 conversations daily, Bell is big, but, when it comes to emergencies, far from unwieldy. In these days of debate over preparedness against the effects of atomic warfare, it is safe to say that Bell is the best prepared civilian agency in the nation. Its plant and supply forces are geared to cope with any sort of blow to the communications system from floods to earthquakes.

Its 600,000 employees, from A. T. & T. vice-presidents in their tower offices in lower Manhattan, to rural exchange operators with a tiny switchboard in a corner of their farmhouse kitchens, are all imbued with the tradition that "the message must get through." One telephone man with a gift for oversimplification likes to compare the $11,000,000,000 business to an African ant colony. "Whenever trouble hits the system," he observes, "everybody goes crazy until it's fixed."

Preparedness starts in the drafting rooms, where Bell architects design each telephone building to fit the locality in which it is to be placed. In earthquake regions new telephone units are fitted with earthquake bracing, and switchboard equipment is anchored to the structure to resist tremors. In the Mississippi and Ohio River Valleys a flood damage control program by Bell has included relocating central offices on higher ground and installing poles tall enough to carry wires over the highest water levels. When relocation is out of the question, inside switchboard equipment is moved upstairs.

One small central office has an ingenious block-and-tackle hoist arrangement for lifting the switchboard through successive floor openings to a point above the highest flood mark. During flood seasons, riversite telephone companies place blankets and cots in the upper floors and, on the roof, rowboats, outboard motors and fuel drums.

Every Bell Company has a detailed disaster plan which is reviewed periodically. In an emergency, priority is given to a group of essential lines, police and fire circuits, hospitals and doctors' offices. These lines are never withdrawn from service and, if damaged, they have top priority on repairs.



"I should think a good-looking dish like you wouldn't have time to sit evenings with fellas MY age!"

COLLIER'S JANE SPEAR KING

To keep its "outside plant" force operating in any sort of weather, Bell uses 50,000 vehicles and pieces of mobile equipment. Besides the familiar olive-green, heavy-duty construction trucks equipped with pole derricks and earth borers, there are snow-buggies, tractor-toboggans and propeller sleds for line crews in the Northwest; jeeps and power wagons for rugged rural areas; motorboats, cable barges and railroad scooters.

Spotted strategically around the country, ready to be moved into disaster-stricken areas, are mobile radiotelephone trailers, power generators, mobile switchboards and telecoaches lined with phone booths. Some of the mobile equipment is shunted around seasonally. During the hurricane season much of it is held in readiness along the Atlantic and Gulf coast areas. During the winter it is respotted in the sleet belt. As spring comes, it is shifted again to flood zones.

Key points in Bell's nation-wide system are four Traffic Control Bureaus in New York, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco, which co-ordinate the routing of 6,000,000 long-distance telephone calls daily. In each bureau, giant black and white display boards list the principal cities of the country and the circuits connecting them. On an elevated wooden catwalk, girls receiving their instructions through headsets move back and forth studding the boards with red, white, green, blue and orange plastic plugs. By indicating the current status of each circuit (withdrawn, out of service, under construction, etc.) these plugs provide an up-to-the-minute visual record of the Long Lines network.

On the floor below, women supervisors who are experts at interpreting the color codes and the tightly abbreviated city lists—in which Indianapolis becomes IPLS, Schenectady, SCDY, Atlantic City, ACY, and Pittsburgh, PTB—scan the boards and allocate circuits to meet the demands of the hour.

When the screeching fury of a hurricane or blizzard, such as crippled the nation east of the Mississippi last November, renders it impossible for linemen to approach pole lines, Traffic Control Bureaus hundreds of miles from the scene swing into action. As chief operators and test-boardmen report circuits failing and cables going out of commission, Traffic's experts begin to "patch" around affected areas, using other circuits paralleling the breaks or zigzagging around them. In intercity telephone conferences, supervisors arrange to borrow and lend one another extra circuits.

So extensive is the web of intercity communication that there is almost always some way of reaching into or by-passing a silenced region. If a hurricane knocks out the circuits in South Carolina, New York calls directed to Miami may go through Chicago. A Los Angeles call to Seattle may be sent east to Denver. After an ice storm not too long ago, New Orleans talked to Baltimore by way of San Francisco.

Always Alerted for Mishaps

With over 25,000,000 miles of long-distance lines to watch, Traffic handles some sort of an emergency almost every minute. On the Texas plains a repair crew finds it must shut down a cable to test or splice it. On the Mississippi River a dredge blunders into a submarine cable and rips it to pieces. Very shortly such happenings are reflected in neatly placed colored plugs on the big display boards in the Traffic Control Bureaus, and long-distance calls are moving over substitute circuits.

Backing up the Bell System in every emergency is the Western Electric Company, Bell's unique supply organization. An A.T. & T. subsidiary since 1881, Western Electric makes or buys for the Bell System more than 40,000 different items of apparatus from telephone poles and bulldozers to telephone booths, pen points and paper clips. Its operations are centered in three huge plants in Chicago, Kearny, New Jersey, and Point Breeze, Maryland, in numerous satellite plants and in 28 distributing houses in various parts of the nation. Just one facet of Western Electric's job is to install switchboard equipment for Bell companies, a chore that keeps 10,000 technicians busy the year round.

When disaster cripples or destroys portions of the telephone "plant," orders pour into Western Electric distributing houses. Sometimes Western is in action before the damage is done. As soon as rising rivers bring the threat of flood, or hurricane warn-

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ings snap in the breeze along the Florida coast, company men start checking stockpiles for the supplies most likely to be needed. Suppliers of poles, crossarms and other outside plant material are notified to be ready to start emergency shipments. Even before the storm or flood strikes, truckloads of reserve stocks pull away from distributing-house loading docks and head for the threatened areas.

When the blow comes without warning, as in the case of fire, ice storm or earthquake, Western Electric's emergency shipment service rushes supplies to the scene. Over the years the company has established a working relationship with the nation's carriers which speedily cuts through red tape. At each of the three plants and in the main New York office are traffic expediters whose specialty is to keep supply stocks rolling.

At night, emergency calls go directly to their bedsides. Each man keeps at home a miniature reference library of the United States transportation system: railway and steamship guides listing every railroad and water carrier in the country; air line, railway and motor truck timetables; equipment registers listing every railroad freight car in the nation and its type, capacity, length and size of its door opening. He also has a book listing every one of the Western Electric suppliers and the home telephone numbers of their key officials.

A Traffic Expediter at Work

Sitting beside his telephone in bathrobe and slippers, scribbling shorthand notes on a pad on his knee, the Western Electric traffic expediter begins placing emergency long-distance calls. He gets company presidents out of bed to arrange for emergency shifts to start turning out additional materials. He contacts railroad yardmasters and arranges for high-speed freight specials to stop for carloads of telephone poles, for freight cars to be coupled to passenger streamliners, for strings of barges to be marshaled at river railheads. He charters cargo planes, motor trucks, boats, whatever he needs to reach the area.

Once he has his shipment rolling he "stays ahead of it" by calls to Western Electric men at the next railhead giving them the number of the train, the number of the car and its time of arrival. When the train rumbles into the marshaling yards, Western Electric men meet it and watch while it is switched to its next train; then they alert the next transfer point.

Telephones were only a few years old when company officials became concerned over the vulnerability of the "outside plant" to storm damage. The basic principle of a telephone conversation has always been two parallel strands of wire connected at each end to make a circuit. During the early days these pairs were strung individually for each customer.

As the use of the telephone increased, larger cities became enmeshed in a spider web of wires. Telephone poles 75 feet tall carried 15 or 20 crossarms. Huge towers supporting thousands of pairs of open wires were constructed on building roofs. When high wind or ice coated these wires with tremendous weight, the damage was fantastic. After the famous blizzard of '88, New York telephone men were busy restringing wires until the next summer.

The first big step in the emergence of the modern telephone system came with the development of a way to bind wires together without "cross talk" (in which conversations jumped from one wire to another) and with the perfection of the lead-sheathed cable, in which dozens of pairs of wires could be twisted together in one armored bundle, waterproofed and weatherproofed.

As the new communication network spread from town to town and city to city, engineers developed submarine cable to lay under rivers and harbors, underground cable, and cable in tile conduits. Today 60 per cent of all the telephone wire in the Bell System is underground, safe from fire, high winds or winter storms; and 95 per cent of *all* the wire is encased in cable which can withstand ice, fallen trees, and sometimes even forest fires.

Although able to resist the elements, the lead-sheathed aerial cable is still at the mercy of two troublemakers: careless or unskilled hunters and vitamin-deficient squirrels. Every year Bell spends thousands of dollars during the hunting season trying to make hunters cable-conscious, and every year thousands of bullet punctures bedevil repair crews. Squirrels have taken a keen interest in telephone cable ever since it first appeared among their treetops. Instead of being deterred by the heavy lead sheath, they nibble and gnaw at it until they make a hole and proceed to tear the paper insulation off the hundreds of wires inside.

Far from taking this lying down, Bell has battled back by protecting the lead with foul-tasting soap, the grittiest sand obtainable, and other unpalatable substances. The squirrels go right on nibbling at the rate of $500,000 worth of damage a year. Scientific surveys indicate the squirrels' cable-eating compulsion may be a quest for a missing vitamin. But all the telephone people know so far is that it's not salt; they hopefully distributed blocks of that around in heavy squirrel territory. The squirrels enthusiastically ate them up and went back to the cable again.

The most dismaying sound that can assail the ears of a telephone lineman is the soft sighing of a freshening breeze when ice coats the wire. Sleet is the greatest physical enemy with which the telephone industry has to contend. Hurricanes may visit portions of the country, cyclones may rip across prairies, floods and fires may wreak havoc, but all of these are secondary compared to the vast destruction which ice may cause in a few hours.

A one-inch diameter of ice on 150 feet of wire adds up to a burden of 200 pounds. With any sort of wind, heavily coated wires, acting like sails, splinter crossarms and pull down miles of poles. Ice-sheathed trees crash into power lines creating a deadly tangle which cannot be approached until the current is shut off.

Ice storms and hurricanes are seldom local affairs. Usually the damage they inflict covers thousands of square miles. To meet these grand-scale emergencies, Bell takes advantage of the fact that for years its tools, telephones, switchboards, training and working practices have been standardized. When disaster strikes the communication network, Bell deploys men and trucks from associated telephone companies as army divisions are used to plug a breach in a battle front.

Efficiency Severely Tested

Millions of people had an impressive demonstration of Bell's efficiency when the great snow, wind and rain storm hit the Eastern part of the country in November. Although nearly half a million telephones were knocked out, more than a third of them were restored in 48 hours, and service was almost normal a few days later. Most of the 675 long-distance circuits interrupted by the storm were back in service within 24 hours.

At the height of the storm, 115 telephone exchanges were isolated. Although many of them were without commercial electric power, they were able to carry on because emergency power equipment had been installed.

In Cleveland, paralyzed under 25 inches of snow, heavy-duty trucks were used by the Ohio Bell Company to get many operators to work. Supervisors and instructors filled in the vacant switchboard positions of those completely snowbound. Many worked 24 hours before they would leave the boards long enough to nap or eat.

Repairmen were shifted to meet peak needs. Sixty splicers from Virginia and twenty-six from Ohio went to the aid of New Jersey. Vermont, hard hit, was helped by 146 men from Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

With all Bell's disaster plans, electronic equipment and vast resources, Bell's real strength in emergencies is still the devotion to duty shown by telephone men and women. The brunt of every restoration job falls on the linemen, who in cold, high winds and soaking rains buckle on their "climbers" and go up the poles to "put the copper back," the splicers in drafty, damp manholes patiently matching up masses of torn cable circuits, and the installers in cramped quarters painstakingly soldering hundreds of tiny connections. In the River Grove restoration there were 1,000,000 hand-soldered contacts.

Operators have a tradition of service in emergencies that often leads them into experiences that resemble the Perils of Pauline. They stick to their posts with earthquakes rocking around them, floodwaters rushing down upon them, and fires leaping up the stairs. And they think fast.

Five Girls and a Tornado

Just before dusk one gloomy March day five women were at the switchboard on the second floor of the telephone building in Danville, Indiana. Raindrops spattered into the room. Operator Artie Bateman hurried to close the windows. Suddenly she heard a noise like an express train plunging up the road. In an instant the air was filled with showering glass. Above the deafening roar of the wind there was a crashing, splintering sound overhead and part of the roof sailed away into the darkness. The lights went out, the wall clock stopped and all the lamps on the switchboard seemed to blink on at once. Danville was in the grip of a tornado.

The front wall of the building disappeared. Window frames crashed down on the switchboard. The operators stumbled through the darkness and dropped flat on the rest-room rug. Bricks cascaded down as the third-floor wall collapsed. During a lull the girls picked themselves up and ran down the shaking stairway toward the street. Then they realized that Artie Bateman wasn't with them.

They rushed back and found her standing at the switchboard in a haze of choking plaster dust. She had Indianapolis on the line and was summoning telephone men and the Red Cross.

A Massachusetts operator, when a dam threatened to break, sent his family to a hilltop and returned to his switchboard to flash the word to towns farther down the line. As he dashed out the back door he was met by a 10-foot wall of water. Retreating to the roof he clung tight and waited. The house held. When the water receded, the operator made his way to a pole and climbed up to plug in on an open wire with a handset. He found himself talking to a newspaper reporter trying to reach the town and from the pole gave him an eyewitness account of the catastrophe.

In another sort of emergency, one Indiana operator led a two-hour chase in pursuit of a carload of bank robbers without getting out of her chair. While supervising an emergency police call one morning, Hazel Haase overheard the report of a bank robbery. Then several calls came in, reporting the five bandits were fleeing in a northwesterly direction in a car with a flat tire.

Miss Haase immediately notified the police of all the towns located in the general direction taken by the bandit car. Queries to subscribers along the route, many of whom had noted the speeding car with the flat tire, gave her the exact course the bandits were taking. When they commandeered other cars and changed direction, Miss Haase knew all about it in a few minutes. The fleeing men were never able to break through the circle of intelligence she kept spreading ahead of them. After a pursuit of more than 50 miles and a running gun battle, Haase-alerted police posses surrounded the bandits in a barnyard and shot it out with them. Three bandits were killed and the other two captured; the entire loot was recovered. Miss Haase heard all about it over the telephone. THE END

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"I ain't going to argue about this," Arky said. "This kid deserves a chance. Slums don't matter. When he grows up, he can figure out what he wants"

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The Story: When an underworld organization goes to pieces, it's pretty difficult for the big men to get out from under. Now the forces of law and order are closing in on ORVAL ("ARKY") WANTY. Arky has been a key figure in an organization dominated by JUDGE GREET. Now the judge is dead, killed by a member of a rival gang. Arky's mistress, ANNA HUNCHUK, is also dead, shot by a gunman who was trying to get Arky. GORDON KING, the organization's paymaster, is seriously ill; and Police Captain CARL DYSEN, boss of the corrupt 17th Ward, has suffered a nervous breakdown and is now under arrest. Police Commissioner THOMAS STARK, with the help of a shrewd newspaper reporter named BEN REISMAN, has finally obtained damning evidence of the Greet ring's operations, and now he has caught up with Arky, who has just been arrested in connection with the murder of HARRY RADABAUGH, the front man of the out-of-town gang that took over the local rackets after Judge Greet's death. Arky did kill Radabaugh, but in such a clever way that he knows they can't pin the murder on him. He doesn't even expect to be questioned much, and has made plans to escape from the city for good, leaving his bookie joint in the hands of his partner, ZAND, and Zand's girl, LOLA, and taking with him only his new girl, ROBBIE, and his chauffeur, JOE BATZ.

Now Arky is to be questioned by Commissioner Stark. He orders Joe to drive the car to Gordon King's house, where Robbie and he and little ORV, the baby left in his care by Anna's young niece, have been staying, and wait for him there.

CONCLUSION

COMMISSIONER STARK was sitting at the desk in his old office in the dingy, antiquated city hall. It was very hot downtown, and though the windows were open, the heavy air was polluted by smoke from one of the commissioner's cheap stogies.

There was a sharp knock at the door, and big Balch, the commissioner's secretary, put his head in. "Excuse me, sir. Very important. A former D.A. investigator was murdered at the Regent bar a little while ago. Can Lieutenant Morgan see you about it?"

The commissioner nodded, and in a moment Lieutenant Morgan came in. He was a big red-faced, heavy-set man in his late thirties. His face was square; his eyes were dark and far from soft. He got his education the hard way. He did everything the hard way, but he did it thoroughly, and the commissioner had had his eyes on the Welshman for some time now, considering him loyal and trustworthy, though perhaps not exactly brilliant.

"Sit down, Lieutenant," said the commissioner. "What about this murder at the Regent?"

"A rat by the name of Harry Radabaugh was killed right in the middle of the evening rush."

Speaking carefully, the lieutenant gave the commissioner a quick run-down on Radabaugh, explaining that there had been rumors for some time that the ex-D.A.'s man was fronting for the Big City corporation which was trying to take over the gambling. In fact, word of it had got to the D.A., and the D.A. had braced Radabaugh about it. Getting no satisfactory answers, the D.A. had thrown Radabaugh out of his job.

Giving no indication that these facts were not news to him, the commissioner showed marked interest. "And who killed Radabaugh?" he asked. "Do you know?"

"No," said Morgan. "But the rumor flying around is that he should have been shot by a small-time bookmaker known as Arky. Never heard of him before. But I understand he has a place in the 17th Ward. I've talked to nearly a dozen what you might call eyewitnesses, and none of them saw a thing—and it's not a coverup. But one thing all of them do say is that Arky couldn't have done it. He was standing right beside Radabaugh. He was in his shirt sleeves, with his coat over his arm. He got into some kind of an argument with Radabaugh, and Radabaugh pushed him. Just as he pushed him, somebody shot Radabaugh."

"Isn't there a possibility this Arky might have done it?" asked the commissioner.

"No, I don't think so, and I'll tell you why, sir. Before the trouble started, a boy from the D.A.'s office named Watrus frisked Arky and said he was clean."

"Why was Arky searched?" asked the commissioner sharply.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not sure, sir. I neglected that."

"First thing tomorrow morning you take this up with the D.A. personally. If the D.A. is smart—and he is—he'll want a word with that man of his. Too much connivance between certain enforcement officers and lawbreakers. How do you know that Arky wasn't deliberately given a clean bill of health?"

Morgan flushed slightly. "I don't, sir."

"Well, make it your business to find out about that. All right. Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. Quite a few men think that somebody was trying to kill Arky and killed Radabaugh by accident."

"Why should anybody want to kill Arky?"

"There is something funny there, sir. No one seems to have any theories about that."

"Has Arky been picked up?"

"Not that I know of. The word is out for him, though."

"Check with Downtown. And stay outside. I may need you."

"Yes, sir," said Morgan, and he went out.

The commissioner puffed meditatively on his stogie. With his inside knowledge of the background, he felt reasonably sure that Arky had killed Radabaugh. But proving it was another matter.

Strange coincidence! The commissioner had had a general pickup bulletin sent out on Arky, apparently almost simultaneously with the killing of Radabaugh. He had intended to question him secretly about his relations with the late Judge Greet. But the killing of Radabaugh put a different complexion on the matter. Now Arky, if picked up, would be in the commissioner's hands, and could be held as he saw fit.

BEHIND him, the back door opened, and he turned. It was Markland, one of the best detectives in the city, and now assigned to the commissioner personally as a special investigator.

"The Lutheran minister's here, sir," said Markland. "Is it all right to take him in to see Captain Dysen?"

"Yes. How's Dysen?"

"Bad. I don't like the look of him. His face is gray. He don't do anything but groan."

"You think he'll sign that statement? I could use it to very good purpose."

Markland nodded. "I think he will, sir, after he talks to the minister. No fight in him at all. Makes me sad to see a man like Dysen in that shape."

"It's not your business to feel sad, Markland," snapped the commissioner. "Too many people feeling sad about crooks, lawbreakers, corrupt officials. Not enough people feeling sad about their victims."

"Yes, sir," said Markland, flushing. "The only thing is, sir—I've known Carl Dysen for fifteen years."

"We all have. Does knowing a man excuse his guilt?"

"No, sir," said Markland.

"I must say I'm disappointed in you," said the commissioner. "All right. Go ahead. Take the minister in to visit him. Then see if Dysen will sign that statement."

"Yes, sir," said Markland; then he hesitated. "I want to say something, Commissioner. Makes no difference how I feel—all men got feelings—I do my duty."

"If I didn't think you did, you wouldn't be here."

Markland sighed and went out.

The commissioner smiled slightly to himself. He had plans for Markland, so he felt that he might as well start giving him a few lessons. Later on he intended to advance Markland to a captaincy, and

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perhaps in a little while put him in charge of the Paxton Square District. Megher, though a good man in many ways, had, under the general laxity, grown more and more corrupt. His suspension might teach him a lesson.

Megher had allowed himself to be corrupted, but in a minor sense. His case was nothing like Dysen's. The captain from the 17th was a hoodlum in uniform and had used the men assigned to his station as a personal police force. This was anarchy, and Dysen would have to pay for it.

The ordinary policemen themselves could hardly be blamed. Like soldiers, they carried out orders. Not too well paid, they had families to worry about and retirement pensions and the future, always problematical. Why should they be expected to defy their captain? You could not expect the impossible from human nature.

The commissioner did not worry too much about the rank and file. With honest men in authority, the rank and file would be honest. No system, no matter how idealistically devised, could be any better than the men administrating it. The security of a city, of a country, or of the world, for that matter, could not be guaranteed by law, but was dependent ultimately on the decency, good will and ability of a handful of men.

The commissioner always found this thought staggering. Brushing it aside, he lighted another stogie. There was a quick knock at the back door, and Markland put his head in.

"The minister did the trick, sir," said Markland. "Captain Dysen wants to get the whole business off his chest. Says he won't sign the prepared statement. Says it is true, but does not go deep enough."

"Ah!" cried the commissioner, jumping up. Then he paused, and grew thoughtful. Finally he spoke. "This statement will be dynamite, Markland. You take it yourself. No stenographer. I don't care how long you spend at it."

"My shorthand's fair, Commissioner."

"And, Markland—prepare yourself for a shock."

BOTH of the young cops rode up in the elevator with Arky. The old man who was running it joked amiably with them, paying no attention to Arky.

Arky felt completely shut out, but in his present state of mind it was not an unpleasant feeling. The excitement of the evening had entirely worn off, and he was at peace with the world. It was almost as if his real life had come to an end, and now all that remained was a brief and unimportant epilogue. Anna and the judge could be tranquil now, wherever they were.

Both Balch and Morgan looked up curiously when the two cops brought Arky into the commissioner's anteroom.

"General Bulletin," said one of the cops. "This is Orval Wanty, known as Arky."

Morgan got up at once, almost overturning his chair. "General Bulletin!" he snapped. "This man is wanted as a suspect in the Harry Radabaugh business at the Regent."

"That, too," said the cop, mildly. "In fact he seems to be a badly wanted boy."

"Sit down," said Balch to Arky, then he turned to dismiss the cops. "All right, boys. You delivered him."

"What's the General Bulletin?" asked Morgan.

"Special priority," said Balch. "Commissioner sent it out."

Morgan showed amazement but made no comment.

Balch buzzed the intercom. "Orval Wanty's here, sir," he said.

In spite of himself, Arky felt a slight tightening of his stomach muscles.

"All right, sir," said Balch. "You buzz me when."

Balch clicked the intercom, then picked up a magazine, ignoring Arky. . . .

Inside, the commissioner, with a stiff face, was reading the newly written statement that Captain Dysen had signed. Markland, his face ashen, sat near by, with a sort of horror still showing in his eyes. A whole world had fallen down about him. Judge Greet? Gordon King? Impossible! Fantastic! Nightmare stuff!

But the commissioner read on and on without change of expression. Finally he glanced up and noticed Markland's discomposure. "I warned you, didn't I? How's Dysen?"

"The doctor's with him now. He looks to me like a very sick man."

The commissioner sighed. "The judge dead. Gordon King not expected to live. And now Dysen. Shall we talk to Orval Wanty?"

Markland's eyes showed a flash of life, and the color began to come back into his face. "Yes," he said. "There's a man I'm curious about."

The commissioner turned and buzzed the intercom. "Send Wanty in. Morgan still there? Have him wait. He can book Wanty at Downtown later." The commissioner

COLLIER'S **"Didn't I hear you talking to someone?"** VIRGIL PARTCH

glanced at Markland. "How's your shorthand coming along?"

"Not bad. I did pretty well with Captain Dysen."

"I'll go slow with Wanty. Get it all down. This man is going to be questioned a lot—in regard to the Radabaugh business, at least—and I want to keep a check." . . .

Although Arky felt a slight nervous tremor when Balch told him he was wanted inside, and also a certain curiosity, he could not shake off the basic feeling of indifference—of apathy even—that he had felt ever since he'd been picked up.

But his attitude changed almost at once when he stepped into the commissioner's office and saw Stark and the big dick, Markland, waiting for him. His nerves tensed up, and his normal feeling of wariness came back on him so suddenly that his eyes flashed before he could veil them.

Then he brought his feelings and his face into control, smiled easily, indicated his cigar, and said, "Excuse me, Commissioner. I didn't realize this thing was in my hand."

"That's all right, Wanty," the commissioner said. "You can smoke. Sit down."

Arky picked out a straight chair near the commissioner's desk, sat down, and took a puff or two on his cigar. His curiosity grew as the seconds ticked past, and the big dick put a notebook on the table in front of him and toyed with a pencil, and the commissioner walked to the water cooler and got himself a drink. What did the man want with him? The General Bulletin had been sent out, he was almost certain, before the commissioner had had any knowledge of the Radabaugh business. The commissioner was a big man, almost as big as the judge had been: he didn't fool around with penny-ante stuff. Could Dysen have talked? Arky felt a tightening in his chest at the thought. Dysen had been in bad shape the last time he'd spoken with him. All the same, he'd ordered the raids! Unlikely he'd talk. Arky crossed his legs and tried to appear at ease.

THE commissioner went to his desk, sat down, and began to shuffle some papers about. "Wanty," he said finally, "I've got quite a few questions I'd like to ask you. But first, let's have your version of the Radabaugh business."

"Yes, sir," said Arky; then he glanced over at Markland. "I see he's going to take it all down, and by rights, I shouldn't answer no questions at all without talking to a lawyer. However, Commissioner, I've heard you're a man that can be trusted, so I'll waive all that and dive in."

"Go ahead," snapped the commissioner, not liking Arky's attitude of doing the police a favor, nor his flattery. "I assure you your rights will be protected."

"I figured so," said Arky; then he calmly gave his version of the Radabaugh business.

"All right," said the commissioner. "Now I'd like to ask you a question or two."

"I'll do my best to answer."

"Were you a regular customer at the Regent?"

"No."

"Why did you go there to get a drink, then?"

"I was driving past. I needed a drink. I saw the sign. So I went in."

"Why did you *need* a drink?"

Arky hesitated. "I think, sir, that I should refuse to answer that question, as the answer might tend to incriminate me."

"In regard to the murder of Radabaugh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's the matter in hand. Anything else is irrelevant, and will be treated as such, so answer the question."

"Well, you see, Commissioner, I'm a bookmaker. Things are getting rough. The police are knocking the boys over one by one lately. I was figuring I might be next, so I needed a drink."

The commissioner nodded to himself. Shrewder and shrewder! "I see. All right, Wanty. I guess that answer is sufficient. Now—why did Watrus search you for a gun?"

"I'm not sure, sir. But I think it must have been Harry's idea. Harry was a jumpy kind of fellow."

"But why *you?* Did he have anything to fear from you?"

"No. But maybe he thought he did."

"Why?"

Arky hesitated. "It's a long story, Commissioner, and it's one I don't think I ought to tell. Informing's not my business."

"Clearing yourself is."

"In this case, I'm clear, sir. You can't hang a shooting on a man who didn't have a gun. However, I'll say this much: The story has to do with the gambling setup in this town. And in a way, Harry was on one side and me on the other. Of course, Harry was a big man and I'm nothing but a small bookmaker. But I was one of the bookies getting crowded by Harry and his bosses, so he might have figured I came in to get him. He always hangs out there. Everybody knows it."

The commissioner glanced at Markland, who was writing busily, and paused to give him time to catch up. His respect for Arky's cunning was growing.

"All right," he said finally. "Another question: You say Radabaugh quarreled with you and refused to drink with you because you took your coat off. That's a little thin, Wanty."

"Sometimes the truth is kinda thin," said Arky. "However, you can check all that, sir. Plenty of witnesses. He told me I looked like a hick who'd just come in for the State Fair; then he pushed me and told me to get going. Then he got it. Somebody right behind me. I could feel the heat."

"I see. All right. Why didn't you stay there, then? Why did you run away?"

"I figured it might be a good idea. First, I'm searched for a gun by one of Harry's friends. Then Harry gets killed. I got no friends in the place. Harry's got fifty. I was figuring I might get one in the back. Could happen."

"Where did you go afterward?"

Arky hesitated for a second. "I went out the side entrance and grabbed a taxi."

"Just a minute," said the commissioner. "Same taxi? Did it wait for you?"

"Same taxi? I didn't drive up in no taxi."

"Well, where was your car, then? Why take a taxi?"

"This is getting more and more complicated, Commissioner. But okay. I have a boy drives my car for me. I'm a lousy driver and people have kept telling me for so long I'd kill myself that I don't drive much any more. Well, Commissioner, I sent this boy on to the newsstand at the Metropole to pick up a lot of newspapers and magazines for me. Told him to wait, I'd come along in a taxi in a few minutes."

"I don't understand all this, Wanty. Elaborate."

ARKY laughed quietly. "I'm telling you it's getting complicated. I wanted him to pick up these papers and magazines because I was figuring on taking a long trip."

"Why?"

"I was taking it on the lam, Commissioner. I figured the gambling game was played out. I turned my place over to my partner. That's why I was feeling low and went in for a drink."

"When the police picked you up, you were where?"

"I was in my car going to Chicago."

"I see. And the boy? Wasn't he picked up, too?"

Arky looked at the floor to veil the triumph in his eyes. "No, sir. He wasn't."

The commissioner hit the ceiling. Markland jumped up, almost upsetting his table, and ran out into the anteroom, leaving the door open. Arky could hear three voices going at once, then he heard Balch calling Downtown and giving the switchboards a blanket call for a certain special radio car. The young cops were really going to get hell.

"Excuse me, sir," said Arky, "but I think maybe I can help you. I told the kid to

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take the car to the garage till he heard from me, so—"

"Wait till Markland comes back!" shouted the commissioner, his eyes blazing; then he took out a stogie and gnawed on it.

In a moment, Markland returned, and Arky gave him the address of the Greek's garage in the 17th Ward; then he added, "The kid ought to be there by now unless he's picked up his girl and took her out for a ride. Though I don't know why you want him."

"What's the license number?" asked Markland.

"That I don't know," said Arky. "I got no head for remembering figures."

"Where's your driver's license?"

"I haven't got any. I told you I don't drive much any more. That's why I got the kid."

"How's that car registered?" asked the commissioner.

Arky hesitated. He felt a strong and growing antagonism for Stark. Anger nagged at him, but he controlled it. Right now was a good time for a guy to keep his head. "I refuse to answer," he said shortly.

"You better co-operate," said Markland, showing a flash of anger.

"I been co-operating. If I ain't careful, I'll end up in jail co-operating over stuff that's got nothing to do with what we're talking about. A guy gets killed standing next to me. I'm in my shirt sleeves, and I got no gun. And what happens? Now I got to prove who my car's registered to. So I answer no more questions about this till I talk to my lawyer."

IGNORING Arky, the commissioner said, "Sit down, Markland. Start a new section. I'm through questioning him about Radabaugh. We'll now take up another little matter."

Arky felt that tightening in his chest again. This was real trouble.

The commissioner glanced at Markland to see if he was ready; then, turning to Arky, he asked bluntly:

"Do you know Captain Carl Dysen?"

Arky's face did not show a quiver. "Yes, sir."

"How well?"

"To say hello to. I been within hollering distance of him for maybe ten years."

"He's not a friend of yours?"

"No, Commissioner," said Arky, with a straight face. "I got no policemen friends. You see, I'm a bookie."

This was insolence, but the commissioner let it pass. "Without policemen friends, how can you operate?"

"I'm pretty small. Just a little book. I'm what is known as a weak tap."

"You look prosperous enough."

"Well, I been operating a long time, and I'm careful with my money."

"You say, then, that Captain Dysen is a mere acquaintance."

"Very mere, sir. In fact I doubt if he'd remember me. Maybe he would. I been around the 17th long enough."

The commissioner glanced at Markland, who seemed to be doing very well. Then, fooling with some papers on his desk, not looking at Arky, he said, "There are a couple of what, for want of a better word, I must refer to as public figures I want to ask you about. Leon Sollas and Rudy Solano. Do you know them?"

Arky spoke without hesitation. "Rudy I don't know, only what I read in the paper. Leon I know."

"How do you know Leon?"

"He set me up in business, Commissioner. He was a big man around town."

"You think he was murdered?"

"I wouldn't know, sir."

There was a brief silence. Then, in a quiet voice, the commissioner asked: "Do you know Gordon King?"

Arky gave a start, but controlled himself and answered at once, "Yes, sir."

"How do you happen to know him?"

Arky thought this over for a moment, then he said, "Well, sir, I've managed to get myself in a little trouble here and there—never convicted of anything, though—and about ten years or so ago somebody—maybe it was Leon—recommended Dighton & Black to handle things for me. Well, Mr. King—a very fine gentleman, by the way—was the boss at Dighton & Black then, and that's how I happen to know him."

There was a long silence. The commissioner sat drumming on his desk. Although Arky's face was blankly calm, cold sweat was beginning to trickle down between his shoulder blades. This was bad—very bad. Little by little the commissioner was linking up the chain. Had Dysen really spilled the beans? Or was the commissioner, knowing little but suspecting much, out on a fishing expedition? Would he get as far as the judge? Very unlikely; and if he did not, none of the rest mattered very much.

The commissioner woke him out of his thoughts by demanding explosively, "Did you know Judge Greet?"

Arky paled, and both Markland and the commissioner noticed it. "Yes, sir," said Arky.

"How did you happen to know him?"

Arky explained at length about how the judge had saved him from prison and befriended him, and how he'd worked five years for the judge as a chauffeur. "Finest man that ever lived," Arky concluded warmly. "Salt of the earth."

For a moment the commissioner said nothing and narrowly studied Arky. There seemed to be little doubt of Arky's sincere regard for the judge. Was there, then, something in this strange man besides hardness and duplicity? Almost in spite of himself, the commissioner began slowly to revise his initial opinion of Arky. Finally he asked, "Why did you leave the judge's employ?"

Arky smiled slightly. "By request."

"You mean you were discharged?"

"Well, more or less. The judge put up with my driving as long as he could. He had iron nerves, sir; but I shook 'em. We parted friends, however."

"Did you see him regularly?"

"Haven't seen him for over ten years. Talked to him on the phone a few times."

There was a long silence and the commissioner sat lost in thought. Finally he said, "To sum up: You admit knowing the following men: Carl Dysen, Leon Sollas, Gordon King and Judge Greet. Now, Wanty, I want you to do something for me."

"All right, Commissioner."

Stark took a document from the top of his desk and handed it to Arky. "Read this. Then give me your opinion. Take your time."

THE document was Captain Dysen's final statement. Arky tried to keep his hands from shaking as he read it. Finally Arky handed the document back, after examining the signature.

"You have any comments to make?"

"Yes, sir. Dysen is crazy, and you better have him locked up in a padded cell."

"For your own part, you deny everything in there, is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You deny that you bossed the vice and gambling of the town, and practically bossed the police of the 17th Ward?"

"I can hardly keep from laughing."

"You deny that you sent police from the 17th to protect the judge and that one of them shot or shot at the assassin?"

"I tell you the man's crazy."

"What motive would Captain Dysen have for telling such a story if it weren't true?"

"If he's crazy, he don't need no motive. Look, Commissioner, you can't ruin the reputation of a man like Judge Greet just on this big lobster's say-so."

"Why are you worrying about the judge's reputation, Wanty? You'd better worry about your own hide." The commissioner spoke with unnecessary sharpness because Arky was touching on a sore and vital point. The naming of Judge Greet in this affair was going to cause an appalling scandal. And after all, what good purpose did it serve? The ring was broken up.

Arky was shouting with sudden animosity, "My hide ain't on the barn door yet. And neither is the judge's. I'll give the lie

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to every word he says—and in court, too."

"Fine!" shouted Stark. "Lie under oath and we'll also have you for perjury." He turned to Markland. "Explain to Morgan that this man is to be held as follows: for questioning in the killing of Radabaugh, and as a material witness; for questioning in the disappearance of Leon Sollas; also for bribery and corruption of police officials, maybe a hundred counts; also for running a gambling establishment in defiance of the laws of the city—and if there is anything else I can think of, I'll call Casey."

"I sure got my rights protected, all right," said Arky.

"You are innocent until proved guilty. I will shortly leave your fate to the D.A. and to the grand jury. All right, Markland. Turn him over to Morgan."

But Arky held back. "Look here, Commissioner," he said mildly, "you mean to tell me you're going to let a thing like this about the judge get out? Why, he was a friend of yours, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said the commissioner. "But that is irrelevant. He's going to have to take the consequences of his acts."

"But he's dead."

The commissioner winced slightly and shifted. Turning, he noticed that Markland was studying him curiously, and suddenly he remembered the "lesson" he'd given the big detective not so long ago. "Does knowing a man excuse his guilt?" he'd said. Now the big detective was watching *him*, wondering. "There are still consequences," said the commissioner. "Dying doesn't settle everything."

"That's a hell of a note," said Arky. "What about his family?"

"You might have asked the judge that, some time back."

Arky swallowed, then took the plunge. "Supposing he's guilty—which he ain't—it's not their fault."

"Are you leading up to something, Wanty?"

"Yes, sir. A deal."

"I don't make deals."

"All right," said Arky. "But it's like this: Dysen's already confessed. Mr. King's about dead, I hear. But I'm still alive and kicking. Wouldn't it be enough to send me and Dysen up? Dysen—he could be the Big Boy."

"What about you?"

"Well, I might hold still for this, but it makes me laugh."

"You still deny everything?"

"I sure do."

"Then why do you want to do this?"

"On account of the judge. Finest man I ever knew in all my life."

THE commissioner looked at Arky for a long time. Loyalty was a great virtue, and a rare one, misguided or not.

"Wanty," said the commissioner, at last, "I don't make deals. I'm against them on principle. They are always unfair. Goats and favorites. And in this case, it would be particularly unjust. The judge was without a doubt the ablest man I've ever come across. He made other men seem pretty tame and flabby and conventional. He had the makings of a great leader, and God knows we need them. But, Wanty, he evaded his social responsibilities; he turned against the very people he should have helped. He—"

Arky broke in. "All I know is, I never met a man in my whole life that I liked as well as the judge."

"I liked him, too," said the commissioner. "But that is beside the point, Wanty. The point is that the way we live is a matter of choice. We have to go one way or another. No one can have it both ways. The choice is often a hard one. But for the judge it should have been easy. He had everything: health, looks, brains, ability, education and money. He deliberately took the wrong way. In other words, there is no excuse for him, so why should he be protected at the expense of others?"

With his lips compressed, Arky shifted, took a step toward the door. "No deal?"

"Listen, Wanty; you knew the judge intimately. Wouldn't you say that he was a man who knew perfectly well what he was doing at all times?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

"All right. Then the judge knew that at any moment there might be a crash. It was inevitable. He gambled and he lost. If he was alive, do you think he'd let you make a deal for him and go to prison to save his reputation?" Arky swallowed but said nothing. "He'd take his medicine, wouldn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he would," Arky agreed.

"All right, Wanty," said the commissioner. "Think that over."

Arky turned and went out into the anteroom, followed by Markland. The commissioner took out a handkerchief and mopped his brow.

THE police car was moving slowly along at the edge of the dingy city park. A young policeman was driving. Morgan and Arky were in the back. The traffic was very heavy, and the driver kept cursing the taxis, which were darting in and out.

Morgan glanced at his prisoner, who was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, staring apathetically at the floor. Arky hadn't said a word since they'd left the commissioner's anteroom. He seemed completely sunk, Morgan thought, and he had a right to be. It was obvious that the commissioner, for reasons of his own, intended to see to it that the book was thrown at this fellow, who seemed, to Morgan, singularly inoffensive. Not a loudmouth or a braggart.

"Sure is a warm, close night," said Arky finally. "I keep sweating. You mind if I take my coat off?"

"No," said Morgan. "Help yourself."

Arky removed his coat and held it across his lap, then he leaned forward again and sat with his elbows on his knees, his hands dangling.

"Sure feel low," he said in a melancholy voice.

"I can understand it," said Morgan.

"That little commissioner," Arky went on, "he means well, but he can sure be rough and tough on a fellow. He just wouldn't listen to me at all. He just kept talking. A fellow can't make no headway with him. He just won't pay no attention . . ." Arky went on and on in his sad, monotonous voice, lamenting his fate.

The young cop driver was still cursing the taxis. Morgan, lulled by Arky's voice, sat contemplating the crowded boulevard.

Suddenly Arky acted. With his right hand, he flung his coat in Morgan's face, then he reached forward and with his left hand jerked the wheel sharply to the right, and there was a shuddering crash as the police car banged into a taxi, and at once there was a general shrieking of brakes all along the line of traffic and many collisions; tires whined as they skidded on the asphalt; and there was the crash and tinkle of breaking glass.

Arky leaped out the car door into the middle of the traffic jam, ran across the boulevard, darting here and there among the cars; and in a moment he disappeared into the shrubbery of the city park. . . .

The taxi driver, a shrewd-looking, middle-aged little man, pulled up in front of the Paymaster's house. "This it, mister?"

Arky got out. "Yeah," he said, "this is it." Then he laughed. "Just went out for a walk, ran into a friend of mine in the village, and ended up downtown. Didn't even put my coat on." He gave the driver a five-dollar tip.

"Thank you, sir," said the driver, smiling and touching his cap.

Arky called good night, and went up the path. Dim lights were showing in the cottage, and Arky saw the Cadillac parked at the far end of the drive, beyond the garage. As he stepped across the narrow porch, the front door was opened from within and Robbie looked out.

"Ozark!" she said in a rather unnatural voice. "Where's your coat? I was getting worried about you."

Joe was just beyond her. "I kept telling her not to worry," he called.

COLLIER'S **"Remember the funny ending yet, dear?"** JOHN RUGE

"Hi," said Arky. "Never mind the coat." Then he hugged Robbie and stepped into the cottage.

Robbie closed the door. She and Joe stood looking at Arky, waiting for him to explain.

"You all ready to blow?" asked Arky.

They nodded.

"Okay," said Arky. "But I kind of changed my plans a little. Sit down. I'll be with you in a minute. I got to call Zand."

It was some time before Zand answered the phone. "Arky!" came Zand's agitated voice. "Where the hell are you?"

Arky told him, then asked, "What's up?"

"Cops been here twice, looking for you. They also combed the Greek's garage for the Cadillac. The Greek came and told me about it. He just left. What is all this?"

"Never mind about that. Now listen carefully, Zand. First thing, don't open the bookie joint tomorrow. Lock it up and keep it locked until things quiet down. This town's going to be hotter than a Fourth of July picnic for a good long while. Just keep your head down. Okay. Another thing. Do you remember the street number of Anna's old lady's house?"

"Anna's old lady's house? Wait a minute. I'll ask Lola."

A long pause, then Lola came on the phone. "Arky? We sure miss you down here—you and Orv. Place seems empty."

"How about that address?" snapped Arky.

"I got it wrote down here. It's 2371 Kosciusko Street, near Parkway."

Arky made a note of it on the telephone pad. "Okay. Put Zand back on."

"What's all this about Anna's old lady?" Zand demanded.

"Don't ask questions. Just listen. If you don't hear from me in a week I want you to start sending Anna's old lady a couple of hundred a month. Understand?"

"Yeah," said Zand. "But—"

"No buts. When I get around to it, I'll make some kind of arrangement with Dighton & Black. The thing is, I don't want to hand them Polacks a whole hunk of dough at once. They might go wild and blow it."

"Okay, Arky," said Zand wearily.

"One more thing. Get a car out here to me as fast as you can. I'm lamming. Read your paper carefully tomorrow and you'll know why."

"It ain't going to be easy, Arky. The Greek's out on account they got coppers hanging around. I can't bring the Ford; they'll tail me. But I'll see what I can figure out. Call you back when I get a chance."

When Arky came back into the hallway, Robbie was sitting near the door, holding Orv on her lap. The baby was looking about him sleepily and from time to time he waved his little fists vaguely in the air. Joe was leaning against the wall, smoking.

Arky handed him a slip of paper. "There's an address on there. That's where I want you and Robbie to go."

Joe glanced at the slip of paper, then looked up blankly at Arky. "Polishtown?"

"Yeah. Deliver this kid to Mrs. Hunchuk. She's a big fat good-natured dame about sixty."

"Deliver—the—kid?" Joe stammered. Robbie was staring. "What are you talking about, Arky? I thought we were all going to Detroit."

"We are," said Arky. "All but the kid. He's going to stay where he belongs—with Anna's people. No sense us dragging him all over hell and back. For what?"

"For *what?*" cried Robbie. "You want him to grow up in the slums? Polishtown!"

"Anna grew up there, and she was a hundred per cent okay. Now I ain't going to argue about this. I was talking tonight with a guy who knows what he's talking about. This kid deserves a chance. Slums don't matter. When he grows up, he can figure out himself what he wants to do. You kidding yourself about us being the right people to raise him?"

"Why not?" cried Robbie defiantly.

Arky looked at her for a long time. She slowly lowered her eyes and studied Orv, who was nodding on her lap.

"Now listen," said Arky, "you and Joe deliver the kid. Here's a hundred bucks. Give it to the old lady. Tell her a friend of mine's gonna check on it every once in a while. And be patient with her. She don't understand English so good."

THERE was a long silence. Then Arky asked Robbie, "What's a good little hotel in Detroit? Not one of the swell ones."

Robbie thought for a moment. "The Randall. Nice place."

"Randall, huh? All right. I'll meet you there."

"Aren't you going with us?" Robbie demanded.

"I can't," said Arky. "I'm hot. Nice mess if they'd happen to run up on me with you and Orv and Joe in the car. Damn' fine mess. No. I got to go by myself. Zand's getting me a car. Okay, Joe. You wait outside."

Joe shrugged and went out.

Arky went to a small table, unlocked the drawer with a key he took from his wallet, and extracted a thick Manila envelope, from which he counted out a stack of bills.

"Here's five G's, Robbie," he said. "Put 'em in your purse. You might need 'em."

Robbie glanced up at Arky, searching his face, then delicately took the bills from him. Arky smiled. Robbie was an all-right kid, and she really liked the baby; but with her, money talked—and loud.

She stood up, holding Orv. "All right, Arky," she said. "Whatever you say."

"You and Joe deliver the kid, then keep on going. It's on your way. Come on."

Arky opened the front door, then took Robbie by the arm and led her across the porch and through the shrubbery to the parked Cadillac. Joe got out and opened the rear door. Robbie leaned in and put Orv in his basket.

"Well, good-by," she said, looking at

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Arky strangely. "Be seeing you soon in *Dee*-troit." Robbie was like she used to be now.

Arky grinned. "Okay, ball of fire."

"Okay, Elmer."

He kissed her perfunctorily. A curtain seemed to drop between them. They looked at each other uneasily, and laughed, then he helped her into the back seat.

"Just keep moving, Joe," said Arky. He handed the kid a few bills. "Spending money."

"Thanks, mister," said Joe, his face stiff.

Arky stood watching the Cadillac drive off. Then he turned and started back to the cottage.

INSIDE, he went to his bedroom and took a small revolver from a dresser drawer, then returned to the living room. Putting out all the lights there but one, he lay down on the big davenport, slipped the gun in between the cushions, settled himself, and tried to relax.

Things were rough now and maybe Zand wouldn't be able to deliver. It didn't matter too much, however. For the moment, he was safe. If he didn't hear from Zand by morning, he'd go to the village, grab a taxi, give the driver some cock-and-bull story, and have him drive to the nearest town where Arky could catch a train for Detroit.

Arky sighed and lay staring at the ceiling. He felt nervous but tired, and finally he dozed. Vague scenes began to pass before his eyes. Anna when he'd first met her: wearing a tight pale-blue dress, her yellow-blond hair to her shoulders. Big Anna—nobody like her: goodhearted, amiable, human—a fiery temper, but no meanness. She seemed to be looking at him through a pale haze, smiling at him. Then she had Orv in her arms. Now she was gone, and he could see Robbie holding Orv and weeping. Robbie in a white dress—her thick black hair long and hanging down her back. . . .

He woke with a start, sweating, sat up, and glanced at his watch. What a doze! He had been out for over an hour and a half. His head ached and he had such a heavy, lethargic feeling all through him that he could hardly force himself to get to his feet and walk to the kitchen.

He made himself some coffee and as he sat at the kitchen table, drinking it, he wondered if he really would see Robbie again. And, strangely, the idle thought that he might not brought no regret. An all-right kid, Robbie; but no Anna. Nobody could ever take Anna's place; just as nobody could ever take the judge's place, no matter what the commissioner thought of him.

Arky gradually realized that he was now looking out on a different world and was greatly surprised that such a familiar, taken-for-granted place could change so radically. Was that all there was to it—people? Didn't a man in himself mean anything at all?

Arky tried not to think about the future, but visions of it kept rising in his mind in spite of himself. A new life? What kind? Arky had plenty of money; too much, if anything. Most of it free of taxes, it had accumulated like corn in a bin over the years. But he was not much for spending money. The thought of traveling left him cold; and as for leisure, loafing, all he knew of it was an armchair or bed, four walls, some cigars, maybe a fifth of gin, and a few newspapers, like the Racing Form and the Sporting News. You didn't need money for that. And as for women—well, women were damned interesting and necessary, but they didn't fill your life.

Arky sighed heavily, finished the last of his coffee, then rose and went back to the living room.

"Damn it," he said to himself, "I feel like a watch with a broken mainspring!"

He searched the living room, then the study, for a deck of cards but couldn't find any; finally he went back and sat on the davenport, stared at the floor, and waited for the phone to ring. Two clocks ticked in staggered time, lulling him. At last he lay down and put his hands under his head. Once or twice he sighed heavily, then his eyes closed, and he fell asleep.

This time he did not dream. . . .

He woke up with a start. Dawn was showing gray at all the windows. A big man was standing over him with a gun in his hand. The man had a set, determined look in his eyes. Arky's right hand fumbled sleepily among the pillows.

"Go ahead," said the big man. "Reach for it. Give me an excuse."

Arky blinked rapidly and came fully awake. Lieutenant Morgan was standing over him with a police revolver in his hand.

"Hello, Lieutenant," said Arky, smiling slightly. "This is sure a surprise."

"What do you take us for—idiots?" snapped Morgan. "Didn't you know the first thing we'd do was check with the taxi companies? And just to make sure the driver wouldn't forget you, you give him a five-dollar tip. Brother! If I didn't know better, I'd say you just wanted us to trail you." Morgan pulled a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket. "I want to see you get out of these."

"Well," said Arky, rising slowly, "looks like the hounds treed the coon after all. I guess that's nature. The coon ain't got a chance."

Morgan made no reply. He clicked on the heavy cuffs with a feeling of satisfaction and jerked Arky toward the door.

What he would never know was that as they moved across the dewy grass through the lavender-gray twilight of early morning, his prisoner was experiencing a swiftly growing sense of relief.

REISMAN felt good. He was sitting in his cluttered office with his feet on the desk. The city room was dark and deserted, but here it was light and cheerful.

And he had visitors. Red Seaver, diffusing a strong odor of bourbon, was sitting with his feet propped up too, smoking a cigar. And young Downy was perched on the window sill, also diffusing an odor of bourbon. They were all mildly drunk.

Occasionally Red reached down, picked up a copy of the final edition of that day's Journal from the floor, and stared at it with a bemused expression.

"You sure had me fooled for a while, Ben. I was thinking many unkind thoughts about you. But I might have known you'd come through." Red smiled happily and slapped the paper where it read:

Commissioner Stark acknowledges the help given him by the Journal, in tracking down the Greet Ring, the greatest source of corruption our city ever saw in its long history. Commissioner Stark, now Director of Public Safety as well as Justice of the Supreme Court, goes further than a mere acknowledgment; he names names. And we, with the commissioner, want to cite the following trio for their services as public servants as well as crack newspapermen: Ben Reisman, well-known columnist and former police reporter; Langley "Red" Seaver; and Francis Downy III. . . .

Red and Downy were glowing with triumph and had been taking bows all afternoon, and allowing people to buy them drinks. Up to now, Reisman had maintained an air of becoming modesty. But back here in his office, alone with Red and Downy for the final nightcap and the closing round of mutual congratulations, his pride and self-esteem were flowering.

By the grace of God, he'd run the thing down. Luck, hunch and random information had done the trick. Actually, there was nothing to it at all, and in a few days it would be forgotten. But he still knew a big story when he saw one. Or maybe that should be when he *felt* one. With him, of course, it was just a matter of knowing whether that pain in the mid-section was a hunch or the ulcer. This time it had not been the ulcer.

"Gentlemen," said Reisman, addressing the others with a smile, "you may quote me as saying that all any good reporter needs is a stomach for news." THE END

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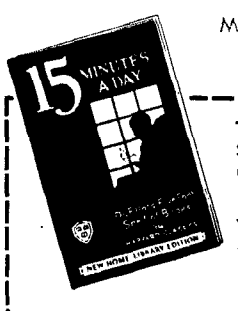

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Elliman's Elegant Eldorado

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

the real-estate world the news was sensational. Even the daily papers carried lengthy stories about the transaction.

There was, however, no rush of competitors into the apartment field. After the first excitement, other brokers decided that Elliman's feat was merely a freakish success. As a result, for several years he had the business almost entirely to himself; he thus gained virtually complete dominance over it.

Then in 1910, the first of the great buildings rented and managed by him and devoted entirely to luxury apartments was completed. Located at Fifth Avenue and Eighty-first Street, it consisted of 18- to 20-room units to rent at prices of up to $25,000 a year.

"When the rest of us at the office went over the plans," Lawrence Elliman recalls, "we were badly frightened at what Douglas had done. It didn't seem possible that the building could be filled."

But Douglas knew what he was about. His first step was to approach Elihu Root, who had been Secretary of State under Theodore Roosevelt and who had recently built a home on Park Avenue. Elliman made to Root the startling proposal that he sell or lease his new house and move into one of the apartments. He demonstrated that the apartment would be more convenient and would involve fewer responsibilities, and he proved that its rent would be no more than the upkeep of the house. Root was convinced.

Discreetly told in the proper places, this story ended all doubts about filling the building. Well before it was ready for occupancy, every apartment had been rented and a waiting list established.

A Realtor Advises Caution

That officially launched the modern era of high-priced apartment living, although there still remained some viewers-with-alarm. "The stability of real estate," intoned the president of a large company with heavy investments in the field, "will be menaced by unrestrained building of multi-family dwellings."

He was quite right about the menace to stability. For many decades much of Manhattan east of Park Avenue had been stabilized as a noisome wasteland. A horse-drawn railway built in 1834 along the line of Park Avenue northward from the city—which then occupied only the southern end of the island—had laid the groundwork for this state of affairs. When the steam locomotive came along, it followed the same line and began belching forth a blanket of soot which was to go on accumulating over the area for more than half a century. By 1880 the tracks had been sunk in a deep cut and partly roofed here and there with bridges which carried the cross-town streets, but dense clouds of smoke still poured upward continuously and hung there day and night.

Then, on January 8, 1902, the engineer of an incoming train got lost in the obscuring smoke, smashed head on into a commuters' special and killed 17 passengers. There had already been much agitation to have the railroads electrify their tracks, and the accident clinched the argument. Along with electrification went the complete roofing of the tracks, which made possible the apartment buildings now lining the avenue—and so completely unstabilized real-estate values that sites once almost worthless now are assessed in the millions.

But electrification was a long, complicated process, and while it was still going on Douglas Elliman lent a powerful hand in the hoisting operation which brought Park Avenue to its present high repute. In 1911 he parted company with Pease & Elliman to set up, along with several associates, including his younger brother Roland, the Douglas L. Elliman Company.

From the beginning, the firm announced that it would specialize in high-class upper East Side apartments. A specialty it developed was persuading prospective tenants to put up the money for erection of buildings to be owned by them co-operatively—as in the case of 300 Park Avenue. One such client invested $180,000 in an apartment and paid an $18,000 a year maintenance fee. Another spent $450,000 for the apartment and several hundred thousands more furnishing it.

Such deals convinced even the most stubborn dissenters that apartments could be profitable, and by the end of World War I the boom was on.

The fate of the mansion built at Fifth Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street in 1901 by copper tycoon William A. Clark of Montana, an ex-senator, was a good example of the trend. A 121-room, seven-story granite monstrosity roofed in solid bronze and bedizened with gold leaf, it contained a swimming pool, four art salons, several dining rooms and 31 baths, and cost $6,000,000 to erect. In 1927 it was brusquely razed to make way for an Elliman-promoted and -managed co-operative apartment building.

An even better example was the story of one of the last houses built on Fifth Avenue, purchased in the early twenties by an heiress of many millions. Not long after she moved in, she suddenly decided that what she really wanted was not a house but an apartment. She called in a construction firm and made a deal for demolition of her mansion, erection of an apartment house on the spot and room-by-room reconstruction of her home as an enormous penthouse atop it. Ten years ago she vacated the 54-room apartment and it has been empty since. Recently it was sold, and the present plan is to break it up into small apartments.

As high-priced apartments skyrocketed in popularity, Elliman rode the crest of the wave. His firm grossed $30,000 in commissions in its first year, 1911. In 1929 it took in over $1,700,000, and he turned down an offer of $2,000,000 for its name and good will.

He also branched out from apartments to participate in some of the biggest deals of that age of big deals. Hotels such as the Roosevelt and the Savoy-Plaza and business skyscrapers such as the one housing the New York Daily News were part of his handiwork.

Another of his ventures was on behalf of Tex Rickard, the gold-dusted boxing promoter out of the West. When Rickard hit town with his plan to build a new Madison Square Garden, Elliman took him in hand, found the site and secretly bought up the individual parcels of land. In the end he also had to scare up most of the financial backing for the project.

"It takes courage," he recalls with a glint in his eye, "to go into deals like that. Even the most courageous shiver a little before they take the plunge. Sometimes they shiver so hard they shake themselves right out of the mood."

It's difficult to imagine Elliman indulging in such tremors. Certainly, he weathered the severest test of all—the Great Depression—with a minimum of shakiness. In fact, he kept his company so triumphantly afloat in the midst of the wreckage all around it that when a letter arrived at the New York Post Office from England in 1930 addressed simply "To a House, Flat & General Property Agent of Repute," it was automatically delivered to him. The envelope is one of his most prized mementos.

Celebrities on Firm's Books

A list of the firm's customers over the years reads like a cross between the Social Register, which is standard equipment for Elliman brokers, and the newspaper headlines. Among assorted Whitneys, Astors, Vanderbilts and such have been names like ex-Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, the Gish sisters, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Presidential Envoy Myron Taylor and songstress Mary Martin.

Elliman's own way of life is on much the same scale as his top-bracket clients'. He lives with his wife and coed daughter (he also has four older sons) in a nine-room Park Avenue apartment which he owns. He usually dines at home and lunches at one of his clubs—the stately Racquet & Tennis or the businesslike Downtown. Although he golfs in the 90s, his real passion is sailing, which he now does mostly on friends' yachts, having parted with his own schooner some years ago. He usually spends most of a month sailing in summer on Long Island Sound or Martha's Vineyard and a week or two in winter at Nassau in the Bahamas.

Not long ago, a man turned up at the Elliman office seeking, he said, a small apartment. One of the brokers took him at his word and offered a three-room place. But it developed that the customer was a Texas oil millionaire and what he meant by small—and what he eventually rented—was an expensive 12-room penthouse. And that done, the Texan further announced that he had a yen to buy him one of those big buildings.

"How about the Empire State?" the broker jested.

"No, that's a little too big," was the dead serious answer.

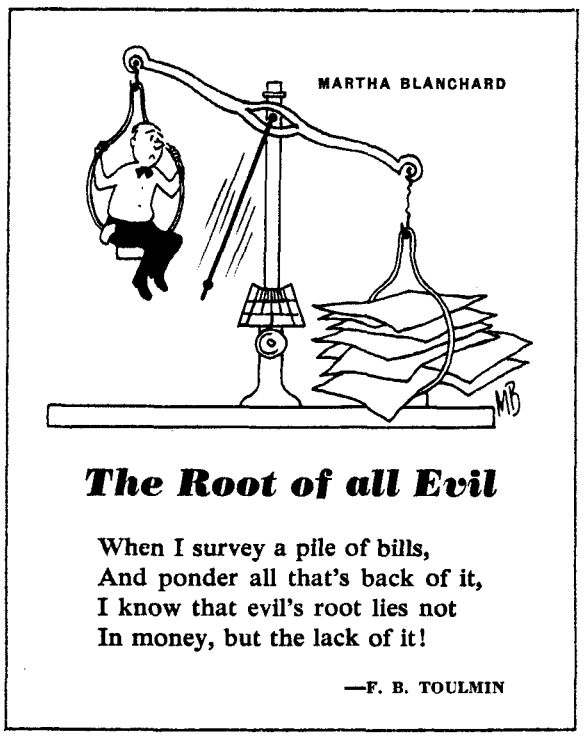
The broker stopped being funny and got down to cases, and the oilman finally decided that what he had in mind was one of New York's toniest hotels. The broker called Elliman, and between them they eventually managed to buy the Texan the one he wanted for several million dollars.

But the taste for this sort of thing and fortunes big enough to permit its indulgence are growing scarce.

"It used to be possible," Elliman recently remarked a little wistfully, "to deal with just the wealthy. Now a lot of our business is with the middle-income group."

On further inquiry you learn that what he means by middle income is $15,000 to $30,000 a year. Still, this does represent a change from the firm's old days, when $15,000 a year often was not enough to rent an apartment in one of its buildings. Some of the luxury buildings now going up in the Elliman bailiwick have apartments with as few as two rooms and rents as low as $1,500 a year.

But the changing standards have not thrown Elliman off stride nor given him any inclination to retire. Large slum scars on the upper East Side still present a challenge. He firmly intends to remain one of the plastic surgeons in charge of excising them. THE END



The Root of all Evil

When I survey a pile of bills,
And ponder all that's back of it,
I know that evil's root lies not
In money, but the lack of it!

—F. B. TOULMIN

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COLLIER'S "Mother, Gerald won't eat any more fudge!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Revolt of the Triffids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

radio but I soon got sick of it, and switched off. The last thing I heard was that the display was diminishing fast and that we'd probably be out of the debris area in another few hours.

There could be no doubt that all this had taken place the previous evening—for one thing I should have been a great deal hungrier even than I was if it had been longer ago. Very well, what was this, then? Had the whole hospital, the whole city, made such a night of it that they'd not pulled out yet?

My train of thought was interrupted as the chorus of clocks, near and far, got around to announcing nine.

For the third time I played hell with the bell. As I lay waiting I was aware of noises beyond the door: whimperings, slitherings and shufflings punctuated occasionally by a raised voice in the distance.

Still no one came to my room.

IT CAME at last to the straight question: Was I more scared of endangering my sight by taking off the bandages, or of staying in the dark with the willies growing every minute?

"Well, hang it," I said, "there can't be much harm if I use common sense. After all, the bandages were due to come off today. I'll risk it."

One thing I put to my credit. I was not far enough gone to tear them off wildly. I had the sense and the self-control to get out of bed and pull the shade down before I began on the safety pins.

Once I'd got them clear and found I could see in the dimness I felt a whole lot better. Nevertheless I made myself take a whole hour gradually getting used to full daylight. At the end of it I knew that, thanks to swift first aid followed by good doctoring, my eyes were as good as ever.

Still no one came.

On the lower shelf of the bedside table I discovered a pair of dark glasses thoughtfully put ready against my need of them. I cautiously put them on before I went right close to the window. What struck me most and at once was the sharp, clear definition of everything—even the distant housetop view across the opposite roofs. And then I noticed that no chimney, large or small, was smoking . . .

I found my clothes hung neatly in a cupboard. I began to feel more normal once I had them on. There were some cigarettes still in the case. I lighted one, and began to get into a frame of mind where, though everything was undeniably queer, I no longer understood why I had been quite so near panic.

I went to the door again and peered into the corridor. I was forced to realize that whatever had happened was affecting a great deal more than the inhabitant of Room 48.

There was no one in sight at the moment, yet in the distance there was a murmur of voices. I could hear shuffling footsteps, too, and occasionally a louder voice echoing hollowly in the bare corridors. I stepped out cautiously.

It was difficult in that echoing building to tell where the sounds were coming from, but one way the passage finished at an obscured French window with the shadow of a fire-escape railing upon it, so I went the other. Rounding a corner, I found myself out of the private-room wing, and on a broader corridor.

At first I thought it was empty, then as I moved forward I saw a figure come out of a shadow—a man who wore a black jacket and striped trousers—and I judged him to be one of the staff doctors; but it was curious that he should be crouching against the wall and feeling his way along.

"Hullo," I said.

He stopped suddenly. The face he turned toward me was gray and frightened.

"Who are you?" he asked, uncertainly.

"My name's Masen," I said. "William Masen. I'm a patient in Room 48. And I've come to find out why—"

"You can see?" he interrupted swiftly.

"Certainly. Just as well as ever," I assured him. "It's a wonderful job. Nobody came to unbandage my eyes, so I did it myself. I don't think there's any harm done. I took—"

But he interrupted again. "Please take me to my office. I must telephone at once."

"Where's that?" I asked, bewildered.

"Fifth floor, west wing. The name's on the door. Dr. Soames."

"All right," I agreed, in some surprise. "Where are we now?"

The man rocked his head from side to side, his face tense and exasperated.

"How the hell should I know?" he said bitterly. "You've got eyes, damn it! Use them. Can't you see I'm blind?"

There was nothing to show he was blind. His eyes were wide open, and apparently looking straight at me.

"Take my arm," he directed. "You turn right as you come out of the elevator, then take the first passage on the left, and the room is the third door."

I followed his instructions. We met no one at all on the way. Inside the room I led him up to the desk and handed him the telephone. He listened for some moments, then rattled the signal bar impatiently. Slowly his expression changed. The irritability and the harassed lines faded away. He put the receiver down on the desk. For some moments he stood silent, looking as though he stared at the wall opposite; then he turned.

"It's useless—dead. You *are* still here?" he added.

"Yes," I told him.

His fingers felt along the edge of the desk.

"Which way am I facing? Where's the damned window?" he demanded, with a return to irritability.

"It's right behind you," I said.

He turned and stepped toward it, both hands extended. He felt the sill and the sides carefully, and stepped back a pace. Before I realized what he was doing, he had launched himself full at it, and crashed through . . .

I didn't look after him. It was the fifth floor.

Instead, I sat down in the chair, took a cigarette from the box on the desk, and lighted it shakily. I sat there for some minutes while I steadied up and let the sick feeling subside. After a while it did. I left the room, and went back to the place where I had first found him, though I still wasn't feeling too good.

At the far end of the wide corridor were the doors of a ward, set with panels of obscured glass. I reckoned there ought to be someone on duty there to whom I could report about the doctor.

I opened the door. It was pretty dark inside. The curtains had evidently been drawn again after the previous night's display—and were still drawn.

"Sister?" I called, hoping a nurse was there.

"She ain't 'ere," a man's voice said. "What's more," it went on, "she ain't been 'ere for ruddy hours, neither. Can't you pull them bloody curtains, mate, and let's 'ave some flippin' light? Don't know what's come over the ruddy place this morning."

"Okay," I agreed.

I pulled back the curtains on the nearest window, letting in a shaft of bright sunlight. It was a surgical ward with about twenty patients, all bedrid. Leg injuries mostly, several amputations, by the look of it.

"Stop foolin' about with 'em, mate, and pull 'em back," said the same voice.

TURNING, I looked at the man who spoke. He was a burly, dark fellow, with a weather-beaten skin. He sat up in bed, facing directly at me and the light. His eyes seemed to be gazing into my own, so did his neighbor's, and the next man's . . .

For a few moments I stared back at them. It took that long to register. Then: "They—they seem to be stuck," I said. "I'll get someone to come to see to them."

And with that I fled from the ward.

I was all shaky again, and could have done with a stiff drink. The thing was sinking in. I found it difficult to believe that *all* the men in that ward could be blind, too, and yet . . .

The elevator wasn't working, so in a panic I started down the stairs. Down and down the circular staircase I ran until I reached the final turn where one could stand and look down into the main hall. Seemingly everyone in the hospital who could move must have made instinctively for that spot either with the idea of finding help or of getting outside. Maybe some of them had got out. One of the entrance doors was wide open, but most of them couldn't find it. There was a tight-packed mob of men

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and women, nearly all of them in their hospital night clothes milling slowly and helplessly around.

The place looked—well, maybe you've seen some of Doré's pictures of sinners in hell. But Doré couldn't include the sounds: the sobbing, the moaning, and the occasional shriek.

A few minutes of it were all I could stand. I searched for and found another staircase, a narrow service flight which led me out by a back way into the yard. As I stepped out into the yard I still half refused to believe what I had seen.

But one thing I was perfectly certain about. Reality or nightmare, I needed a drink as I had seldom needed one before.

There was no one in sight in the side street outside the yard gates, but almost opposite was a pub. I can recall its sign now—The Alamein Arms, and one of its doors stood open. I made straight for it.

THERE was no one in the public bar, but there was certainly something going on round the corner in the saloon bar. There was heavy breathing. A cork came out with a pop. A pause. Then a voice said:

"Gin, blast it! T' hell with gin!"

There followed a shattering crash. The voice gave a sozzled chuckle. "Thash th' mirrow. Wash good of mirrors?"

"Hi!" I called. "I want a drink."

There was a pause. Then: "Who're you?" the voice inquired cautiously.

"I'm from the hospital," I said. "I want a drink."

"Don' 'member y'r voice. Can you see?"

"Yes."

"Well, then get over the bar, Doc, and find me a bottle of whisky."

"I'm doctor enough for that," I told him.

I climbed across, and went round the corner. A large-bellied, red-faced man with a graying walrus mustache stood there clad only in trousers and a collarless shirt. He was pretty drunk.

I took down a bottle of whisky from the shelf, opened it, and handed it to him with a glass. For myself I chose a stiff brandy with very little soda, and then another.

I looked at my companion. He was taking his whisky neat, out of the bottle.

"You'll get drunk," I said.

He paused, and turned his head toward me. I could have sworn that his eyes really saw me.

"Get drunk! Damn it, I am drunk," he said scornfully. "Gotta get mush drunker." He leaned closer. "D'you know what? I'm blind. Thash what I am; blind's a bat. *Ev*erybody's blind's a bat. 'Cept you. Why aren't you blind's a bat?"

"I don't know," I said.

"'S that comet, damn it! Thash what done it. Green shootin' shtarsh—an' now everyone's blind's a bat. D'ju shee green shootin' shtarsh?"

"No," I admitted.

"There you are. Proves it. You didn't see 'em; you aren't blind. Everyone else saw 'em." He waved an expressive arm. "All's blind's bats. Damn comets, I say."

I poured myself a third brandy. "Everyone blind?" I repeated.

"Thash it. All of 'em. Prob'ly everyone in th' world—'cept you," he added, as an afterthought.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"'S easy. Listen!" he said.

We stood side by side, leaning on the bar of the dingy pub, and listened. There was nothing to be heard—nothing but the rustle of a newspaper or poster blown down the empty street. There was such a quietness over everything as these parts could not have known for a thousand years.

"See what I mean? 'S obvious."

"Yes," I said, slowly. "I see what you mean."

I decided that I must get along. I didn't know where I was going but I had to find out more about what was happening.

"Are you the landlord?" I asked.

"Wha' 'f I am?" he demanded.

"Only that I've got to pay someone for three double brandies."

"Forget it, mate. D'ju know why? 'Cause what's the good 'f money to a dead man? An' that's what I am—'s good as. Jus' a few more drinks."

He looked a pretty robust specimen for his age, and I said so.

"What's the good of living, 's blind's a bat?" he inquired, aggressively. "That's what my wife said. An' she was right—only she's more guts than I have. When she found as the kids was blind too, what did she do? Took 'em into our bed with 'er, and turned on the gas. That's what she done. An' I hadn't the guts to stick with 'em. She's got pluck, my wife—more'n I have. But I will have, soon. I'm goin' back there—when I'm drunk enough."

He groped his way to the stairs and disappeared up them bottle in hand. I didn't try to stop him, or follow him. I drank off the last of my brandy, and went out into the silent street. . . .

This is a personal record—and one involving much that has vanished from the world. I can't tell it properly without going over material that probably already is familiar to you from the history books. My excuse is that I was, as the journalists say, an eyewitness to the beginning of the triffids: that I was perhaps the first victim—in a small way, at least—of the terrible power they brought with them when they came to the earth from the faraway planet of Venus.

In the history books, moreover, you will find a great deal of loose speculation on the sudden occurrence of the triffids. Most of it is nonsense. I happen to know the real how and why of it simply because triffids were my job, and the firm I worked for was intimately, if not too honorably, connected with their appearance on earth.

THE real beginning, I suppose, was the conquest of interplanetary space by those ingenious and venturesome ancestors of ours who found the earth too small a place and, after many trials, many failures and many tragedies, succeeded in building rockets and other vessels to carry them into every corner of the solar system. Long before I was born the first man-carrying vessels had reached the moon. And the world into which I was born was still excited over the establishment of the first colonies on Mars and Venus.

All of the excitement was not purely scientific; the world's great financial interests (what in older times would have been called monopolies) were less interested in the fact that men could live on the planets than they were in the wealth the planets produced. The research scientists learned very soon that certain vegetable products which flourished on the planets were enormously valuable, both as food and for remarkable medicinal properties.

The commercial exploitation of these products began almost immediately, and threw the world's markets into dizzying cycles of competition. The firm I worked for was called Arctic & European—probably the largest food combine then existing. An enterprising Argentinian (his name isn't important) who had founded a colony on Venus walked into the offices of A. & E. one day and displayed a bottle of pale pink oil which he proposed to sell them. He left a sample, and the firm's researchers went to work on it.

At first they thought it was a fish oil of some sort, but they soon discovered that it wasn't: it was vegetable, though they could not classify the origin. Then they learned that its vitamin content made their best fish oils look like grease-box material. That threw a scare into them—not the researchers: the board of directors of Arctic & European. If this mysterious oil from whatever-it-was on Venus were to be produced in quantity, that would be the end of A & E—unless they could control production and distribution of it themselves.

"I tell you we'd better be stopping them Communists or they'll be over here making vodka . . ."

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

They sent investigators to Venus, but their report was disappointing. It stated that some two to three square miles of the colony founded by the Argentinian had been cleared of natural growth and was under cultivation. But the investigators could not learn what was being cultivated.

The Argentinian, meanwhile, had made another trip to the earth, and was obviously looking for capital to exploit his product independently of Arctic & European. In fact, by now it was clear the Argentinian wanted nothing to do with A & E at all.

However it happened—and I don't have enough certain facts to make any direct charge against Arctic & European—a rocket ship on its way from Venus to earth was shot down in mid-air. The Argentinian must have been on board: in any case he was never heard of again. Observers who saw the shooting—or its aftermath—reported at the time that fragments of the rocket ship burst widely over the sky and began the long fall to earth. From them streamed something which looked at first like white vapor. But it didn't act like vapor; the way it spread, diffused and eddied was quite different.

Some thought the mysterious substance might be cotton, and that wasn't a bad guess. Only it was far lighter than cotton, or than thistledown. It dispersed until it was a thin veil. Seeds, infinitely light, floated and drifted even in the rarefied air. They didn't have a name then but that was the beginning of the triffids. Millions of gossamer triffid seeds drifted down, wherever the winds of the earth took them.

All this, of course, took place when I was still a child, living with my mother and father in a quiet suburb of London. My introduction to triffids took place early, for it so happened that we had one of the first in the locality growing in our garden. It was quite well developed before any of us bothered to notice it. It had taken root along with a number of other casuals behind a bit of hedge that screened the rubbish heap. It wasn't doing any harm, and it wasn't in the way, so that when we did notice it later on we'd just take a look now and then to see how it was getting on.

Nowadays, when everyone knows only too well what a triffid looks like, it is hard to recall how odd and somehow *foreign* the first ones looked to us.

The one in our garden had a straight stem and a woody bole. There were three small bare sticks which grew straight up beside the stem. It had small sprays of leathery green leaves, and a curious, funnel-like formation at the top of the stem. Once as a child I looked inside the funnel-like cup and saw the tightly wrapped whorl within. It looked not unlike the new, close-rolled front of a fern emerging slightly from a sticky mess in the base of the cup.

The one in our garden continued to grow peacefully, and so did thousands like it all over the world. Like myself and my family, the rest of the world paid no attention to the triffids until the first one picked up its roots and walked.

That improbable event took place in Indochina, and from that moment the world became triffid-conscious, delighted with what seemed to be an interesting vegetable curiosity. I remember seeing newsreels which showed the triffids walking; and impatiently I waited for the one in our garden to walk too. I watched it every day; and then I decided I would help the thing along. I sneaked a trowel from my father's shed and loosened the earth around our triffid's roots. As I was bending down, intent on clearing the earth without injuring the plant, something—from nowhere it seemed—hit me one terrific slap, and I fell unconscious.

I WOKE up to find myself in bed, with my mother and father and the family doctor watching me anxiously. My head felt as if it were split open. I ached all over. Afterward I discovered that one side of my face was disfigured with a red blotchy raised welt. I couldn't explain what had happened—either to myself or the others. It was some little time before I found out that I was the first, or one of the first, persons in England to be stung by a triffid. Of course, our triffid was at that time only half-grown. And that was the reason I came out of the experience with no permanent damage done . . .

The world's interest in the triffids continued to grow; and some obscure scientist gave them their name, which apparently had some relation to the fact that the things had those three sticks—"tri," "triffid," see?

Certain other facts about the triffids were soon established. It was known that they were Venusian in origin; that they were carnivorous, and that the flies and insects caught in the cups were actually digested by the sticky substance there. It seemed that the plants could survive in almost any climate, for there was hardly a country of the earth where they weren't found.

And it wasn't long before alarming stories began to be heard. The most alarming was that the whorl topping the triffid's stem could lash out as a slender stinging weapon ten feet long, and capable of discharging enough poison to kill a man if it struck squarely on his unprotected skin. Many deaths were reported, and people grew warier of triffids.

As I grew up, I read everything I could about the triffids; and I soon understood how lucky I had been in my encounter with the one in our garden, which my father had long since uprooted and destroyed. When I left school, I took a job with the Arctic & European Company, which now called itself the Anglo-Venusian Oil Company. The company announced that it was about to farm triffids on a large scale to extract valuable oils and juices, and to extract

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"The bonds I bought for our country's defense —will see my twins through college!"

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highly nutritious oil cake for stock feeding. It was on one of these farms that my work as a researcher for Anglo-Venusian began. My mother and father were both dead; I was lonely, and I threw myself into the work with all the enthusiasm of the young. In some vague way I suppose I thought I had a personal score to settle with the triffids because of the bad time the one in our garden had given me long ago.

One of my co-workers was a brilliant young scientist named Walter Lucknor. Like myself, he was fascinated by the triffids and seemed to have an almost intuitive understanding of their ways. What happened to Walter on that fatal night in May years later I don't know—though I can guess. It is a sad thing that he didn't escape. He might have been immensely useful later on.

It was a year or two after the job had begun that Walter first surprised me.

The sun was close to setting. We had knocked off for the day and were looking with a pleasant sense of accomplishment at our first three fields of almost fully grown triffids. In those days we didn't simply corral them as we did later. They were arranged roughly in rows—at least the steel stakes to which each was tethered by a chain were in rows, though the plants themselves did not have a tidy sense of regimentation. We reckoned that in another month or so we'd be able to begin tapping them for juice. It was a peaceful evening with little to break the quiet but the occasional rattling of the triffids' little sticks against their stems. Walter regarded them with his head slightly on one side. He removed his pipe.

"They're talkative tonight," he observed.

"Why should—?" I began, and then broke off. "You don't really mean you think they're talking?" I said.

"Why not?"

"But it's absurd. Plants talking!"

"So much more absurd than plants walking?" he asked.

I stared at them, and then back at him.

It was a curious thing that in all my observation of triffids such a possibility had never occurred to me. But once he had put the idea into my mind, it stuck. I couldn't get away from the feeling that they might indeed be rattling out secret messages to one another.

BY THIS time the public had grown out of considering them freakish. They were clumsily amusing, sometimes dangerous, but not any more interesting than animals in a zoo. The company found them interesting, all right, and took the view that their existence was a piece of providential benevolence for everyone—particularly itself. Walter shared neither view. Sometimes when I listened to him I began to have some misgivings myself.

He was quite certain that they talked. "And that," he argued, "means that somewhere in them is intelligence. Have you noticed that when they attack they always go for the unprotected parts? Almost always the head, but sometimes the hands? And another thing: if you look at the statistics of casualties, just take notice of the proportion that have been stung across the eyes and blinded. It's remarkable—and significant."

"Of what?" I asked.

"Of the fact that they know what they're doing; they know the surest way to put a man out of action. Look at it this way. Granted that they do have intelligence; then that would leave us with only one important superiority—sight. We can see, and they can't. Take away our vision, and the superiority is gone. Worse, even—our position becomes inferior since they are adapted for a sightless existence, and we are not."

"But they can't *do* things. They can't handle things. There's very little muscular strength in that sting lash," I pointed out.

"True, but what good is our ability to handle things if we can't see what to do with them? Anyway, they don't need to handle things—not in the way we do. They can get their nourishment direct from the soil, from insects and bits of raw meat. If it were a choice for survival between a triffid and a blind man, I know which I'd put my money on."

He would go on like that by the hour until after listening to him I would get things out of proportion and find myself thinking of the triffids as though they were a kind of competitor. Walter himself never pretended to think otherwise.

FOR a year or so more we were working fairly closely together. But many new nurseries were opened abroad, and I began to travel a lot to study foreign methods of working with triffids.

Walter gave up field work and went into the research department. It suited him there: he could do his own research work as well as the company's. I looked in to see him from time to time. He was forever making experiments with triffids, but the results weren't clearing his general ideas as much as he had hoped. He had proved, at least to his own satisfaction, the existence of a well-developed intelligence.

He was still convinced that the pattering of the sticks was a form of communication, and he had proved that the sticks themselves were vital, since a triffid deprived of them gradually deteriorated. Another of his discoveries was that whereas the seed of the Venusian type was one hundred per cent fertile, that of the earth-grown was about ninety-five per cent infertile.

"And that," he told me, "is a damned good thing. There'd soon be standing room only for triffids on this planet if they all germinated."

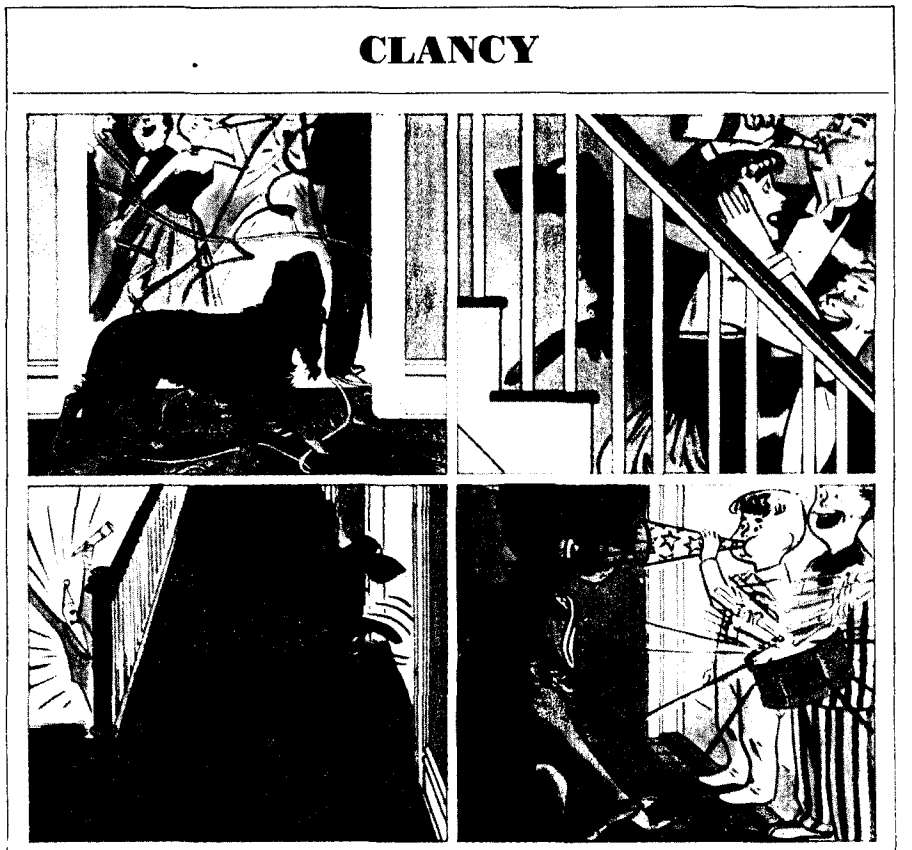
With that, too, I had to agree. Triffid seed time was quite a sight. The dark green pod just below the cup was glistening and distended, and about half as big again as a large apple. When it burst, it did so with a pop that was audible twenty yards away. The white seeds shot into the air like steam, and began drifting away on the lightest breeze. Looking down on a field of triffids late in August you could well get the idea that some kind of desultory bombardment was going on.

At the time of the accident that had landed me in hospital I was actually with Walter, examining some specimens which were showing abnormal deviations. We were both wearing wire-mesh masks, or it would have been even more serious for me. I didn't see exactly what happened. All I know is that, as I bent forward, a sting slashed viciously for my face and smacked against the wire mask. Ninety-nine times in a hundred it wouldn't have mattered; that was what the masks were for, but this one came with such force that some of the little poison sacs burst open, and a few drops from them got in my eyes.

Walter got me back into his lab and administered an antidote in a few seconds. It was entirely due to his quick work that they were able to save my sight at all. But even so, it had meant more than a week in bed, in the dark.

Lying there, I had quite decided that when—and if—I got my sight back I was going to apply for a transfer to another side of the business. And if it didn't go through, I'd quit the job altogether.

I had built up a considerable resistance to triffid poison since my first sting in the garden. I could take, and had taken, without much hurt, stings which would have laid an inexperienced man out cold. But the old saying about the pitcher and the well kept on recurring to me. I was taking my warning. . . .



The pub door swung to behind me. I made my way to the corner of the main road, and there I hesitated.

To the left, through miles of suburban streets, lay the open country; to the right, the West End of London, with the City beyond. I was feeling somewhat restored, but curiously detached and rudderless. I had no glimmering of a plan, and, in the face of what I had at last begun to perceive as a vast and not merely local catastrophe, I was still too stunned to begin to reason one out. I felt forlorn, cast into desolation. In no direction was there any traffic. The only signs of life were a few people here and there cautiously groping their ways along the shop fronts.

It was a perfect early-summer day. The sun poured down from a deep blue sky set with tufts of woolly white clouds. It was clean and fresh except for the smear made by a single column of greasy smoke coming from behind the houses to the north. I stood indecisively for a while. Then I turned east, Londonward.

But even Hyde Park Corner, when I reached it, was almost deserted. A few derelict cars and trucks stood about on the roads. There was not much, it seemed, that had gone out of control when in motion. One bus had run across the path and come to rest in the Green Park; a runaway horse with the remains of shafts still attached to it lay beside the artillery memorial against which it had cracked its skull.

The only moving things were a few men and a lesser number of women feeling their way carefully with hands and feet where there were railings, and shuffling with protectively outstretched arms where there were not.

I crossed in the direction of Piccadilly. Piccadilly Circus was the most populous place I had found so far. It seemed crowded after the rest—though there were probably less than a hundred people there all told. Mostly they wore queer, ill-assorted clothes, and prowled restlessly as though still semi-dazed.

In the distance came a sound which caught everyone's attention: a gradually swelling chorus:

And when I die,
Don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones
In alcohol.

From where I stood, I could see a column of men come in single file out of a side street into Shaftesbury Avenue and turn toward the Circus. The second man had his hands on the shoulders of the leader, the third on his, and so on to the number of twenty-five or thirty.

As they reached the center of the Circus the leader raised his voice. It was a considerable voice, with parade-ground quality:

"Companee-ee-ee—*halt!*"

Everybody else in the Circus was now struck motionless, all with their faces turned toward him, all trying to guess what was afoot. The leader raised his voice again, mimicking the manner of a professional guide.

" 'Ere we are, gents, one an' all. Piccabloodydilly Circus. The Center of the World. The 'Ub of the Universe. Where all the nobs 'as their wine, women and song."

He wasn't blind; far from it. His eyes were ranging round taking stock as he spoke. Some accident such as my own had saved his sight, but he was pretty drunk, and so were the men behind him.

"And *we'll* 'ave it, too," he added. "Next stop, the well-known Caffy Royal, and drinks on the house."

"Yus, but what abaht the women?" asked a voice, and there was a laugh.

"Oh, women," said the leader.

He stepped forward and caught a girl by the arm. She screamed as he dragged her toward the man who had spoken, but he took no notice of that.

Considered later, I suppose I behaved like a fool. My head was still full of standards and conventions that had ceased to apply. It did not occur to me that if there was to be any survival, anyone adopted by this gang would stand a far better chance than she would on her own. Fired with a mixture of schoolboy heroics and noble sentiments, I waded in. He didn't see me coming until I was quite close, then I slogged for his jaw. Unfortunately he was a little quicker.

WHEN I next took an interest in things I was lying in the road. The sound of the gang was diminishing in the distance.

With a bit of sense knocked into me, I became thankful that the affair had not fallen out worse. Had the result been reversed I could scarcely have escaped making myself responsible for the men he had been leading. After all, he was the eyes of the party; they were looking to him to take them to food as well as drink.

Remembering that they had been headed for the Café Royal, I decided to revive myself and clear my head at the Regent Palace. Others had thought of that before me, but there were quite a lot of bottles they hadn't found.

I think it was while I was sitting there comfortably with a brandy before me and a cigarette in my hand that I at last began to admit that what I had seen was real—and decisive. It was the finish to everything I had known. Perhaps it had needed that blow to drive it home. My existence

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simply had no focus any longer. Plans, ambitions, expectations were all wiped out along with all the conditions that had formed them. I suppose that if I had had any relatives or close attachments to mourn I should have felt derelict, but in that I was lucky. My mother and father were dead, my one attempt to marry had miscarried some years ago, and there was no particular person dependent on me.

What I did feel—with a consciousness that it was at odds with what I ought to feel—was release. It wasn't the brandy, for the feeling persisted. It was, perhaps, the sense of facing something quite new. All the old problems, the stale ones, had been solved at a stroke. Heaven knew what *new* ones might arise—and it looked as though there might be plenty of them.

There was, too, the little question of what to do next, and how and where to start. But I didn't let that worry me for the present. I left the hotel to see what the new life had to offer me.

In order to give a reasonable berth to the Café Royal lot I struck up a back street into Soho.

Perhaps hunger was beginning to bring more people out of their homes. Whatever the reason, the parts I entered now were more populous than any I'd seen since I left the hospital. There were constant collisions on the sidewalks of the narrow streets, and the confusion of those who tried to get along was made worse by the knots of people who clustered in front of broken shop windows.

None of them seemed to be quite sure what kind of shop they faced. The cautious sought to find out by groping for some recognizable object; others took the risk of disemboweling themselves on standing splinters of glass, and climbed inside.

I felt that I ought to be showing these people where to find food. But should I? If I were to show them a food shop as yet intact there would be a crowd which would not only have swept the place clear in five minutes, but would have crushed a number of the weaker ones in the process.

It was a grim business, without chivalry, with no give and all take about it. A man bumping into another and feeling that he carried a parcel would snatch it and duck away on the chance that it contained something to eat, while the loser clutched furiously at the air or hit out indiscriminately.

I was becoming uneasy. Fighting with my civilized urge to be of some help to these people was an instinct which told me to keep clear. They were already fast losing ordinary restraints. I felt, too, an irrational sense of guilt at being able to see when they could not. It gave me an odd sense that I was hiding from them even while I moved among them. Later, I found out how right that instinct was.

I WAS about to turn the next corner when a sudden piercing scream stopped me. It stopped everyone else, too. All along the street they stood still, turning their heads this way and that, apprehensively trying to guess what was happening. The alarm coming on top of their distress and nervous tension started some of the women whimpering; the men's nerves weren't in any too good a state either, but they expressed it mostly in short curses. The scream was an ominous sound, the kind of thing they had been unconsciously expecting. They waited for it to come again.

It did. Frightened and dying into a gasp, but not quite so alarming now that one was ready. This time I was able to place it. A few steps took me to an alley entrance, and as I turned the corner a cry that was half a gasp came again.

A few yards down the alley, a girl crouched on the ground while a burly man beat her with a thin brass rod. It had torn the back of her dress, and the flesh beneath was showing red welts. As I came closer, I saw why she did not run away—her hands were tied together behind her back, and a cord tethered them to the man's left wrist.

I reached the pair as his arm was raised for another stroke. It was easy to snatch the rod from his unexpecting hand and bring it down with some force on his shoulder. He promptly lashed out in my direction with a heavy boot, but I'd dodged back quickly, and his radius of action was limited by the cord on his wrist. He made another swiping kick at the air while I was feeling in my pocket for a knife. Finding nothing, he turned and kicked the girl for good measure, instead. Then he swore at her and pulled on the cord to bring her to her feet.

I slapped him on the side of the head, just hard enough to stop him and make his head sing a bit. I couldn't somehow bring myself to lay out a blind man, even this brute. While he was steadying himself, I stooped swiftly and cut the cord which joined them. A slight shove on his chest sent him staggering back, and half turned him so that he lost his bearings.

With his freed left hand he let out a fine raking swing. It missed me, but ultimately reached the brick wall. After that he lost interest in more or less everything but the pain of his cracked knuckles. I helped the girl up, freed her hands, and led her away down the alley while the blind man still blistered the air behind us.

As we turned into the street, the girl began to come out of her daze. She turned a smeary, tear-stained face, and looked up at me.

"But you can *see!*" she said, incredulously.

"Certainly I can," I told her.

"Oh, thank God. Thank God. I thought I was the only one," she said, and lapsed into a fresh burst of tears.

(To be continued next week)

Uncle Sam Goes to Press

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

$10,000-a-year post. Born in Washington, practically within sight of the lights of the Government Printing Office, Deviny has spent virtually his entire life in government service. To keep him from being lured away to plusher fields in private industry, Congress upped his salary to $15,000.

The secret matter turned out by GPO is only a driblet of the great flow of material coming from its presses. The GPO prints the blanks the census taker uses to record your arrival in these United States, either by birth or immigration; its blanks will record your departure, by death, emigration or deportation.

Listing a Few GPO Jobs

The GPO turns out all the government penny postals you send (just under 4,000,000,000 a year); the money orders you fill out (250,000,000 a year); the income tax forms you use (327,000,000 a year); the government pamphlets you receive (632,000,000 a year) and the speeches that congressmen mail you (too many a year). Your Social Security card is a GPO product. If you apply for farm benefit payments, you fill out a GPO form. If you served in the war, GPO printed your original greetings from the draft board and will print the forms used if you are "selected" again. GPO literally offers a cradle-to-grave service. In short, it prints or directs the printing of nearly everything the government has to put down on paper.

Economy-minded people sometimes ask whether the government's printing bill could be cut substantially if the work were turned over to private printers under contract. The answer is difficult because it is almost impossible to compare costs as between GPO and private printers.

On one hand, GPO does not have to pay taxes, earn a profit or pay for its plant, since Congress provides the latter by direct appropriation.

On the other hand, no private printer could show a profit if obliged to give its employees all the benefits enjoyed by GPO employees. For instance, the law requires GPO to give preference to veterans, even though they might not be as productive as nonvets. Furthermore, the GPO is obliged to give generous retirement pensions, as well as 26 working days of annual leave and 15 days of sick leave each year—with pay. An employee may take "sick leave" even though it is no more than an "illness of convenience," occurring on Mondays after a strenuous week end. Sick leave alone cost GPO $1,300,000 last year.

GPO claims it forced down the price of V-mail during the war from $1.25 to 76 cents a thousand, by threatening to go into competition with private printers, who, on the other hand, claim they can do some types of printing more cheaply than the government. GPO does, in fact, farm out some of its work to commercial establishments. During World War II, it farmed out great quantities.

Regardless of cost, GPO appears to be as permanent as the national debt. For one thing, it's more convenient for the government to have its own plant, located in Washington, where the work can be done first and the cost determined later. Second, there's the security angle; security can be enforced much more rigidly than if the work were farmed out to scores of printers scattered throughout the country.

Most important of all, Congress is jealous of its control of GPO, which comes under the legislative rather than the executive branch of government. If Congress ever relinquished that control, it would constitute one of the most striking instances of political self-denial since George Washington rejected a third term.

The legislators periodically excoriate other governmental agencies for the amount of material they ask the GPO to turn out. But Congress itself is one of the wordiest outfits. Last year, it ran up a $7,775,000 printing bill with GPO, second only to the $14,450,000 spent by the National Military Establishment.

Next came the Treasury Department, which needed $5,000,000 worth of income tax and customs returns, and then the Post Office Department with $4,800,000 worth of post cards, money orders and the like. The smallest GPO customer was the Panama Railroad—with $9.80 for letterheads. Each department gets its own printing appropriations from Congress, and GPO then charges for each job done.

Since Congress is its boss, GPO pays closest attention to printing the Congressional Record, which records remarks of congressmen on the floor of both Houses. The high cost, now $82 a page, pricks the conscience of economy-minded legislators and occasionally gives rise to warm debate.

Which Party Debated Most?

In 1949, Republican senators accused the Democrats of using most space in the Record. For eight pages, the Senate debated whether Democrats or Republicans were doing the most debating—all at a nonpartisan cost of $656.

When a congressman asks to "revise and extend" his remarks in the Record, or publish something as a government document, permission is invariably granted. Speeches which he mails out to his constituents bear the euphemistic notation: "Not printed at government expense." However, the speech was originally printed in the Record at government expense, and the government paid for the envelopes, the handling and postage. All the congressman paid for was the cost

(Continued on page 68)

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

pleased that you decided to inform the public on a subject about which little has been published. ROBERT H. MURDY,
Assistant Superintendent of Schools,
New Bedford, Mass.

. . . This article was very well written and surely hit the nail on the head. The sooner the public is acquainted with many of these problems, the sooner it will begin to realize how important is this which we call education. Few people ever stop to realize what goes into the publishing of the textbooks which their children use from year to year.
ANDREW WILSON, Director of Elementary Education, Faribault Public Schools,
Faribault, Minn.

. . . Your recent article pertaining to public schools is of interest and value to those of us who are concerned with public education today. We recommend that you continue to give some consideration to this important subject. R. D. HORSMAN,
Superintendent, Mount Lebanon Public Schools, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Many feature articles on some phase of education are appearing in popular magazines but often they are too broad to be sources of real information to the reader. Selecting a specific phase strikes me as being a definite contribution.

Certainly parents should be more aware of the texts placed in the hands of their children. As an experienced staff member, I know we in the schools have neglected this angle of parent education.
ANN G. MCGUINNESS, Elementary Supervisor, Endicott Public Schools,
Endicott, N. Y.

Marty's Friends & Relations

EDITOR: I read with great interest the article The Old Sergeant (Nov. 18th), as it concerns my Uncle Marty.

However, I noticed that in describing Marty's present home, several important members of the family were omitted. First, my husband, Frank Matone, Jr. (I am Margaret Maher Matone, now), our six-month-old daughter, Debby, and our two German shepherds.

This is to clarify the impression many of our friends got when they noticed that only I was mentioned. As you see, our group is a trifle larger than just Marty and I.
MARGARET MAHER MATONE,
New City, N. Y.

. . . I think that every cadet who knew Marty Maher even a little bit got a very heartwarming glimpse of him in your November 18th issue. Irish as they come, the inescapable twinkle in Marty's eye is still even now an amiable beacon of friendliness to those of us who many years later remember him but who in his eye are only lost faces in the "long gray line" that he has seen pass through the bold ivy-covered walls of our alma mater.
SAM H. LANE, Austin, Texas

About That Best Seller

EDITOR: Congratulations and loud acclaim to the writer of that masterly, magnificent squelch entitled: . . . and New Champion (editorial, Nov. 18th). It is a healthy and a comforting sign when a significant journal thus willingly leaves off politics to perform a necessary duty in behalf of balanced judgment in the appraisal of English letters.
DENYS GOULET, Ottawa, Ont.

. . . Your editorial opinion of John O'Hara's laudation of Ernest Hemingway was very gratifying, and I sympathize with you over the editorial restrictions and ethics which prevented you from giving us the concise expletive opinion which I am sure you felt.
A. M. CHURCH, Salem, Ore.

. . . Please let a long-time reader of Collier's express surprise and regret that the November 18th issue uses such an offensive —some say disgusting—caricature of Hemingway. This is from no slightest disagreement with the editorial characterization of Hemingway. WILLIAM H. ALLEN,
New York, N. Y.

. . . With much hemming, in a not very subtle way, your editorial writers managed to drown in Mr. O'Hara's river of witty writing. Could it be that he was pulling someone's leg when he reviewed Across the River and Into the Trees for The New York Times? I guess you couldn't see the forest for the trees of your own amazement.
MARK HILL, Belmont, Mass.

Free Counsel

EDITOR: Your article Justice on the Cuff (Nov. 18th) should not give the reader the idea that all court-appointed attorneys and the courts which employ them are inefficient. In Cleveland, Ohio, the presiding criminal court county judge appoints an attorney to defend indigent prisoners. In murder cases two experienced men are appointed, and each is paid at least $500.

Several years ago I was appointed to defend a man on an unarmed robbery charge. The defendant was tried, found guilty, but I secured a new trial for him and he was acquitted. Later he was again charged for another robbery, and again acquitted.

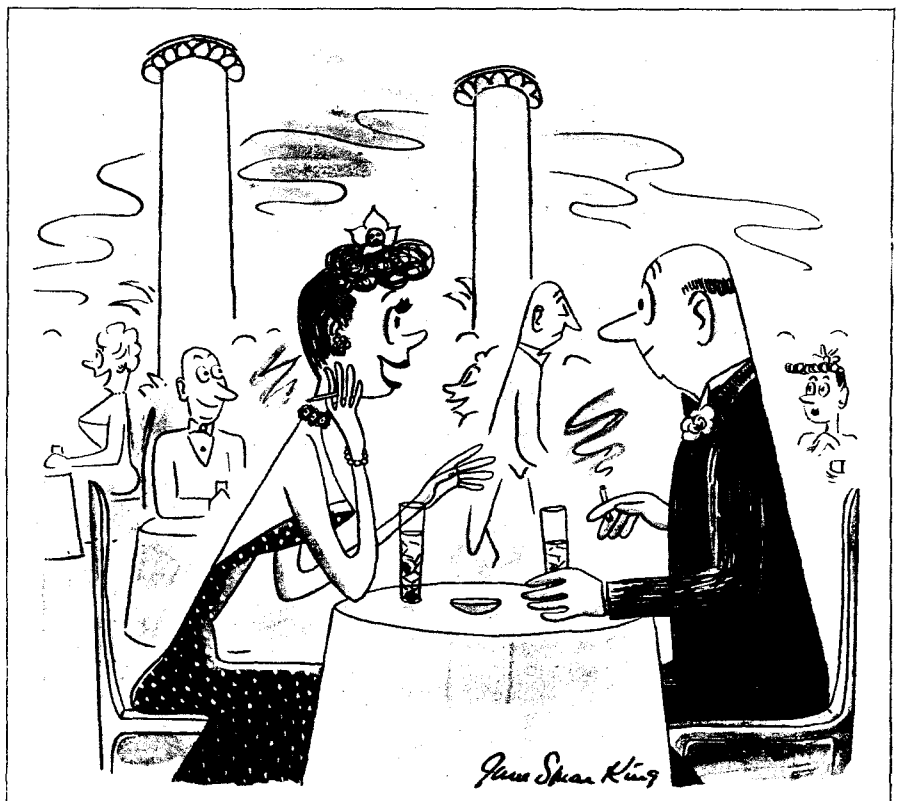
I spent a great deal of time on these cases and I was paid by the county adequately for my work. I was appointed well before the trial and had ample time to prepare the case, interview the defendant and seek witnesses. ROBERT C. COPLAN,
Cleveland, Ohio

There is no intent in the article to imply that all court-appointed attorneys are inefficient. In fact, we can't see where lawyer Coplan got any such idea.

They're Indignant

EDITOR: In reply to "Where was the great big U.S.A. in 1939-'41?", asked by Messrs. Murphy and Kelly of Winnipeg, Canada (Week's Mail, Nov. 18th), may I say that U.S.A. was minding its own business. It had no right and no intention to enter the war until it was attacked.
A. L. NEOFOTISTOS, Dracut, Mass.

. . . In a magazine which prints such fearless editorials as Collier's does, I am disappointed to find an editor's note of such definite meekness as your note to Messrs. Murphy, Kelly and Fletcher. Their letter made my indignation register 212° F.
MRS. CHARLES R. TRYON,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa



COLLIER'S

"A man should have a girl who can share his interests and I'm interested in everything you have a share in!"

JANE SPEAR KING

Uncle Sam Goes to Press

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

GPO incurred in making plates and running off additional copies from the standing type.

The Joint Congressional Committee on Printing, which sits as a sort of board of directors over GPO, tries to hold down costs by keeping its colleagues from becoming too fancy. It has, for instance, successfully resisted efforts to insert cartoons in the Record, presumably feeling the remarks themselves offer enough comic relief. Back in 1913, the late Senator Tillman of South Carolina did succeed in getting into the Record the cartoon of an allegorical cow, which he depicted as being fed by the farmers and milked by Wall Street. When fellow Senators realized what he had slipped over on them, the practice was thenceforth banned. Senator Huey Long even tried to get his photograph printed with his remarks, but failed.

No newspaper has the production problems which confront GPO in putting out the Record. The 11⅜-by-9⅛-inch-page daily release may vary from 16 to 250 pages in size. Regardless, copies must reach the breakfast tables and offices of Senators and Representatives, by special messengers who use a fleet of light delivery trucks, the next morning before eight o'clock.

Speeches May Be Revised

It is seldom that the words spoken and the text as carried in the Record next day tally word for word. Congressmen have the right to revise their remarks after stenographers take down the words. They can polish up, tone down, improve the syntax or correct slips of the tongue. Then it goes to the GPO's proofreaders.

"If a congressman makes a speech full of Biblical misquotations," one Representative explained, "those smart guys down at GPO go to work on it. The next day, the congressman's constituents see what a scholarly gentleman he is."

Sometimes, perhaps, GPO has waxed too enthusiastic in brushing up the copy of government officials. One such attempt led to an unpleasant encounter with President Woodrow Wilson, when proofreaders corrected his spelling of "honour" and "labour" to the Americanized forms. Wilson got the Public Printer on the phone. "It was not a mistake," he declared firmly. "I typed that speech on my own typewriter and that is how the spelling shall remain."

To cut costs, GPO has dispensed with certain printing jobs which it formerly undertook. It no longer prints calling cards for bureaucrats—on the grounds that they are a personal rather than governmental expense. Embossed stationery is now supplied only to the President and members of the Cabinet. Almanacs, previously issued by various government departments, have been left for private publishers.

While it has given up a number of such extraneous jobs, GPO still performs numerous miscellaneous assignments. For his third inaugural in 1941, Franklin D. Roosevelt got the bindery department to make a glass cover for his 200-year-old family Bible. The weatherman had predicted rain and sleet, and Roosevelt feared that the treasured volume on which he had taken all his oaths might be spotted. GPO designed a walnut-trimmed glass cover, with a door on the side so F.D.R. could slip his hand inside for the oath taking. During his years in the White House, Roosevelt paid out several thousand dollars from his own pocket to compensate GPO for printing copies of his speeches and D day prayer, which were given as Christmas presents.

The GPO bindery department also works periodically on the Bible which President Truman appropriated from his secretary, William D. Hassett, after using it to take the oath of office on April 12, 1945. On that day, aides scurried about the White House hunting for a Bible, and finally located a Bible on Hassett's desk. Truman not only kept the Bible, but uses it when other high officials take the oath in his office. Beforehand, he sends it to the GPO for insertion of a fresh flyleaf, which the official is asked to autograph after the ceremony. GPO would like to do a fancy binding job on the Bible, but the President has steadfastly refused to permit any alterations.

In addition to its main building, GPO has three branch plants throughout the city of Washington for specialized departmental jobs. One of these, in the Supreme Court

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building, is manned by six workers who print the court's opinions. The justices are GPO's most exacting customers, because a misplaced comma might well alter the meaning of a whole opinion.

One of the most closely guarded of all GPO's branch operations is the branch plant doing work for the State Department and the Atomic Energy Commission, a plant located in an inaccessible building also housing the super hush-hush Central Intelligence Agency. This GPO branch turns out super-secret publications, in contrast to the third branch, which prints cards and fixes bindings for the Library of Congress.

Book on Cats Draws Protests

By and large, however, the GPO's products are turned out in its main plant. Kept there is a copy of nearly every government publication issued—1,320,830 books, pamphlets and maps of an astounding range and variety, from Posture in Housework, The Birds of North America, which solemnly advises against interfering with birds while mating, to Control of Vagrant Cats, which recommends kitty-drowning (the latter infuriated cat lovers who could not understand how any cat could be vagrant to the point of needing such drastic control).

The most universally popular GPO publications include: You Can Make It—Practical Uses of Secondhand Boxes and Odd Pieces of Lumber (15 cents—284,000 sold to date); You Can Make It, for Profit (15 cents—197,734 sold); Care and Repair of the House (265,000 sold at 50 cents); Prospecting for Uranium, of which 64,000 have been snapped up at 30 cents per. But the best seller is the perennial favorite, Infant Care, which has sold more than 6,000,000 copies at 15 cents.

To dispose of GPO's Gargantuan output, Congress created the office of Superintendent of Documents in 1895. The office of Superintendent of Documents, nicknamed "Soup Doc," probably carries more titles (40,000) than any other bookstore in the world.

Last year "Soup Doc," who in person is 33-year-old Roy B. Eastin, sold 38,386,225 pieces of government "literature" by mail or over the counter, for $3,228,819.

These cash sales represent but a portion of the total number of pieces distributed, because "Soup Doc" makes free distributions of another 4,000,000 copies annually to libraries designated as repositories, and another 80,000,000 pieces are sent out in behalf of congressmen and government departments.

In so gigantic an enterprise, it is amazing that the GPO has been so free of skulduggery on the part of its employees. Back before loyalty investigations, there was one case of "inside" lawbreaking. Because it was such a piddling effort, GPO officials refer to it with a smile as "the case of the larcenous researchers."

During the era of shoe rationing, two employees, one a printer and the other an engraver with a passion for working overtime, swiped a dozen sheets of chemically treated safety paper and printed up a batch of ration stamps on a GPO proof press. They were so delighted with the result they succumbed to the temptation of passing a couple of them. But instead of going to a Washington store, where their scheme might have succeeded, they sent in a signed mail order to Sears, Roebuck.

Mail-order houses were particularly sensitive to the perforation patterns of ration stamps, and those two varied just enough to be spotted immediately as phonies. The "researchers" were dismissed by GPO and were given a suspended sentence by the judge.

But illegalities are rare in the productive history of GPO. Since its inception each President has paid tribute, in one way or another, to the work of the department. And in a letter received by Deviny last October, Secretary of State Dean Acheson reiterated what countless grateful officials have said during the last 90 years.

"This is not the first time," he wrote, "that the Department of State has had occasion to recognize the sterling performance of the GPO . . . I am therefore happy to make the acknowledgment and trust you will convey it to the members of your staff."

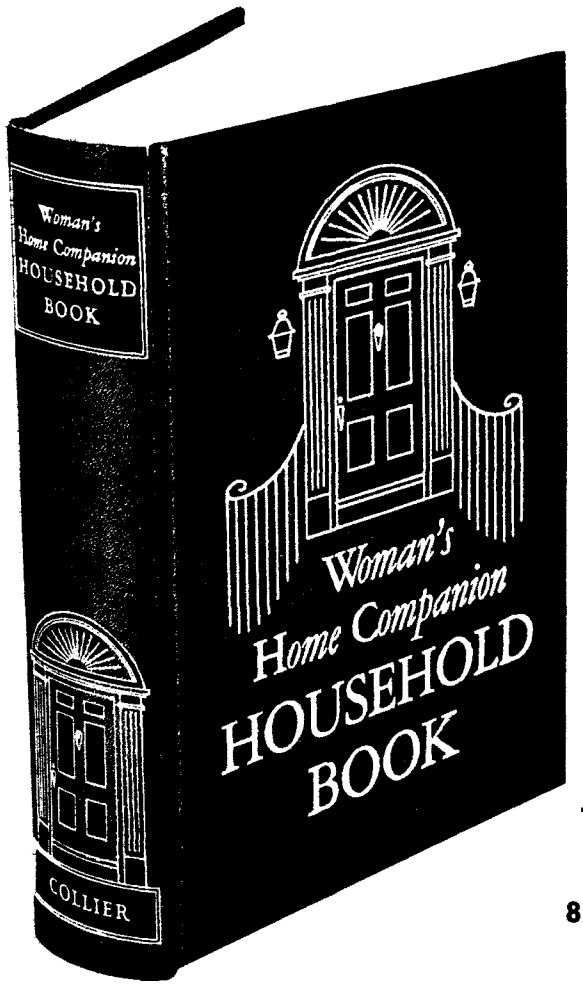
Hardly a governmental agency has escaped without making someone unhappy. But GPO—that Washington phenomenon which knows all and keeps its mouth shut—is everybody's pet. THE END

BUTCH

"I just dropped in to say thank you for the Christmas card—one of the nine dozen missing from the Manor Gift Shop"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

The Fondest Wish Of Everyone— A More Attractive Home!



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COURTESY H. M. TALBURT AND SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

Could It Have Been H.S.T.?

Could be it was the President who threw the overalls—
Could be he overplayed his hand by starting needless brawls.
Could be that "no good" label he applied to most Repubs
Inspired the No Goods to disprove the notion they were dubs.
They went to work on Harry with a fury unexampled
And kept it up until a lot of Demos had been trampled.
Neither the Demos nor Repubs have cornered sin or virtue,
Don't kid the voters on that score or they may up and hurt you.
And so the thought emerges o'er the cheers and caterwauls,
Could be it was the President who threw the overalls.

WHEN WE CAME TO WORK on the Friday after the first Tuesday in November we found the above cartoon, by Scripps-Howard's gifted Hal Talburt, and the appended verses lying on our desk. The verses are by a modest colleague who begs to remain anonymous. But he doesn't mind our saying that the cartoon moved him to re-examine the election upset and inspired him to a short spell of creative endeavor.

The resulting explanation seemed to us to be sensible as well as amusing. So we saved this rhyming political analysis to use around the time that the new Congress opened.

We suspect, along with our poetic colleague, that Mr. Truman himself is considerably responsible for the failure of his predicted Democratic landslide to come off. It is true that he made only one campaign speech as such. But his policies and politics were quite naturally the big feature of the Democratic campaign. And that one speech struck us as being—well, demagogic doesn't seem too strong a word.

He told his multimillion radio-and-television audience that the Republicans were the agents of the "special interests" and that they were, in effect, against the workingman, the businessman and the farmer, and in favor of low wages, unemployment and weak unions. The Republican campaign, he said, was a "pack of lies," and the GOP was "just trying to get votes."

There must have been a good many members of that multimillion audience who wondered whether the President really favored the two-party system, and whether he thought it a shameful thing for the opposition party to go around "just trying to get votes." They might even have suspected that Mr. Truman was trying to do precisely the same thing.

Perhaps some even wished that, in this time of crisis, the President who first took office in a spirit of humility would now show a little more dignity and a little less of the ward-politician side of his character.

At any rate the landslide, as Arthur Krock remarked in the New York Times, went that-a-way. Some of the top politicians in organized labor laid the reverse to the Korean war. A few of them also interpreted the election results as a blow to the unions. But we doubt that Korea was entirely responsible for the impressive victory of Senator Taft, for instance, whom the labor organizations had worked hardest to defeat. Nor do we think that the cause of organized labor was weakened because the voters didn't play Santa Claus and give the union leaders everything that was on their Christmas list.

We give the union leaders credit for a hard and unrelenting fight for what they believed in. But here again it strikes us that Mr. Truman's supporters went too far. They exaggerated and they oversimplified. And they virtually commanded union members, at the peril of their economic souls, to vote against Mr. Taft.

Mr. Taft carried 86 of Ohio's 88 counties, including all the counties which contain the state's big industrial cities. So we can only conclude that a great many union members didn't agree with their leaders that the Taft-Hartley law, which Mr. Taft admits is not perfect and which he has already sought to amend, is a "slave labor" law which must be repealed *in toto*. We believe the fact that these union members made up their own minds and voted their own convictions is a healthy sign of soundness and democracy and strength in organized labor.

The Taft contest was probably the biggest one of the election. But Ohioans weren't the only ones who were thinking and voting independently. The voters split their tickets all the way from New York to California. And their decisions, we believe, reflected a lot of intelligence and independence. For instance:

Ohio showed that a solid occupational or racial or religious vote cannot be "delivered."

Chicago, in repudiating the Cook County Democratic organization, showed that citizens will not tolerate forever a corrupt hookup between organized crime and machine politics.

New York City showed that citizens can also get out of patience with machine-dictated candidates when its voters chose for mayor Vincent Impellitteri, a Tammany insurgent who had no organized support from any party.

The country generally showed that Mr. Truman's "give 'em hell, Harry" technique of 1948 isn't so effective in the tense and serious world of today. It also showed that the American people are more interested in containing present war and ensuring future peace than they are in social and economic panaceas.

It remains to be seen whether the Eighty-second Congress is any different or any better than its predecessor. It remains to be seen how far both Congress and the President will go in accepting reality and working together. But if there are no significant changes it will not be because the people have failed to indicate quite clearly their present temper and desires.

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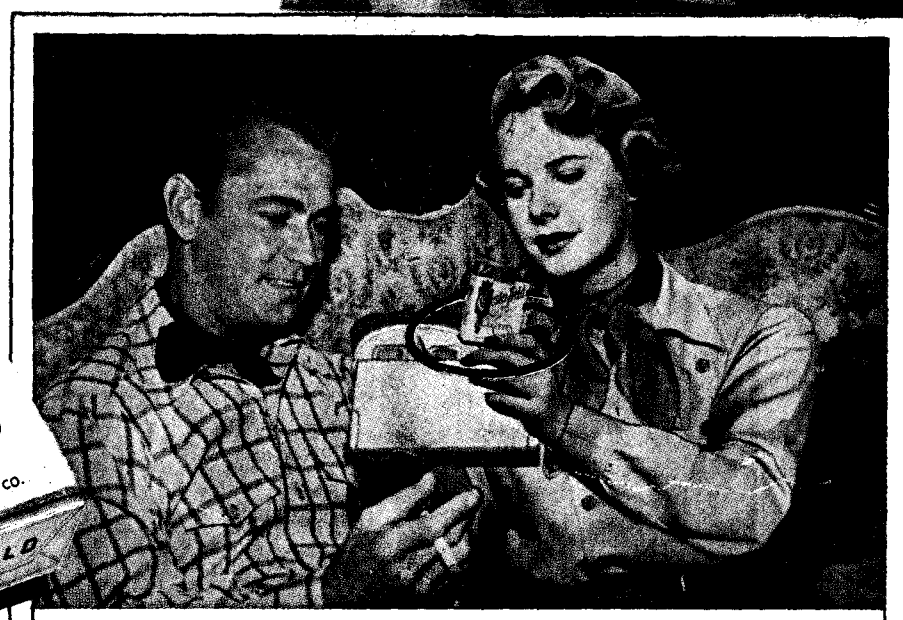

BACK STAGE, ALAN LADD AND MONA FREEMAN ENJOYING THEIR CHESTERFIELDS BETWEEN SHOTS WHILE FILMING "BRANDED"... PARAMOUNT'S NEW TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION. BOTH ARE STEADY CHESTERFIELD SMOKERS.

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